DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 073 050 SP 005 992

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TITLE	Training Program for Community College Teachers of Minority and Low-Income Students.
INSTITUTION	Hawaii Univ., Honolulu. School of Social Work.
SPONS AGENCY	Bureau of Educational Personnel Development (DHEW/OE), Washington, D.C.
PUB DATE	71
NOTE	209p.
EDRS PRICE	MF-$0.65 HC-$9.87
DESCRIPTORS	*Community Colleges; *Low Income Groups; *Minority Groups; *Program Descriptions; *Teacher Education

ABSTRACT

This training program, developed at the University of Hawaii-Honolulu, was designed for community college teachers of minority and low-income students. The program emphasized the development of positive attitudes by teachers for the low-income and minority student. Intimate contact with low-income and minority families was achieved through a 4-day "live-in" experience. In addition to the "live-in" experience, four basic components comprised the training program: classroom lectures, discussion groups, writing of papers, recapitulating and analyzing the field work, and program evaluation. Evaluation of the program indicated positive results. Appendixes include related program material. (MJM)

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Training Program for Community College Teachers
of Minority and Low-Income Students #71-3082

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The program was the prime responsibility of the School of Social Work in cooperation with the community college system.
The program began on June 14, 1971 and concluded on June 25, 1971.

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EVALUATION OF TRAINING PROGRAM FOR COMMUNITY COLLEGE TEACHERS OF MINORITY AND LOW-INCOME STUDENTS

I. Program Focus

The raison d'etre for this program was to create an educational environment in the Hawaii Community Colleges that would enable minority and low-income students, who have not had satisfying educational opportunities in the past, to gain this satisfaction and by so doing enhance their capacity to function as effective and competitive members in our society.

The University of Hawaii has adopted an "Open Door Policy" which has been implemented at the community college level. This policy suggests that students who have not completed high school or who have been poor students in primary and secondary schools now can have a "second chance" through an higher education institution. In reality there is promised only admittance to the institution. There are no guarantees that the student will be stimulated, enriched, satisfied, or that he will complete the program for which he enrolled, and of course there can be no such guarantees. However, a school with an aware and motivated faculty can be assumed to provide a greater chance for success than can a school where teachers are more interested in good students and relate effectively only to students whose backgrounds are similar to their own.

A major problem in effecting positive relationships is lack of identification. A student whose color, customs, and experiences are different from his teacher's may have difficulty in presenting an acceptable image. The student who appears strange if he also fails to perform up to the teachers expectations receives very little understanding or special consideration of his poor performance. He simply becomes a drop-out statistic.

It seems that a teacher who understands the nature of his students' differences and can understand the causation of a student's learning problems will be more motivated to reach out to that student than the teacher who lacks this understanding. The 1970 program lacked the opportunities for close contact with poor and minority families that the 1971 program provided. However, even in that program there were very evident if modest changes that occured in attitudes of teachers towards their students. Also, teaching techniques that were more individually oriented were initiated or enhanced. (See report of 1970 program - Appendix I).

The emphasis of this program was the development of positive attitudes by teachers for the low-income and minority student. It attempted to achieve this goal by providing intimate contact with low-income and minority families through a four day living experience. The teachers began their "live-in" at noon on Thursday, June 17 and concluded it at 5:00 P.M. on Sunday, June 20. The live-in was preceeded by two days of discussion on the culture of minority groups living in Hawaii, and on approaches to communicating effectively with people; and a third day of discussion with some families with whom the trainees would be living (host families) as well as low-income and minority community college students.

The live-in was followed by a period of two days which enabled the trainees to write a paper on their experience. Two more days followed which allowed the trainees meeting in small groups to discuss their experiences with host family representitives and students.

Essentially there were four program areas. In order of precedence, they were:

1. The live-in experience (it met the objective of providing an intimate relationship with a minority and/or low-income family whereby values, customs, and problems could be observed first hand).

2. Discussions with host families and students (Enhanced the meaning of the live-in experience by gaining preliminary information before going into the field and evaluating the meaning of the live-in after returning. It provided broader contacts through a greater range of people than the live-in itself.)

3. and 4. Of equal weight would be the theoretical material provided in the two day orientation and the writing of the experience. The first of these program areas helped the trainees to gain a scholarly perspective and the second program area helped them to pull together in an orderly fashion what they experienced and what the experience meant to them.

Program Operation

I. Participants

A. Basic Requirements were:

1. That applicants should be teaching in or preparing to teach in Hawaii community colleges.
2. That they should have limited personal experience with poverty.
3. That they should have a desire to acquire knowledge of low-income, ethnic, and racial minorities.
4. That they be willing to participate in the program as designed.
5. That they be prepared to engage in an intense experience.

All of the above were realized with the exception of the first requirement. We did not have a sufficient number of applicants from Hawaii to maintain this goal. The inclusion of mainland participants, however, was a plus for the program in that they brought information on their local problems and attempts at solution. This gave the program an additional dimension. As a result of

our appraisal regarding the mainland people we will attempt to secure a twenty percent mainland involvement in the 1972 program.

Tests, academic attainment, position, age, recommendations, degrees, and interviews were not used in our selection process this year. The primary reason of course, was, simply, that we did not have enough applicants to make a process of selection necessary. We discouraged mainland applications in both our printed brochure and in letters of response to inquiries made by mainland teachers. In the 1970 selection process recommendations by the community college representatives on the selection committee were relied on heavily. We anticipate heavier demands being placed on the 1972 program due to the enthusiasm shown for this year's program by the trainees. We stated in the 1971 proposal and evaluation that we anticipated reluctance by teachers to participate because of the live-in experience and therefore were limiting our enrollment to twenty. This enrollment figure will be maintained at twenty for new participants until we determine whether our more optimistic expectations for 1972 are realized. Should a large number of applications be received for next year's program, both recommendations and interviews, where practical, will be used in the selection process.

The trainees can be described generally as follows:

A. Schools and geographic area:

1. Thirteen were from Hawaii. Seven from Kapiolani Community College; Two from Maui Community College; Two from Honolulu Community College; Two from Leeward Community College.

2. There were four from the mainland. One each from the University of Montana, Everett Community College (Everett, Washington), Tarrant County Junior College (Hurst, Texas), and Bethune-Cookman College (Daytona Beach, Florida).

B. Positions

1. Instructors - 10
2. Counselors - 4
3. Instructor/Administrator (Program-Coordinator) - 1
4. Instructor/Counselor - 2

C. Ethnic and Racial Composition

1. Black 1
2. Caucasian 11
3. Hawaiian 2
4. Japanese 3

D. Career Plans

1. Teaching 7
2. Counseling 3
3. Teaching/Counseling 2
4. Pursuing graduate education 2
5. Counseling/Administration 1
6. Don't Know 2

E. Sex

There were ten women and seven men.

F. Age

Eight were under 40 years of age and nine were 40 or over.

G. Only the director of the program was considered a full-time faculty member. On that basis the participant to full-time faculty ratio was 17:1. The four part-time faculty may be considered the equivalent of two full-time faculty. On this basis the ratio was 5-2/3:1.

II. Staff

A.) Sidney M. Rosen, M.S.W., Project Director, Assistant Professor of Social Work, Full-Time.

B.) Joel Fischer, D.S.W., Lecturer and Discussion Leader (Part-time instructor), Associate Professor of Social Work.

C.) Alan Howard, Ph.D., Lecturer and Discussion Leader (Part-time instructor), Professor of Anthropology.

D.) Mickey Hummer, M.A., Discussion Leader (Part-time instructor), Supervisor of Social Services for the Legal Aid Society.

E.) Mary Hirakawa Myers, M.A. (Education-Psychology), and M.S. (Psychiatric Social Work), Discussion Leader (Part-time instructor), Instructor in the Community Health and Social Services Aide Training Program at Kapiolani Community College.

Each of the above people were brought into the program on the basis of the unique contributions that they could make. The director, as a result of his extensive experience in working with the ghetto poor, discussed the ways in which the life chances of the disadvantaged differed from the more well off and what characteristics determine one's life chances. He presented information on poverty and linked cultural characteristics, ethnicity, and race with poverty as these things exist in Hawaii. Dr. Howard concentrated on the cultures of Polynesia and the influence of these and other cultures on the life style of minority groups in Hawaii. Dr. Howard was also a discussion leader and consulted with staff and trainees as questions on the local culture were raised in his group and other groups. Dr. Fischer lectured on human behavior and methods of establishing positive relationships.

Through the Director and Doctors Howard and Fischer, we were able to help the trainees develop better understanding of poverty, the ethnic groups

most commonly thought of as being poor, and effective ways of relating to people. Mr. Hummer and Mrs. Myers brought with them knowledge of the minority poor in Hawaii, borne out of their own intimate contacts. They worked with the director to identify families that would participate in the program as hosts and discussion group members. The staff of the program brought a breadth of theory and practical experience to the program. They also used their skills and group dynamics knowledge effectively as discussion leaders.

Dr. Howard was viewed by the trainees as an expert on Polynesia. They communicated a great deal of respect for his knowledge and research. Dr. Fischer was provocative. He was not accepted as an expert in his field to the extent that Dr. Howard was accepted. This was due both to his personality and to his subject. The characteristics of Polynesian Culture were not too familiar to the trainees, but everyone fancied himself as somewhat of an expert on how to get along with others. Dr. Fischer made a meaningful contribution by causing the trainees to reevaluate their modes of communicating. Each of the lecturers made a valuable contribution. However, Dr. Howard's presentation was more specifically attuned to the Training Program's focus and he developed a strong rapport with the trainees.

III. Activities

The Training Program was be divided into the following five basic components:

1.) Classroom lectures and discussions.

2.) Discussion groups.

3.) Live-In.

4.) Writing of papers recapitulating and analyzing the field work experience.

5.) Program evaluation.

Each component will be discussed seperately below.

1. Classroom lectures and discussions. A general discussion of this area occured under the previous section on staff. Some specific reactions will be presented here. Dr. Howard's lecture on Polynesian Culture was felt to be a strong feature of the program. Some comments made by trainees were: "I have great respect for his work. (He) was right on!" "We should have more of same for all groups on the island." "Liked having an anthropologist and getting a Polynesian overview from him." "Dr. Howard's lecture was very valuable and was the best part of the program for me." "Good presentation on Polynesian Culture." While most comments were decidedly positive some suggested modification for the future: "He didn't talk enough about Hawaiian People." "Presentation was too long." "Too much to absorb in one session." "Not enough discussion." (See Evaluation)

Comments on Dr. Fischer's presentation were more mixed than were those on Dr. Howard's presentation. They went this way:

"This was quite an experience!! I would like to see, hear, and react with this man again." "(He) does not seem to be able to handle the genuineness bit yet" (Dr. Fischer emphasized the need to have warmth, genuineness, and empathy.) "Presentation kept us informed of the current 'track' psychology is on," "His presentation was good but I don't really feel that he is war. and genuine." "Ideas are good - can take it further faster." "While the group participated it was out of anger rather than interest. Monologue was too long." "He should display and practice what he preaches." "Very effective in achieving active interaction between trainees - more of this much needed. Totally ineffective in enhancing warmth and empathy..."

Dr. Fischer's presentation can be summed up by stating that what he presented had relevance for most of the trainees, and he was found to be interesting and provocative, but they didn't find him to be the best model of

the teacher that he was advocating on behalf of. Even in that, however, there seemed to be the lesson that every teacher has to determine whether he in fact is performing commensurate with his beliefs. (See Evaluation Section for further evaluation.)

2. Discussion groups

There was a different tone to the group sessions prior to the live-in and following it. The goals for the discussion groups are spelled out in the letter sent to the discussion leaders prior to the program. (See Appendix XII).

The discussion groups prior to the trainees going into the field were very pleasant "how do you do, glad to meetcha" affairs. Information on personal and family histories was shared as were interests and to some extent life goals. The hosts and students also related some of their unhappy experiences with social institutions. The sessions were generally conversational and easy going. The groups proved to be a good way to introduce the trainees to the kinds of families from whom many of their students come and also to the families with whom they would be living. There were no confrontations. The goals, as set forth for this phase of the discussion groups, were met.

The second phase of the discussion groups was not as successful as the first in meeting the established goals. The discussion leaders had hoped to continue the informal atmosphere created during the first session and unanimously decided that instead of having trainees present their papers as a basis for discussion, they would prefer to have them talk about their experiences and insert comments as they felt moved to do so. The Howard and Myers groups responded by discussing their individual experiences and occasionally using their papers. The Fischer and Hummer groups

strayed from the specificity of the live-in experiences and generalized problems of poverty. Both Fischer and Hummer after the first day felt that their groups lacked honesty in communication. They felt that everyone was still being too nice and not relating their true feelings and conclusions. The director talked with all four discussion leaders individually on Wednesday afternoon and met with them as a group on Thursday morning. In discussion with the group leaders it was acknowledged that not sticking to the original plan of having trainees present papers as a basis for effective group communication might have been a mistake. Dr. Fischer felt that with his group this might have been the best approach, after all. It was generally agreed that the tone of the groups changed from Wednesday to Thursday and that the members had become more confrontive with the exception of the Fischer group. It was also generally agreed that the trainees should have been given more of an opportunity to meet without the presence of students or hosts. The trainees seemed very uncomfortable sharing their real reactions for fear of offending the hosts. This was accepted by the discussion leaders as a truth. They felt that if the trainees had met alone first and shared their real feelings that a second session with hosts and students present would have been more productive.

As a result of the meeting with the discussion leaders the format for the Thursday afternoon session was somewhat altered. The Howard group which had become quite cohesive remained intact. The Myers group had had a confrontation with a dominating host. This resulted in a warm, emotional experience that caused that group to become - quite cohesive, and it remained intact. It seemed the barriers broke down after that and people related more humanly. Fischer and Hummer felt that it would not be productive to continue

with students and hosts in their groups, so they elected to meet together with trainees only. This decision bore fruit. The leaders pressured the group for more open reactions and the trainees responded.

The discussion groups meant vastly different things to different trainees. Some felt very vulnerable and were scared to say what they were thinking. Others were a bit more open. Some felt there was value in listening. Some felt the first session to be very valuable and some felt it to be superficial. Some felt the sessions were emotional. Oth rs felt bored. Some felt that sessions were honest, revealing, and confrontive, while others felt just the opposite.

The major conclusions to be drawn from the discussion groups are:

1. They were not equally satisfying to everyong.
2. Most of the trainees felt they were valuable.
3. Skillful leadership is required.
4. Trainees need to have sessions in which they can talk among themselves without fear of hurting hosts or being confronted by them or the students.
5. More time needs to be spent in setting forth the goals and ground rules for the discussions.
6. They caused a great deal of introspection.
7. They caused discomfort.

3. Live-In

This was the most unique part of the program. It went the logical next step beyond meeting with low-income and minority people in rap sessions and spending a day on their turf in observation and dialogue. It was the part of the training program around which everything else revolved. In a sense, it was the training program.

The intent of this experience was to provide an intimate relationship between community college teachers and the environment from which their low-income and minority students come. We wanted to create an awareness of problems that arise under living situations to which middle class people are unaccustomed. And we wanted to dispel stereotypes that result in perceptions of hopelessness that would cause teachers not to try very hard.

At this stage of evaluation, it can be said that most of the trainees had experiences that significantly affected their awareness of the "other half." To some the experience was so shocking that time will need to pass before they really sort things out. For a couple of others the experience lacked the excitement that they expected. It had to be communicated that boredom and lack of excitement or the sameness of each day is part of being poor and of being in a community where you don't feel valued.

The families that participated as hosts were selected through the efforts of Mr. Hummer, Mrs. Myers and the Director. The Director met with most of the families in small groups in their communities and in one orientation session at the University before the program began. He also spoke at least once with each family by phone. Each of the three primary areas, (Nanakuli, Waimanalo, and Kuhio Park Terrace) from which hosts were selected also had one person with whom the Director communicated regularly. Hosts who participated in the discussion groups were selected from those people who stated that they were willing to participate in such discussions. Host families were paid fifty dollars for their participation. Those who also participated in the discussions received an additional three dollars per hour. Eleven hosts were receiving public assistance and the extra income received by them was communicated to the State Department of Social Services. D.S.S. cooperated nicely with us, and our host families were not penalized because of their extra income.

We found that it was much easier to place our female trainees. In some families where there were husbands or boyfriends there tended to be reluctance

to having another man present. In a couple of situations, male trainees were in homes where there was only a female household head.

The trainees responded very positively to their live-in experience. Some comments on the live-in are as follows:

"I had a great experience."

"The cultural experience was fantastic."

"The live-in gave me an opportunity to see first hand some of the things that I've read about, heard about, and seen on T.V., and things I never would have imagined happened..."

"Kuhio Park Terrace looked like a luxury apartment house from a distance, but when I got close and saw the litter, the paint spray graffitti on the walls, and could smell the urine, I got an idea of how it was going to be."

"The live-in was boring. We watched T.V. and sat."

"All teachers who work with minority groups could profit by a similar experience. I would like to have this experience from time to time to keep me in tune."

"I didn't find the values in conflict with my own. I went into a situation - the ultimate of the unknown - and it was indeed positive." (This came from a trainee who was reluctant to get out of the car when she reached her host's neighborhood. Her stereotype of the poor was shattered.)

"I didn't find the physical setting much different from that in which middle-class families live." (This comment was made despite the fact that this family scrounged in the dump for most of their household items. They took what most middle-class families disgarded as unuseable.)

"My own notions of poverty are quite different from what I experienced." (A stereotype of what poverty ought to be was not destroyed here. This teacher is convinced that being poor is synonymous with being disreputable. Only when she finds her disreputable family will she agree that they are poor. The follow-up evaluation and conference may be helpful in helping this teacher to see a little more light, as perhaps will the influence of her more enlightened colleagues.)

"Right on!!"

"Exceptionally effective way of understanding the culture and behavior of Hawaiian people. Personally very gratifying."

"The only way to learn."

4. Papers

The paper writing portion of the program was a technique devised to give the trainees ample time to think through what it is that took place during their live-in. We asked them to present what they saw and what they did and to evaluate the meaning of their experience. A guideline (See Appendix XIII) of things to look for was handed out to assist in the writing, but no attempt was made to limit the papers to the guideline. It also, was the only way each trainee could really share his/her experience with every other trainee.

The trainees, for the most part, worked exceedingly hard on their papers and the writing appeared to have had a good deal of meaning for them. We anticipate it will also mean much to the other trainees. In only two instances did the papers written have almost no value. One of those papers was written by the trainee who commented that he saw this part of the program as R & R (rest and recuperation). The papers are included in Appendix III.

5. Program Evaluation

This was one of the most unusual happenings of the entire program and I'm not sure that many people outside of the director could appreciate the process that took place. The format of the program was to complete the Office of Education Participant Evaluation Form, complete the Training Program's Evaluation Form, have a group picture taken by the University Public Relations Office, and then discuss the program. The discussion was taped. (The comments inserted throughout this evaluation are taken from the two evaluation forms and the tape.)

The trainees, one must remember, had just finished two days of discussion. On Thursday, especially, some heavy confrontations had occurred. The group members, during their discussion, had sat rather close to each other, either in a circle of chairs or around a conference table. When they arrived for the evaluation on Friday morning, the room was arranged with ten chairs in a semi-circle and another twenty or so chairs lining the back and sides of the room. As the trainees arrived, they took seats along the back and sides. No one took a seat in the semi-circle. Talk was at a minimum. The trainees seemed pretty "uptight". The director explained the procedure that would be followed and the evaluation began with the trainees filling out the forms. This was also the first time that the trainees had all been together for any appreciable length of time since June 16, nine days earlier.

About thirty minutes into the written portion of the evaluation, murmured comments began to emerge, then small discussions developed. The discussions continued until the forms were completed. When we broke for coffee and picture taking, everyone seemed more relaxed. When we moved into the discussion phase, a great amount of joking took place and a light hearted and very spirited atmosphere emerged.

There seemed to be almost a fear of additional involvement when the trainees first walked into the room, probably steming from having too many layers of bias and subconscious feelings peeled away in the previous eleven days. As they began to sense that they were all in the same boat and that together they had had a rather unique experience a sense of comradery emerged. In the space of three hours on Friday morning , the program reached its peak, and everyone bubbled over with how great it all had been. The director couldn't help but recall his concern during the 1970 program when the peak was reached on the third day, but in a much more superficial way, and of course had been impossible to sustain.

The value of this peak was that it was based on a more solid experience and should have significant impact on the trainees when they return to their schools.

Generally speaking, the twelve day non-stop concept was effective. The trainees didn't appear to notice that they had missed a week-end break and the program had continuity that it wouldn't have had with a break. The length of the program was accepted as just right by most of the trainees and the dates seemed to present very few problems.

The trainees in this program were given no opportunity to effect the course of the program. The discussion leaders were conferred with and did have influence in ways that have already been discussed. The trainees did play an important part in recommendations for next year's program.

The facilities available to us this year met our needs very adequately.

IV. Evaluation

The evaluation process has already been discussed. The results of the written program evaluation conducted on the final day of the program is as follows (See Appendix 2 for forms):

In response to the first question, twelve trainees stated that they felt their participation in the program was very valuable and five felt it was somewhat valuable. None felt it to be slightly valuable or not valuable.

In response to the second question, twelve trainees felt participation for other teachers and counselors would be very valuable and five felt it would be somewhat valuable.

In response to the third question, twelve felt that participation by administrators would be very valuable, four felt it would be somewhat valuable, and one felt it would have no value.

In answer to questions four through ten, the trainees were asked to weight the value of the program as indicated. The questions and responses are as follows:

4. New ideas about myself and my own behavior.

   A. Very valuable - 8

   B. Somewhat valuable - 8

   C. Slightly valuable - 1

   D. Not valuable - 0

5. Knowledge about how to communicate better.

   A. Very valuable - 9

   B. Somewhat valuable - 8

   C. Slightly valuable - 0

   D. Not valuable - 0

6. Knowledge of how it feels to be poor.

   A. Very valuable - 3

   B. Somewhat valuable -10

   C. Slightly valuable - 3

   D. Not valuable - 1

Answers to question six are related to the stereotype of what poor families look like and the fact that often more was learned about the minority culture of the family. The responses to question seven support this conclusion.

7. Cultural attitudes that affect relationships among people.

   A. Very valuable. - 10

   B. Somewhat valuable. - 5

   C. Slightly valuable. - 2

   D. Not valuable. - 0

8. A feeling for the special problems that affect poor people.

   A. Very valuable. - 9

   B. Somewhat valuable. - 6

   C. Slightly valuable. - 2

   D. Not valuable. - 0

9. An understanding of how poverty and/or cultural difference affects learning.

   A. Very valuable. - 8

   B. Somewhat valuable. - 7

   C. Slightly valuable. - 2

   D. Not valuable. - 0

10. An awareness of the communication gap between the educational system and poor people.

   A. Very valuable. - 8

   B. Somewhat valuable. - 9

   C. Slightly valuable. - 0

   D. Not valuable. - 0

In questions 11 through 14, the trainees were asked to characterize each of the seperate program components by circling as many of the items indicated as they wished. Their responses were as follows:

11. Characterize the live-in experience.

A. Painful	0
B. Worth what it cost	6
C. A good way to learn	14
D. Interesting	9
E. Exciting	5
F. Anxiety Producing	2
G. Boring	2
H. A waste of time	0
I. Irritating	0

12. Characterize the Presentation by Alan Howard on Polynesian Culture.

A. Very valuable	12
B. Interesting	9
C. Thought provoking	5
D. Irritating	0
E. Boring	1
F. A waste of time	0

13. Characterize the presentation by Joel Fischer on Warmth, Empathy, and Genuineness.

A. Very valuable	2
B. Interesting	8
C. Thought Provoking	5
D. Irritating	5
E. Boring	2
F. A waste of time	1

14. Characterize the discussion sessions with the host families and the students:

A.	Very valuable	8
B.	Interesting	10
C.	Thought Provoking	8
D.	Irritating	1
E.	Boring	3
F.	A waste of time	1

The program area to which the trainees seemed to respond with least enthusiasm was the Fischer presentation. However, the heat generated indicated that it may very well have helped the trainees to think further about the manner in which they relate to others. Perhaps Dr. Fischer actually presented a model of what not to do.

A follow up evaluation will take place in January 1972 after the trainees have one semester following the program under their belts. It will be conducted through the administration of a questionnaire and discussion with the Hawaii participants. The questionnaire will be sent to the four mainland teachers. The purpose of the evaluation will be to determine what value the program is perceived as having after of six months have passed, what changes have actually occured in relations with students, and how much communication has taken place with colleagues and administrators, as well as the nature of the communication.

V. Relationship with the Office of Education

There is one item in the guidelines that requires greater flexibility. It is the one pertaining to coffee and other food expenses. In our program this was a definite and almost necessary program tool. We had three seperate groups - the teachers, hosts, and students, and coffee and donuts served as

a beautiful catalyst for initial communication. It can almost be seen in the same category as mileage expenses, i.e., it assisted us in getting from one point to another with relative ease. We suggest that coffee, pastries, etc. when used as program tools be allowed as a legitimate budget item.

VI. Conclusions

This program was considered to be far superior to the 1970 program. This conclusion is drawn from the director's appraisel of both programs, from the appraisal of two trainees who participated in the 1970 program, from the ratings made by the trainees, and from a few trainees who had some knowledge of last year's program. Last year we assessed our problems with great care and in our evaluation, suggested the changes that would be introduced into the 1971 program. These ideas were implemented with very good results.

A major overhaul was undertaken after the 1970 program. Not because that program lacked value but because our experience gave us insight into what could be done that would be of greater value.

One of our conclusions in 1970 was that the program was too broad. It consisted of three major components: 1) The nature of poverty and the relationship of the educational system to it. 2) Learning Theory, and 3) A Practice teaching experience to determine how effective the teacher was in communicating with minority and low-income students. As a result, we suggested that each of these components could be developed into a program of its own. We felt that components one and three would be especially relevant to the low-income and minority student.

Our 1971 training program emerged from the development of component one, and as a result of the value perceived by the 1971 trainees will hopefully

be continued in 1972 with some modifications. Component three has emerged in a 1972 proposal under the direction of Walter Nunokawa, Associate Professor of Educational Psychology.

The live-in will of course be continued in 1972. An attempt will be made to use more families that are characterized as "multi-problem families" in order to provide contrasts for participant assessment. The 1971 trainees stated that they would like to have the opportunity to participate in an advanced program and we would like to provide this opportunity next summer. Placements with multi-problem families can, we hope, be provided for them. Our planned enrollment next summer is twenty-five of whom five will be trainees from 1971 who will be on an advanced status. Some multi-problem families will also be selected for the trainees in the "beginners" group.

Other changes planned for the 1972 program are:

1. The elimination of one of the discussion days for trainees, students, and hosts following the live-in. In its place will be a day of review and discussion by the trainees, part-time instuctors and director only. We will also invite the Vice-President for Community Colleges, his staff, and the provosts and their administration staffs to attend this session.

2. More reading on poverty and the cultural characteristics of Hawaii will be required. This reading will be required prior to the lectures and discussions on poverty and the cultures that make up modern day Hawaii.

3. The session on awareness will be modified. It will be shorter and limited to the effect of verbal and non-verbal communication on different cultural groups. The presentation by Dr. Fischer was seen as too long and in some areas not relevant. The excesses here will be eliminated. This was the weakest area in the program, but had elements which provided a better understanding of communication modes and it can be reworked to enhance its value.

4. The five advanced trainees will be submitting individual study plans that will be evaluated by the director and discussed with them prior to implementation.

The training program's concept and structure received the hearty approval of the trainees. As the evaluation indicates, their participation had a great deal of meaning to them. In some cases, they responded that it had a strong personal impact. The manner in which this will receive professional translation is unclear. This, we hope to find out in January. For others, professional implications were clearer.

All of the trainees felt that every community college teacher should participate in the program. Two of the four mainland teachers hope to develop similar programs at their schools - The University of Montana and Tarrant County Junior College. The director will provide whatever assistance he can to help these two trainees in their aspirations.

It seemed to be a very good program.

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

School of Social Work

July 19, 1971

MEMORANDUM

T o : Sidney Rosen, Director
Training Program for Junior College Instructors

From: Bernice Polemis, Program Evaluator

Subj: Final Report on Evaluation of 1970 Training Program for Junior College Instructors of Deprived Students

The second and final stage of the evaluation of the Training Program for Junior College Instructors has been completed and the general conclusions are indicated in the report. In January, 1971, questionnaires were sent to the 37 participants in the program and 26 replies were received (70 percent). Two envelopes were returned by the Post Office marked "address unknown".

1395 Lower Campus Road · Honolulu, Hawaii 96822 / Cable Address: UNIHAW

REPORT ON FOLLOW-UP EVALUATION OF TRAINING PROGRAM FOR JUNIOR COLLEGE INSTRUCTORS

Summary:

The follow-up evaluation, done after the participants had experienced a semester of teaching following the conclusion of the program, leads to several conclusions: First, that for about 65 per cent of the participants, the program was a considerable success; 17 of the 26 respondents indicated they felt themselves more competent as teachers of the disadvantaged, or else indicated that there had been specific changes in their involvement of students in developing course content, in methods of presentation, and in grading. Five respondents indicated both a change in behavior and a change in perceived competence and 6 indicated a change in one or the other. Second, for only 2 respondents did the program produce no positive results, and for another four it produced minimal results. Third, the program was most generally successful in stimulating participants to further learning about the problems of the disadvantaged, and in addition all but two respondents gave some attention to the program after its conclusion, even though for some the attention was casual. Fourth, respondents did not respond uniformly to the various proposed programs--the program considered of most value was the proposal which placed primary emphasis on direct contact with the environment of the disadvantaged with some feedback via seminars. Fifth, about two-thirds thought their evaluation of the program had not changed, while for those who thought their evaluation had changed, slightly more changed for the better than changed for the worse.

Details of the evaluation follow:

1. Present perception of the value of the program:

In answer to the question: Do you think that your participation in the summer program was: very valuable, somewhat valuable, of a little value, or quite irrelevant? The answers were:

4 (15%) thought it very valuable

13 (50%) somewhat valuable

8 (31%) of a little value

1 (4%) quite irrelevant

However, when the remainder of the questionnaire was examined, there were many contradictions, indicating that the meaning of the scale was not the same for all participants. For example, several of those who indicated that the program was "of a little value" then answered the question on change in value of the program as "thought it of moderate value then and still think so". On the other hand, some of those who indicated that it was of moderate value, did not indicate much in the way of positive results. For this reason, a second analysis was made of the questionnaires in terms of the number of positive answers. Results of this analysis follow:

5 highly positive (11 or more positive answers)
8 high moderates (8-10 positive answers)
6 low moderates (4-6 positive answers)
5 low (2-3 positives)
2 no positives

Apparently, the program yielded considerable positive results (at least 4 positives) for about 72 per cent of the respondents.

2. Perceived change in the value of the program:

About two-thirds (18 of the 26 respondents) indicated that they had not changed their evaluation of the program since it had been completed:

10 felt it of moderate value at the time and the same now
2 felt it very valuable at the time and the same now
6 felt it of little value at the time and the same now

Of the eight who indicated a change in evaluation, 5 thought it more valuable than they did at the time and 3 thought it less valuable. These data suggest a hypothesis of stability of evaluation at follow-up for the majority of the respondents, with those changing being slightly more likely to go up in their estimation than to go down.

3. Comparison of the end-of program evaluation with the follow-up evaluation: Comparison of these two evaluations is somewhat uncertain since a degree of certainty scale was used in the first overall evaluation, while a value scale was used in the follow-up. The following comparison suggests that there was a tendency for greater clustering towards the middle of the scale in the follow-up than in the original:

At close of program		At follow-up	
Definitely valuable	16	Very valuable	4
Possibly valuable	15	Somewhat valuable	13
		Of a little value	8
Not at all valuable	4	Quite irrelevant	1
Total	35	Total	26

4. Perceived change in competency as teacher of the disadvantaged.

After a semester of teaching, 11 (42%) of the respondents indicated that they thought their competency as teachers of the disadvantaged had increased. Ten of these also indicated that there had been marked increase in most of the following areas: understanding of the problems of disadvantaged students
ability to motivate
ability to communicate better
understanding of the culutre of the disadvantaged
ability to organize and present material to all students more clearly

5. Perceived change in behavior in relation to students.

Of the 26 respondents, 11 (42%) indicated a change in at least one of the three areas--seeking student advice on course content (8), on methods of

presentation (6), and on method of grading (9). These 11 respondents included 3 of those who rated the program as of little value. In addition, three of the respondents (not included in the eleven,) indicated that they had previously sought student advice and still do.

Types of comments:

a. Seeking student advice on course content:

"Much more in seeking their advice, contracting for grades--hours needed, structure of course."

"Use of interviews"

"Have given them a wide range of self-selection for independent projects."

"Classroom discussion on relevance of material as they perceive it."

"Include them in social activities and in dealing with problems."

b. Methods of presentation:

"Greater use of visual aids."

"Asked for faculty evaluation; have tried to run two classes on a seminar basis."

"Have asked students to evaluate the instructor in methods of presentation in subject areas."

"More actively seek their information on what they like best."

c. Methods of grading:

"Contrasts for A, B, C, when last year only C"

"More responsibility of grade is on students but now he has a choice of the grade he will work for."

"Because no one fails and students are involved in grading selves, peers, and me."

"In the area of typewriting, I have given each student the opportunity to work at his own pace, setting goals or grades they could work for with no fear of failure."

"More student self-and peer evaluations."

6. Attention given to the program since completion.

Most of the respondents (24 out of the 26) gave some attention to the program, although for 4 of this attention was minimal (only mentioning it casually to others.)

2 haven't even thought about it
4 mentioned it casually to others (only)
9 have consciously thought about it many times
6 have described the learning in detail in colleagues
6 have considered the points made in dealing with students or planning my classes

7. Further information sought on the problems of the disadvantaged.

Again, most of the respondents had sought at least some further information on the problems of the disadvantaged, and most had sought information in more than one way.

2 none
15 books or articles
16 talked with colleagues
13 sought special opportunities for talking with disadvantaged and their families

The program was highly successful in stimulating further learning.

8. Evaluation of different types of proposed programs.

Respondents were asked to indicate the value of each of four different kinds of program. No program was rated at an outstandingly high level, nor was any proposal given a very low rating. The best program, rated as extremely valuable by 11 respondents, was the "B" program--one with primary emphasis on direct contact with the environment of the disadvantaged with some feedback via seminars. The least desirable program (rated as either only somewhat valuable or not valuble by 15 respondents) was the "D" program--one with primary emphasis on learning theory with practical illustrations. This may suggest a desire for experiential learning rather than classroom learning.

"B" program with primary emphasis on direct contact with environment of disadvantaged with feedback via seminars

11 extremely valuable
3 very valuable
8 somewhat valuable
3 little or no value

"C" program with primary emphasis on obtaining immediate feedback from students on teaching presentation

6 extremely valuable
8 very valuable
9 somewhat valuable
3 little or no value

"D" program with emphasis on learning theory with practical illustrations

6 extremely valuable
4 very valuable
9 somewhat valuable
6 little or no value

"E" classroom exploration on the subculture of poverty with field trips

6 extremely valuable
7 very valuable
8 somewhat valuable
5 little or no value

In comparing these programs, however, it will be noted that, if the categories "extremely" and "very" are combined, over half the respondents approved of the "B", "C", or "E" programs. These were not, however, the same people for every program, as indicated below:

2 did not approve of any programs (did not rate any either extremely or very valuable)

4 approved of one only (B, C, or D)

10 approved of 2 only (4 for B or C, 3 for D or E; one each for C or D, C or E, and B or E)

7 approved of three

2 approved of all four

9. Attitudes of teachers towards specific statements.

Four attitude questions were included in the follow-up questionnaire. In general, these questions were answered in the same way by most of the respondents, but with specific exceptions:

a. A teacher with good teaching techniques does not have to know his students.

23 disagreed strongly with this statement

3 disagreed slightly

b. By understanding the problems which your students have, you can be a better teacher.

24 agreed strongly

1 agreed slightly

1 disagreed slightly

c. Students should be viewed by a teacher as primarily recipients of information.

21 disagreed strongly

4 disagreed slightly

1 agreed slightly

d. Teachers are most likely to communicate with students if they regard the students as people first and students second.

24 agreed

2 agreed slightly

An examination of this internal consistency of the questionnaires does not indicate any relationship between the other items on the questionnaire and the particular rating on the attitude questions. As is apparent from the above, nearly all the respondents fell into one category for each question.

TRAINING PROGRAM FOR COMMUNITY COLLEGE TEACHERS
OF MINORITY AND LOW-INCOME STUDENTS

(June 14 - June 25, 1971)

EVALUATION

Circle one:

1. I feel that my participation in this program was:

   A. Very valuable.
   B. Somewhat valuable.
   C. Slightly valuable.
   D. Not valuable.

2. I feel that participation in such a program for other teachers and counselors would be:

   A. Very valuable.
   B. Somewhat valuable.
   C. Slightly valuable.
   D. Not valuable.

3. I feel that participation in such a program for administrators would be:

   A. Very valuable.
   B. Somewhat valuable.
   C. Slightly valuable.
   D. Not valuable.

For each of the following, indicate the value of the program (circle one):

4. New ideas about myself and my own behavior.

   A. Very valuable.
   B. Somewhat valuable.
   C. Slightly valuable.
   D. Not valuable.

5. Knowledge about how to communicate better.

   A. Very valuable.
   B. Somewhat valuable.
   C. Slightly valuable.
   D. Not valuable.

6. Knowledge of how it feels to be poor.

   A. Very valuable.
   B. Somewhat valuable.
   C. Slightly valuable.
   D. Not valuable.

7. Cultural attitudes that affect relationships among people.

   A. Very valuable.
   B. Somewhat valuable.
   C. Slightly valuable.
   D. Not valuable.

8. A feeling for the special problems that affect poor people.

   A. Very valuable.
   B. Somewhat valuable.
   C. Slightly valuable.
   D. Not valuable.

9. An understanding of how poverty and/or cultural difference affects learning.

   A. Very valuable.
   B. Somewhat valuable.
   C. Slightly valuable.
   D. Not valuable.

10. An awareness of the communication gap between the educational system and poor people.

    A. Very valuable.
    B. Somewhat valuable.
    C. Slightly valuable.
    D. Not valuable.

11. How would you characterize the live-in experience (circle as many as you like):

    A. Painful.
    B. Worth what it cost.
    C. A good way to learn.
    D. Interesting.
    E. Exciting.
    F. Anxiety producing.
    G. Boring.
    H. A waste of time.
    I. Irritating.

Additional comments: _____

_____

_____

12. How would you characterize the presentation by Alan Howard on Polynesian culture (circle as many as you wish):

A. Very valuable.
B. Interesting.
C. Thought provoking.
D. Irritating.
E. Boring.
F. A waste of time.

Additional comments: _____

_____

_____

13. How would you characterize the presentation by Joel Fischer on Warmth, Empathy, and Genuineness (circle as many as you wish):

A. Very valuable.
B. Interesting.
C. Thought provoking.
D. Irritating.
E. Boring.
F. A waste of time.

Additional comments: _____

_____

_____

14. How would you characterize the discussion sessions with the host families and students (circle as many as you wish):

A. Very valuable.
B. Interesting.
C. Thought provoking.
D. Irritating.
E. Boring.
F. A waste of time.

Additional comments: _____

_____

_____

15. Other comments and reactions:

ROSTER OF TRAINEES

TRAINING PROGRAM FOR COMMUNITY COLLEGE TEACHERS OF MINORITY AND LOW-INCOME STUDENTS

(June 14 - June 25, 1971)

BAKER, Mrs. Michaelene
2208 Shady Brook
Bedford, Texas 76021
(Tarrant County Junior College,
Hurst, Texas)

BECK, Mr. Merrill
59-533 Ke Iki Road
Sunset Beach, Hawaii 96712
(Leeward Community College
Pearl City, Hawaii)

CALDWELL, Charles Dewey
1550 Wilder Avenue
Apartment 1205
Honolulu, Hawaii 96822
(Honolulu Community College
Honolulu, Hawaii)

CLEMENTS, Mr. Roland
4846-2 Kilauea
Honolulu, Hawaii 96816
(Kapiolani Community College
Honolulu, Hawaii)

CUMMINGS, Mrs. Mary
321 Mary Avenue
Missoula, Montana 59801
(University of Montana,
Missoula Montana)

GREENE, Mrs. Mildred B.
838 N. Kottle Circle
Daytona Beach, Florida
(Bethune-Cookman College
Daytona Beach, Florida)

HARRIS, Mr. David
95-228 Kaopua Loop
Mililani Town, Hawaii 96789
(Kapiolani Community College
Honolulu, Hawaii)

HOAPILI, Mrs. Barbara
87-214 Heleuma Street
Waianae, Hawaii 96792
(Kapiolani Community College
Honolulu, Hawaii)

LYON, Mr. Ralph E.
RR 1, Box 415
Kula, Hawaii 96790
(Maui Community College
Kahului, Maui, Hawaii)

MARTINEZ, Mrs. Inez (Pat)
2957 Kalakaua Avenue, Apt. 502
Honolulu, Hawaii
(Honolulu Community College
Honolulu, Hawaii)

MATSUSHIMA, Miss Andrea Eiko
1111 Hoolai Street, Apt. 305
Honolulu, Hawaii 96814
(Kapiolani Community College
Honolulu, Hawaii)

MITCHEL, Mr. Merl
1415 84th Street, Lot 134
Everett, Washington 98201
(Everett Community College
Everett, Washington)

NORTON, Josephine
1538 Kealia Drive
Honolulu, Hawaii 96817
(Kapiolani Community College
Honolulu, Hawaii)

TANI, Miss Molly
419 Atkinson Drive
Apartment 1403
Honolulu, Hawaii 96814
(Kapiolani Community College
Honolulu, Hawaii)

WILLIAMS, Mrs. Ilima
3045 Holua Place
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819
(Kapiolani Community College
Honolulu, Hawaii)

WINER, Mr. Howard
965-17 Prospect
Honolulu, Hawaii 96822
(Kapiolani Community College
Honolulu, Hawaii)

YOUNG, Miss Ethel
Pulehu Road
Kula, Maui, Hawaii 96790
(Maui Community College
Kahului, Maui, Hawaii)

HOST FAMILY - 17 @ $50.00 each = $850.00

Aofia Aau
87-140 Kahau Place #2
Nanakuli, Hawaii
(668-8568)

Puleleute Alailefaleula
87-140 # 9 Kahau Place
Nanakuli, Hawaii

Lautia Alisanoe
87-140 Kahau Place #8
P. O. Box 2133
Nanakuli, Hawaii

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Brown
1475 Linapuni
Kalihi, Hawaii

Gloria Burbage
41-578 Humuniki Street
Waimanalo, Hawaii
(259-7583)

Wanda DeCosta
1105 E Desha Lane
Palama, Hawaii

Julia Futi
8301G Waiakamilo Road
Honolulu, Hawaii

Lillian Kaaihue
41-753 Alakoa Street
Waimanalo, Hawaii 96795

Dolores L. Kahue
41-1687 A Kalanianeole Hwy.
Waimanalo, Hawaii
259-7783

Mr. & Mrs. C. Kalani
1545-608 B Linapuni Street
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819

Rev. SueSue Lutu
87-118 Kahau Place
Samoan Church Village
Nanakuli, Hawaii
668-7952

Mr. & Mrs. F. Mao, Jr.
1475-1617 A Linapuni Street
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819

Joanne Martin
41-1612 Koa Moali Place
Waimanalo, Hawaii
259-7987

Lola Martin
1545-1712 Linapuni Street
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819
845-2804

Luneta E. Medeiros
26 A John Rodgers Housing
99-132 Kohomua
Aiea, Hawaii
422-7342

Donna Mersberg
1475-1513 Linapuni
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819

Mrs. Siutu M. Tai
91-657 Kilipoa Street
Ewa Beach, Hawaii
689-0949

RAP SESSION PARTICIPANTS - 18 hrs. @ $3.00 per hour. (18 people)

Paulette Mao
1475-1617 A Linapuni Street
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819

Paz Cuyno
1921 A Dole
Honolulu, Hawaii 96822

SueSue Lutu
87-118 Kahau Place
Samoan Church Village
Nanakuli, Hawaii

Glen Komomua, Jr.
816 Mokauea Street
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819

Dolores L. Kahue
41-753 Alakoa Street
Waimanalo, Hawaii 96795

Donna Mersberg
1475-1513 Linapuni
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819

Alyn Nishioka
c/o Honolulu Community College
874 Dillingham Blvd.
Honolulu, Hawaii 96817

Peteru Molitau
c/o Honolulu Community College
874 Dillingham Blvd.
Honolulu, Hawaii 96817

Richard Kaholi
1333 Ehukai Street
Waimanalo, Hawaii 96795

Lunetta Medeiros
26 A John Rodgers Housing
99-132 Kohomua
Aiea, Hawaii

Lillian Kaaihue
41-753 Alakoa Street
Waimanalo, Hawaii 96795

Puleleute Alailefaleula
87-140 #9 Kahau Place
Nanakuli, Hawaii

Brian Lum
1632 Ala Makani Place
Honolulu, Hawaii 96819

Georgianne Akau
955 Akepo Lane, Apt. 423
Honolulu, Hawaii

Roy Salle
2050 Nuuanu Ave.
Apt. 2-C
Honolulu, Hawaii 96817

Colleen Tinoga
c/o Honolulu Community College
874 Dillingham Blvd.
Honolulu, Hawaii 96817

Pedro Tolentino
1643 Piikoi Apt. 403
Honolulu, Hawaii 96822

Robert Brown
1475 Linapuni
Kalihi, Hawaii

ASSUMPTION OF RISK AND RELEASE

I hereby agree to assume all the risks and liabilities surrounding my participation in The Training Program for Community College Teachers of Minority and Low-Income Students. Further, I do for myself, my heirs, executors, and administrators hereby remise, release, and forever discharge the University, and all of its officers, agents and employees, acting officially or otherwise, from any and all claims, demands, and actions, or cause of action, on account of damage to my personal property, or personal injury which may result from any cause during the period of participation as aforesaid.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have caused this release to be executed this 14th day of June, 1971.

_____

(Signature)

FILMED FROM BEST AVAILABLE COPY

University of Hawaii
Community College System
2327 Dole Street
Honolulu, Hawaii 96822

MEMO TO: Ken Kunisaki, Editor
Community College Bulletin

FROM: Sidney M. Rosen, Program Director
Training Program for Community College
Teachers of Minority and Low Income Students

DATE: March 16, 1971

I would like the following statement published in the March 22 issue and the next two issues thereafter:

A Training Program for Community College Teachers of Minority and Low Income Students will be offered from June 14 through June 25. This program will provide an intense relationship between the teacher and the poor and disadvantaged population of our State. Teachers will be relating to students and poor families for a 12-day period that will include a four day live-in experience.

Trainees will receive a $180 stipend for the program and may, if they wish, apply for three hours of graduate credit.

For applications and/or further information, contact:

Sidney M. Rosen
Program Director
University of Hawaii
School of Social Work
1395 Lower Campus Road
Honolulu, Hawaii 96822
Telephone: 944-7182

(For March 22 issue only)

Brochures in your boxes will explain the program to you in greater detail.

SMR:mls

Letter to Students
+ brochure

THE UNIVERSITY OF [illegible]
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK

May 28, 1971

Dear Student:

We would like to have you participate in three rap sessions with community college teachers in the training program described in the enclosed brochure.

The rap sessions will be conducted on Wednesday, June 16, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 23 and 24 from 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. You will be paid $3.00/hour for your participation.

Please call me at 944-7132 for further information or to let me know if you would like to participate.

Yours truly,

Sidney M. Rosen

Sidney M. Rosen
Project Director

SMR:mls
Enclosure

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

School of Social Work

May 14, 1971

Dear Applicant:

The "Training Program for Communicty College Teachers of Minority and Low-Income Students" is pleased to announce that you have been selected as a participant in the program. Please return the enclosed note in the self-addressed envelope as quickly as possible.

You will soon be receiving a schedule of the program and a map of the University of Hawaii campus. Please let me hear from you if you have any questions.

If any problems arise after June 7, please call me collect. The phone number is 944-7182.

Aloha nui,

Sidney M. Rosen

Sidney M. Rosen
Program Director

SMR:mls
Enclosures: 2

1395 Lower Campus Road · Honolulu, Hawaii 96822 / Cable Address: UNIHAW

Letter "D"

TRAINING PROGRAM FOR COMMUNITY COLLEGE TEACHERS

OF MINORITY AND LOW-INCOME STUDENTS

Att. map
Housing Self cert form
Accomodation info

MEMO TO: All participants DATE: May 20, 1971

FROM: Sidney M. Rosen, Program Director

LOCATION

Enclosed is a map showing exactly where the Training Program will be held

CERTIFICATION FOR TUITION WAIVER (Hawaii Teachers Only)

For Hawaii teachers who are taking SW620 for credit, the enclosed self-certification form must be completed and returned as soon as possible in order that a tuition waiver may be granted. On page 1, please check #4. On the last page, please check the last item under #12.

HOUSING

Accommodations at the University of Hawaii at $4.00 per night may be arranged; however, you must be taking SW630 for credit in order to apply. If you wish to apply for this housing, please let us know immediately so appropriate forms can be sent to you.

If you are not taking SW-620 for credit, and need a place to stay, we suggest that you contact the "Motel 6 at Diamond Head", the address is as follows:

Motel 6 at Diamond Head
2947 Kalakaua Avenue
Honolulu, Hawaii 96815
Phone: 808-922-1928
Att: Mr. George Bamber, Manager

The cost at Motel 6 for our group is only $10.00 a night per room. Each room has 2 double beds, TV and bath. You may request sharing a room which will only be $5.00 per night per person. There are many hotels in Waikiki and Honolulu should you desire other accommodations.

I am looking forward to seeing you on June 14.

Letter "E"

TRAINING PROGRAM FOR COMMUNITY COLLEGE TEACHERS

OF MINORITY AND LOW-INCOME STUDENTS

(attachment to Letter "C")

June 14-25, 1971

THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

Accommodations at the University of Hawaii at $4.00 per night may be arranged; however, you must be taking SW630 for credit in order to apply. If you wish to apply for this housing, please let us know immediately so appropriate forms can be sent to you.

If you are not taking SW630 for credit, and need housing, we suggest that you contact the "Motel 6 at Diamond Head", the address is as follows:

Motel 6 at Diamond Head
2947 Kalakaua Avenue
Honolulu, Hawaii 96815

Att: Mr. George Bamber, Manager
Phone: 922-1928

The cost at Motel 6 for our group is only $10.00 a night per room. Each room has 2 double beds, TV and bath. You may request sharing a room which will only be $5.00 per night per person. There are many hotels in Waikiki and Honolulu should you desire other accommodations. If you apply at Motel 6, make sure you mention that you are with the "Community College Teachers Training Program" so this special rate will be in effect.

Sample Letter "A"

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

School of Social Work

March 22, 1971

Dear Applicant:

I am very pleased that you have an interest in our Training Program for Community College Teachers of Minority and Low-Income Students. A brochure explaining the program, an application form, and an application for stipend form are enclosed. Please read the brochure very carefully and if you have any questions write to me.

Our program is aimed at teachers in Hawaii Community Colleges, primarily, but we usually are able to accomodate some people from the Mainland.

Yours truly,

Sidney M. Rosen

Sidney M. Rosen
Program Director

SMR:mls
Enclosures

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

School of Social Work

June 3, 1971

Dear

Thank you for indicating an interest in being a student participant in the Training Program for Community College Teachers of Minority and Low-Income Students.

In order to discuss the program fully and to explain your role in it, I would like to meet with you on Wednesday, June 9 at 1:00 P.M. The meeting place will be at the University of Hawaii School of Social Work in the Lower Campus Area, Building 13, rooms 1 and 2. This is the same place that the training program will be conducted. There is a map enclosed that will show you where to go. There will also be signs on the building, watch for them.

If for some reason, you cannot attend the meeting, it is important that you call 944-7182 and let us know.

I'm looking forward to seeing you on Wednesday.

Aloha,

Sidney M. Rosen

Sidney M. Rosen
Program Director

SMR:mls
Enclosure: Map

1395 Lower Campus Road · Honolulu, Hawaii 96822 / Cable Address: UNIHAW

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

School of Social Work

June 3, 1971

Dear Host Family:

Your willingness to participate in the Training Program for Community College Teachers of Minority and Low-Income Students makes those of us interested in better education very happy. Thank you for your interest and help.

Before the program begins, it is important to talk with you about what your job will be and explain to you exactly what procedures will be followed. In order to take care of last minute details, we are requesting that you attend a meeting on Wednesday, June 9 at 10:00 o'clock in the morning. The meeting will be held at the University of Hawaii School of Social Work in the Lower Campus Area, Building 13, rooms 1 and 2. This is the same place that the training program will be conducted. There is a map enclosed that will show you where to go. There will also be signs on the building, watch for them.

If for some reason, you cannot attend the meeting, it is important that you call 944-7182 and let us know.

I'm looking forward to seeing you on Wednesday.

Aloha,

Sidney M. Rosen

Sidney M. Rosen,
Program Director

SMR:mls
Enclosure: Map

1395 Lower Campus Road · Honolulu, Hawaii 96822 / Cable Address: UNIHAW

Dear Mr. Rosen,

_____ I will attend the Training Program.

_____ I am sorry but my plans have changed and I will not attend.

_____
Candidate's Signature

GMR:mls

TRAINING PROGRAM FOR COMMUNITY COLLEGE TEACHERS OF MINORITY AND LOW-INCOME STUDENTS - 1971

(BRIEFING FOR HOST FAMILIES AND STUDENTS)

Host Families - Wednesday, June 9 at 10:00 a.m. /// Students - Wed., June 9 at 1 PM

1. Days and hours of involvement in rap sessions are Wednesday, June 16 and Wednesday and Thursday, June 23 and 24. Payment will be $3/hour for 6 hours per day.
2. Parking tickets will be provided to all drivers.
3. Lunches - Places to eat on campus are Gateway, East-West Center, or Lum's - or you can bring your own lunch.
4. Hosts will be responsible for bedding unless they indicate otherwise.
5. You will supply all food.
6. Those that live in Housing Projects should communicate their participation in this program to the housing office in their project and inform the office of the live-in arrangements.
7. Trainees will receive mileage expense checks to cover cost of transportation to an from the field site and to help defray the cost of gas for any trips that you take together. If your car is used they will pay you for the gas.
8. Arrival time Thursday, June 17 between 9 AM and Noon. Your trainee will call you to make arrangements. If you will be participating in the discussion groups, you can make arrangements on Wednesday. If you do not have a phone, expect the trainee during the hours stated above. Arrange a place for the trainee to keep his or her bag and let him know where he will be sleeping.
9. You are to carryout your daily activities as you would if you had any other guest in your home.
10. You will receive your $50 fee at the end of June. At that time, if you participated in the rap sessions also, you will receive your fee for that.
11. Students will receive their fee for rap sessions at the end of June.

12. These are community college teachers. 15 are from Hawaii and 5 are from the Mainland. They are participating in the program so that they can get a better understanding of the problems that poor people have so that they can become better teachers.

13. Your basic responsibilities in the rap sessions are:

    1) To be completely free and honest in talking about yourself, your family, your background, your feelings about society, and your experiences.

    2) To react to what other people say by supporting what they say, rejecting it or elaborating on it in terms of your own experiences.

    3) To get involved in the discussion. You can ask questions too. You can ask things of each other, of the students (hosts), and of the teachers. Compare and share ideas and experiences. Talk about whatever interests you. If you get too far off base, the discussion leader will bring you back, so don't concern yourself with whether something is or is not appropriate.

14. departure time will be on June 10 @ 5 P.M.

TRAINING PROGRAM FOR COMMUNITY COLLEGE TEACHERS OF MINORITY AND LOW-INCOME STUDENTS

June 14 - 25, 1971

SCHEDULE

nday, June 14 - TRAINEES ONLY

9:00 - 9:30 A.M.	Registration and Introductions.
9:30 - 10:15	Orientation to the Training Program by Sid Rosen, Project Director.
10:15 - 10:30	Coffee Break.
10:30 - Noon	Presentation on cultural characteristics and attitudes of Hawaiians and other groups of poor people by Dr. Alan Howard.
Noon - 1:00 P.M.	Lunch.
1:00 P.M. - 2:30	Continuation of Morning Session.
2:30 P.M. - 2:45	Coffee Break.
2:45 P.M. - 4:00	Continuation of Afternoon Session.
4:00 P.M.	Trainees submit field experience preference form.

esday, June 15 - TRAINEES ONLY

9:00 A.M. - 10:15	Warmth and Empathy Workshop with Dr. Joel Fischer.
10:15 - 10:30	Coffee Break.
10:30 - Noon	Continuation of Workshop.
Noon - 1:00 P.M.	Lunch.
1:00 P.M. - 3:00	Continuation of Workshop.
3:00 P.M. - 3:15	Coffee Break.
3:15 P.M. - 4:00	(1) Identifying things that trainees should be looking for in contacts with poor people. (2) Distribution of host family assignments (contact families to prepare them for your time of arrival.) (3) Notification of the host families that will be participating in the discussion sessions.

SCHEDULE - Page 2

Wednesday, June 16 - TRAINEES, HOST FAMILIES, & COMMUNITY COLLEGE STUDENTS

9:00 A.M. - 9:30 Discussion group assignments.

9:30 A.M. - Noon Discussion groups will meet with trainees, host families, and students. Discussion leaders and room assignments are:

Joel Fischer - Conference Room 1
Alan Howard - Conference Room 2
Mickey Hummer - Conference Room 3
Mary Myers - Conference Room 4

Noon - 1:00 P.M. Lunch.

1:00 P.M. - 3:30 Afternoon Discussion Sessions.

3:30 P.M. - 4:00 Concluding preparations for field assignments. (Reconvene in Rooms 1 and 2).

Thursday, June 17 - TRAINEES and HOST FAMILIES ONLY.

thru Field Experience for all trainees.

Sunday, June 20 - (5:00 P.M.)

Monday, June 21 and Tuesday, June 22. TRAINEES will spend their time writing and evaluating the field experience. They may do this at home or may use the facilities of the Training Program.

Wednesday, June 23 and Thursday, June 24. TRAINEES, HOST FAMILIES, AND COMMUNITY COLLEGE STUDENTS.

9:00 A.M. - Noon Discussion groups will reconvene. Trainees will present their papers which will be reacted to by all group members.

Noon - 1:00 P.M. Lunch.

1:00 P.M. - 4:00 Continuation of Morning Session (On Thursday, the discussion groups will conclude at 3:30 P.M. and all participants will convene in Rooms 1 and 2 for the conclusion to the program part of the project.)

Friday, June 25. - TRAINEES ONLY.

Program evaluation and recommendations.

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Letter to Teachers, Summer Project, Myers, Howard

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

School of Social Work

June 2, 1971

Myers
Hummel
Howard
~~Adkins~~
Teachers

I thought it might be helpful at this time, to give you a little more definitive idea of what to cover in the discussion group that you will be leading. The focus will be different on June 16 from what it will be on June 23 and 24. First, let me explain the composition of your group. There will be a total of 10 members (not including the discussion leader) consisting of five trainees (the community college teachers), 2 or 3 residents (a member of a low-income host family), and 2 or 3 students (low-income community college students).

On Wednesday, the 16th, the basic goals will be:

1. To have the members of your group, including you, to become as aware of one another as possible. This means everyone (trainees, community college students, and host families) should be encouraged to talk about their families, education, leisure time activities, jobs they've held, life dreams (what these dreams were, as well as what they are), etc. We want the trainees to know the poor as people and this goal will be facilitated by having the trainees portray themselves as well.

2. To have the trainees learn as much as possible about the attidtudes and living conditions of the poor.

A. Have the residents and community college students talk about their experiences with education generally, and ideas about a college education, specifically, i.e., how they feel a college education helps people and the possibility of people in their community attaining it. Find out the kinds of roadblocks that they have had in their way as they have proceeded up the educational ladder. Extend this to include people they know.

B. Identify their feelings concerning the way they've been treated by society (people they've met) and society's institutions such as police, welfare dept., housing authority, etc. (A statement that suggests people feel that the poor are poor because they haven't worked as hard as the next guy might ignite a spark.)

C. Identify housing conditions and feelings about adequacy of housing.

D. Identify feelings about employment opportunities, health services, and family breakdown.

E. Identify things that concern them the most and that cause tension and bad feelings.

F. Identify aspirations.

1395 Lower Campus Road - Honolulu, Hawaii 96822 Cable Address: UNIHAW

Goal one is really a preliminary to goal two since the focus for the program is educating the community college teachers. In actual discussion, I'm sure the lines between the two goals will be blurred. I present them seperately here only for the purpose of clarity for you as the discussion leader.

You may find that conflict arises between the members of your group on some issues. A degree of this can enhance the discussion and hence, understanding. Don't cut it off too quickly, rather help to induce objectivity when and where required.

On Wednesday and Thursday, June 23 and 24, the trainees will present to their respective groups the papers that they've written on their field experiences. Group members will respond to papers and participate in reactions to them. As many papers as possible will be delivered. It is possible that due to discussion that ensues, not all of the papers in all of the groups will be delivered. Questions should be directed at an in depth exploration of the feelings and events of the live-in experience. Reactions to perceptions and emotions should be encouraged.

Since each trainee will have first hand experience with only one family, the sessions on the 23rd and 24th will broaden their understanding and knowledge through sharing of information and reactive inputs from other trainees, residents and students.

A manual with a title something like "Experiences with Minority and Low-Income Families" will be printed and distributed to all trainees during the latter part of July. Actual family names will be omitted in the publication. This will communicate experiences from people other than those who were in each trainees immediate group.

Please let me hear from you should you want to discuss things further.

Cordially,

Sidney M. Rosen
Project Director

SMR:mls

THINGS FOR TRAINEES TO LOOK FOR IN THEIR LIVING EXPERIENCE

1) Who are the role models for children?

2) How crowded are the living conditions?

3) How is language used? What language is used? Are explanations made when directions are given? Are questions answered?

4) Where and what does the child play?

5) Does spare time exist? How is it used?

6) Attitudes toward community institutions e.g. the police, housing authority, school, welfare.

7) To what extent are your hosts segregated from society's mainstream. Are the other families in their neighborhood markedly different from them in terms of race, ethnicity, color, religious beliefs, or other things? Does there seem to be more similarity or more difference between their neighbors and themselves?

8) What kinds of houses do people live in? Types, i.e. high rise, apartment, single dwelling, etc. and conditions of the home.

9) How did the home smell to you?

10) What kinds of appliences are available? Are there telephones, cars, baths or showers? What, that you take for granted, did you find not present? What did you find that you didn't expect and which surprised you?

11) Of what does diet consist?

12) How large are families?

13) How did people react to each other, i.e., with friendliness or with hostility and suspicion?

14) Who lives in the "family"?

15) How available is medical care? From where is it obtained?

16) Who in the family works? What kinds of jobs are held?

17) How does the general health of the family appear to you, i.e., do people generally appear to be well or sick?

18) Do members of the family appear to be optimistic or pessimistic about the future?

19) What do people think is important for one to live well?

20) With what ethnic group do the hosts identify? How is this identification demonstrated?

APPENDIX 14

PUBLICITY

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THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK

in cooperation with

The Community College System

announces a

Training Program for Community College Teachers of Minority and Low-Income Students

June 14-25, 1971

This program is funded under a grant provided by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Office of Education under Title V, Part E of the Education Professions Development Act of 1967 (P.L. 90-35)

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OBJECTIVE

The objective of this program is to help the community college teacher who has had limited personal experience with low income and minority people to develop a better understanding of:

1. How the poor and racial and ethnic minorities live.
2. What the attitudes of the poor and racial and ethnic minorities are towards society generally and education specifically.
3. How poverty and/or cultural difference affects performance in an academic environment.

This objective is predicated upon the assumption that motivation to adjust teaching approaches emanates from knowing the student as completely as is possible.

The poor and culturally different have traditionally not appeared in higher education settings. Now that they are on the scene the teacher is called upon to teach differently in order to make the educational experience a meaningful one.

It should be understood that the objective of this program is not to help the teacher to learn methods of teaching but rather to help him more fully understand the challenge he faces and prepare himself to meet it.

PROCESS

In order to meet the training program objective the following procedure will be used:

1. June 14, 15, 16. Registration and classroom orientation to the program. There will be an academic exploration of poverty which will include a look at the ethnic and cultural uniqueness of Hawaii. Staff from poverty programs as well as students and adults from minority and low income groups will meet in discussion groups with training program participants. This orientation is intended to prepare trainees for the field work experience of the next four days.
2. June 17, 18, 19, 20. A live in experience of four days will be participated in by all trainees. Each trainee will live with a minority low income family during this period.
3. June 21 and 22. Trainees will write a paper that will recapitulate and evaluate the field experience.
4. June 23 and 24. Trainees will share with one another their field work experiences. Minority and low income residents will again participate in discussion.
5. June 25. Procedures for sharing knowledge with respective faculties and administrators will be discussed. The need for follow up programs will also be looked at. The program will be evaluated.

PARTICIPANT REQUIREMENTS

Participants who apply for this program should meet the following requirements:

1. Be currently teaching in an Hawaii Community College or be planning to teach in one with a bona fide job offer having been tendered. (A limited number of mainland teachers may be permitted to enroll. This will depend upon the number of applications received from Hawaii teachers)
2. Have limited personal experience with poverty.

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3. Have a desire to acquire knowledge about low income, ethnic, and racial minorities.
4. Be willing to participate in the program as it is designed.
5. Be prepared to engage in an intense experience.

STIPENDS AND CREDIT

This EPDA training grant provides for a stipend of $75 per week or $15 per day. Since trainees will be participating for 12 straight days they will receive $180 for the program. There is no allowance for dependents, books, or for transportation to and from the training program.

Trainees may if they wish enroll in Social Work 630 and receive three hours of graduate credit for the training program. This is optional.

TUITION AND FEES

There is no tuition nor is there a fee for this program. However, if trainees wish to enroll in SW 630 there will be a cost on the following basis:

1. University of Hawaii Community College Faculty who qualify-$10 registration fee only. (Call Patsy at 944-8412 or 944-8204 to determine eligibility).
2. Residents of Hawaii but not faculty-$60 tuition ($20/credit hour). Registration fee included.
3. Non-residents-$90 tuition ($30/credit hour). Registration fee included.

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HOUSING

All trainees will be responsible for arranging their own housing. **REMEMBER** YOU WILL HAVE PRE-ARRANGED LIVING ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE NIGHTS OF JUNE 17, 18 AND 19.

DIRECTOR AND STAFF

Project Director and Program Coordinator—
Sidney M. Rosen, Assistant Professor of Social Work of the University of Hawaii

In addition to the director, part-time instructors and consultants who will add their specialized expertise to the program will be involved.

INFORMATION AND APPLICATION

For further information and application forms write or call Sidney M. Rosen, EPDA Project Director, University of Hawaii, School of Social Work, 1395 Lower Campus Road, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822. Phone 944-7182. Application forms must be returned no later than May 14. Notices of status will be mailed to successful applicants and alternate candidates no later than May 24, 1971.

In selecting individuals for participation and otherwise in the administration of this program, The University of Hawaii will not discriminate on the ground of the race, creed, color, or national origin of any applicant or participant.

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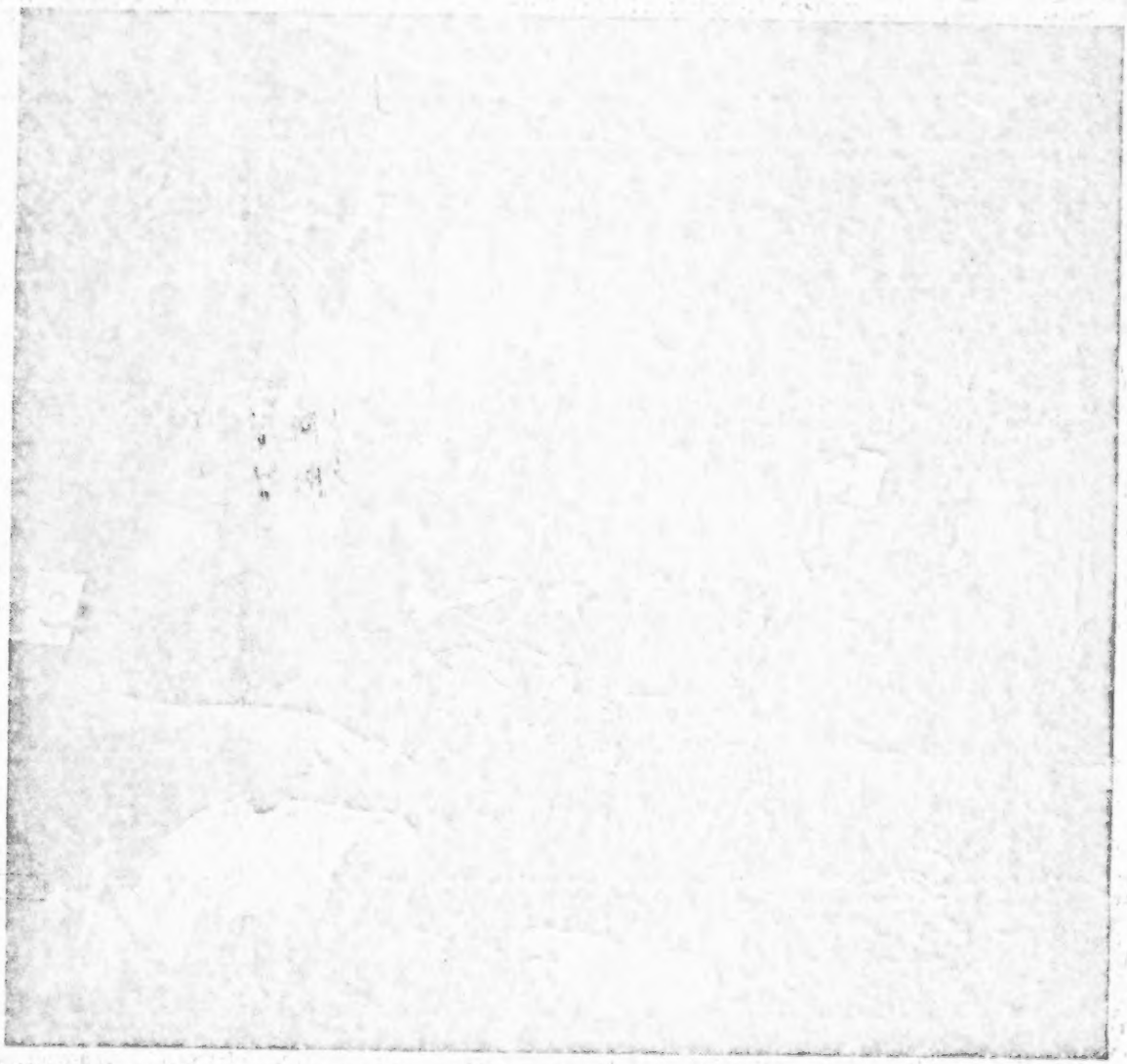
Texan and Samoans Get Acqu

By Tomi Knaef
Star-Bulletin Writ



SAMOAN SONG AND DANCE—Mrs. Michaelene Baker of Fort Worth, Tex., explores the joy of a Samoan dance with Mrs. Aofia Aau and her son, "Pen," during her live-in experience in Nanakuli as part of a special training program to enable teachers and counselors greater insight into the life and attitudes of minority groups.—Photo by Bob Young.

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Mrs. Baker is one o
trainees from the Mai
participating in the fed
ly-funded program.

HERE ARE SOME o
insights and r e a c t i
shared yesterday afte
first live-in day with
host family—the Aau
the Samoan Church Vi
in Nanakuli:

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"There is a bit of a
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home is Samoan.

"But my hostess, A
Aau (a community he

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Get Acquainted--in Nanakuli

By Tomi Knaefler
Star-Bulletin Writer

What happens when a "very middle class" teacher from "deep, deep in the heart of Texas" lives-in with a huge Samoan extended family in a Nanakuli poverty pocket?

"It's just real fine. Wonderful," according to Mrs. Michaelene Baker, a psychology instructor and counselor from Ft. Worth.

She is part of a group of 17 in a special two-week University of Hawaii School of Social Work training program for community college teachers and counselors to understand the way of life and attitudes of the poor and ethnic minorities.

The high point of the program is a four-day live-in experience with minority low income families.

Mrs. Baker is one of four trainees from the Mainland participating in the federally-funded program.

HERE ARE SOME of her insights and reactions shared yesterday after the first live-in day with her host family—the Aaus—at the Samoan Church Village in Nanakuli:

"I'm learning a lot of things. They're all so very kind. They make me feel so very comfortable and treat me as part of the family.

"There is a bit of a communication problem in that the language spoken in the home is Samoan.

"But my hostess, Aofia Aau (a community health and social worker aide in Nanakuli), her son, Peniamina, and several others do speak English.

"I admit my Texas drawl is a bit difficult for the children.

"What's impressed me most is the very strong family and community ties. To me that's very positive.

"THE FAMILY worship before dinner conducted in Samoan is probably the most impressive religious service I've ever seen.

"They've really clung on to cultural tradition. I feel the advantage of that is that it reflects a very prideful people. The disadvantage may be in making adjustments to the new culture.

"I haven't gotten the family relationships all straight yet. There are 11 in the household (three bedroom house). It really is an extended family with cousins and uncles and aunts.

"Their way of life is very open. People are constantly coming and going. I think that's just fine.

"The children and I have been having a wonderful time walking, going to the beach. (She has two children at home.)

"Food hasn't been a problem. Some of their dishes taste very different, but I'm trying everything.

"For example, I'd never had green boiled bananas deep, deep in Texas where I come from. I didn't care for it. I can't relate the taste of it to anything I've had.

"But the boiled crabs were very, very good.

"And the tunafish from Samoa was great and the baked taro leaves in coconut milk, rich.

"MY PURPOSE in coming here is that we have the same problem reaching minority groups in Fort Worth. There, our minority groups are Mexican-Americans and blacks.

"There's something wrong when we're only getting five per cent from these groups in our community college population. We're supposed to be for the people of the community. We haven't been able to tap resources there yet."

Mrs. Baker is sure her experience here will be highly relevant to her work back in Texas. And, of course, relevant to her as a person.

Will she be able to make it through the four days? "No doubt. No problem. That is, if they can put up with me. In fact, I feel like staying longer," she said.

To that, Mrs. Aau said: "We're very happy to have her with us. We don't want her to act like a guest. We want her to feel this is her own home."

Mrs. Aau was particularly happy yesterday when her 13-year-old son "Pen's" report card came and showed "all As and Bs."

"I appreciate my son very much and praise the Lord," she said.

THE SPECIAL program, which began with concentrated orientation, will end Friday with reports and rap sessions.

Sidney M. Rosen, project director, said a prime objective is to help teachers and counselors perceive what it's like to be poor so they can ultimately make education more meaningful to students of minority groups.

"A lot is happening already," he said.

The Star-Bulletin
Section B
Honolulu Saturday, June 19, 1971

They Studied Others; Learned Themselves

By Tomi Knaefler
Star-Bulletin Writer

For four days recently, 17 "middle class" Island and Mainland community college teachers and counselors lived with poor families on Oahu under a special University of Hawaii School of Social Work program to gain a better understanding of minority groups.

Each—in his or her own way — got much more than that.

For one trainee, the experience was a "valuable" experience. For another, it was "an unforgettable experience that will haunt me for years." For most, if not all of them, the experience provided insights into themselves:

Their own inadequacies. Their own insensitivities. Their own biases.

SIDNEY M. ROSEN, director of the federally funded project, summarized it in this way:

"It was a very intense experience for them. They came back with their insides crawling with thoughts and feelings—almost not knowing what to do with all that was churning inside."

No one can say for sure what changes ultimately will come about within the trainees—their teaching or counselling methods as a result of the program.

But they dropped some clues during post-live-in rap sessions held last week.

FOR EXAMPLE, Mrs. Mary Cummings of Missoula, Mont., said she realizes now that the level of English [illegible] "super-charged situation" is "reconstructed each time an outsider comes" into the circle.

Harris managed to give some marriage counseling during the anxiety-laden experience. He said, "I intend to maintain contact with the family because they are nice people. . . ."

FOR ANOTHER trainee, the live-in brought an unexpected confrontation when a group smoked marijuana at his host family's dwelling. Because of his strong feelings regarding the law, the trainee left the house while the drug was there.

Like most of the trainees, Ralph Lyon of Maui admitted to much anxiety preparing for the live-in.

Lyon said, "when I discovered my host family lived in Kuhio Park Terrace, I was a little bit fearful — no, I was scared to death."

He soon learned "my fears were unfounded." He found his hosts "very much like any other young family with perhaps a little more love than in more affluent families."

While he felt at ease with his family, Lyon points out "the environment is impossible" for families with school-aged children. "The bureaucrats who dreamed up this kind of housing for families . . . has never been exposed to children."

He described the obscenity-marked hallways, trash-tossed grounds, the continuous mess at the main entry and elevator and the night noises of shouting teen-agers late, late TV viewers and "a woman getting a beating and screaming in the night [illegible] your heart as he did mine."

Quick, warm relations between children and trainees were common. So was the observation of family recreation: Marathon TV, cards, checkers, "talk story" and constant snacking.

ANOTHER frequent observation was the spill-over attention poured on the youngest child with hardly any left over for other children in the family. The latter were usually subject to commands, scoldings and physical discipline.

In one case, a trainee mentioned circumstances relating to children that bore all the earmarks of abusive treatment by a parent.

Mrs. Ilima Williams, who lived with a Kuhio Park Terrace family, conveyed a complaint made by residents — that while the professional group workers "want us to be independent," they "do almost everything for us. Don't do everything for us. Let us do some things for ourselves."

Mrs. Williams also felt that workers missed a good bet by not riding along with the residents on buses during outings.

A HONOLULU instructor who lived with a Hawaiian family in Waimanalo found the confusion within the household almost unbearable.

TV was on day and night, floors were in bad shape, the toilet didn't flush most of the time, the water in the kitchen barely ran, the family spent $3 to $4 several times a week at the laundromat, people milled around the house constantly and chil[illegible]

about everyone, Miss No[illegible] said:

"I got the im[illegible] Waimanalo is a close community and every knows everybody else's ness."

She told of her hostess' tility toward haoles—" have their nose in th and walk around like th better than us"—and Japanese—"they stick gether and they don't about any others e themselves. They re[illegible] because they don't with anyone. They just their own kind and no else."

Miss Nort[illegible] said her ess "felt bad because couldn't take me place She didn't realize how I was learning just b serving her family life tine . . . They are a friendly, open family can make anyone fee come in their home . . .

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But they dropped some clues during post-live-in rap sessions held last week.

FOR EXAMPLE, Mrs. Mary Cummings of Missoula, Mont., said she realizes now that the level of English usage is not a reliable yardstick to measure intellectual potential.

She camped out on the beach for four days with an extended Hawaiian family who spoke mostly Hawaiian. ("Extended family" is a sociological term for one which includes aunts, uncles and cousins, both blood and "calabash.")

She told of their patience in helping her to understand what was going on and remembered her own impatience with students in "the same fish-out-of-water situations."

MRS. MILDRED Greene of Daytona Beach, Fla., said the program made her more aware than ever of the need to relate with people as "whole people."

She and others noted how easy it is for a teacher to react negatively when a student falls asleep in class or doesn't turn in his work.

Mrs. Greene said the program brought home the need for teachers to understand a student's action or inaction against the backdrop of his background. The "why" of any situation.

Now, said Andrea Matsushima of Honolulu, "I realize what some students are up against" when they have to live in overcrowded homes with not even minimal privacy and where noise could keep a person awake all night.

She realizes it isn't always possible for a person to be what he wants to be because of factors beyond his control.

HOWARD WINER, a business teacher here, said the program enabled him to get

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MARY CUMMINGS of Montana found endless wonder in the Hawaiian way during her camp-out with a Hawaiian family.

She first joined her family at Kuhio Park Terrace with "my coed clothes, suitcase and garment bag" and found herself living for the most part in her bathing suit and shorts that "I could have packed in a purse."

She marveled at the cheerful and optimistic outlook of her host, "despite his constant pain" from a chronic physical ailment.

He was even cheerful about hippies. He said of them, "You've got to give them credit" they have some good things and some bad things.

MRS. CUMMINGS singled out a member of the extended family as "one of the most wonderful mothers I've known. A real joy, warm and open."

She said that the woman kept saying, " 'You must miss your children.' At first, I told her quite honestly it was nice to be away but she kept after me until I finally admitted I missed them.

"By this time, she had aroused my maternal guilt and I did miss them. She took care of eight young children every day — a truly exceptional woman."

Along with other trainees, Mrs. Cummings was particularly impressed with the patience of her hosts and the relaxed way in which tasks got done.

Elaborate cook-out meals for a large gathering were prepared "with as much ease as I boil an egg."

She said their genuine

race family, conveyed a complaint made by residents — that while the professional group workers "want us to be independent," they "do almost everything for us. Don't do everything for us. Let us do some things for ourselves."

Mrs. Williams also felt that workers missed a good bet by not riding along with the residents on buses during outings.

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The trainee said when she returned to "my serene apartment, I felt debilitated emotionally and physically beat. The confusion, noise, hostility, lack of good family life and understanding hung heavy on my soul.

"I washed my hair, took a hot shower, Lysol-sprayed everything I had taken with me that wouldn't go through the washer. I sat down and gave a 'thank-God' sigh, drank a strong cup of hot coffee and searched for meaning of this unforgettable experience."

She said, "I will ponder the realities of the experience in the days and years ahead. I want more than ever to do my part. How can the richest country in the world be able to use its wealth to better advantage?"

IN CONTRAST, Barbara Hoapili, who also lived with a Hawaiian family in Waimanalo, had a warm experience.

She said, "The charm of the house was not outside but inside."

Before dinner of "delicious pigs' feet," her hostess said a prayer, including a pitch for her guest.

Mrs. Hoapili said, "I was touched almost to tears by the simplicity and good wishes. I swallowed the lump in my throat repeatedly."

She said, "All the price tags were still on the coffee mugs and towels" and her hostess explained " 'I wanted you to know no one used them before.' I thought how

what was going on and remembered her own impatience with students in "the same fish-out-of-water situations."

MRS. MILDRED Greene of Daytona Beach, Fla., said the program made her more aware than ever of the need to relate with people as "whole people."

She and others noted how easy it is for a teacher to react negatively when a student falls asleep in class or doesn't turn in his work.

Mrs. Greene said the program brought home the need for teachers to understand a student's action or inaction against the backdrop of his background. The "why" of any situation.

Now, said Andrea Matsushima of Honolulu, "I realize what some students are up against" when they have to live in overcrowded homes with not even minimal privacy and where noise could keep a person awake all night.

She realizes it isn't always possible for a person to be what he wants to be because of factors beyond his control.

HOWARD WINER, a business teacher here, said the program enabled him to get a "little closer look into what empathy is."

The trainees, with "almost evangelistic zeal," have asked Rosen to continue the program next summer on an individual study basis to provide depth investigation and involvement.

They also feel similar orientation should be a prerequisite for other teachers and professionals who work with low-income minority groups.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to summarize the group's experiences as these were as varied as the individuals involved.

HERE ARE BITS and pieces of perceptions and descriptions recounted by the trainees:

Davis Harris of Honolulu found himself innocently enmeshed in a "destructive four-sided triangle" created by a member of a Kalihi household.

The accuser even threatened to kill Harris, who learned later that the same

packed in a purse."

She marveled at the cheerful and optimistic outlook of her host, "despite his constant pain" from a chronic physical ailment.

He was even cheerful about hippies. He said of them, "You've got to give them credit" they have some good things and some bad things.

MRS. CUMMINGS singled out a member of the extended family as "one of the most wonderful mothers I've known. A real joy, warm and open."

She said that the woman kept saying, " 'You must miss your children.' At first, I told her quite honestly it was nice to be away but she kept after me until I finally admitted I missed them.

"By this time, she had aroused my maternal guilt and I did miss them. She took care of eight young children every day — a truly exceptional woman."

Along with other trainees, Mrs. Cummings was particularly impressed with the patience of her hosts and the relaxed way in which tasks got done.

Elaborate cook-out meals for a large gathering were prepared "with as much ease as I boil an egg."

She said their genuine warmth — easily conveyed through nonverbal interaction -- made her think about "all the middle class therapy trips, encounter group searches for human warmth and depth. In comparison, I began to think that these people were just naturally one of the more richly advantaged families I had encountered."

MERL MITCHELL of Everett, Wash., said his first impression of the Kuhio Park Terrace high rise was that it looked like a plush apartment building.

"I realized it wasn't plush as the odor of urine reached my nostrils walking to the front entrance. The elevator floor was wet and smelled like someone had emptied a garbage pail in the corner."

The two things that "never left me were — the smell and the over-abundance of cockroaches."

Mitchell was particularly taken by his host family's "mischievious little squirt who is into everything, spoiled and can easily win

everything I had taken with me that wouldn't go through the washer. I sat down and gave a 'thank-God' sigh, drank a strong cup of hot coffee and searched for meaning of this unforgettable experience."

She said, "I will ponder the realities of the experience in the days and years ahead. I want more than ever to do my part. How can the richest country in the world be able to use its wealth to better advantage?"

IN CONTRAST, Barbara Hoapili, who also lived with a Hawaiian family in Waimanalo, had a warm experience.

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JOSEPHINE NORTON of Honolulu lived through yet another variation of the theme with a Portuguese family in Waimanalo.

She described the house as "comfortable" and "tidy" and very well furnished with items culled from the dump. Her hostess said, "We never could have such nice things if it weren't for the people from Kailua and Kaneohe who throw out these good things"—from d r a p e s to dressers to clothing.

On a tour of Waimanalo, the hostess pointed out "the rough area where not only the kids but parents fight constantly" . . . the gardened area owned mostly by the Japanese . . . the crowded Filipino camp of rundown homes lined with many abandoned cars and the "unsafe places loaded with dope."

BECAUSE HER hostess seemed to know everything

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about everyone, Miss Norton said:

"I got the impression that Waimanalo is a close knit community and everybody knows everybody else's business."

She told of her hostess' hostility toward haoles—"they have their nose in the air and walk around like they're better than us"—and the Japanese—"they stick together and they don't care about any others except themselves. They get rich because they don't share with anyone. They just help their own kind and no one else."

Miss Norton said her hostess "felt bad because she couldn't take me places . . . She didn't realize how much I was learning just by observing her family life routine . . . They are a very friendly, open family who can make anyone feel welcome in their home . . ."

COOKING, SAMOAN STYLE—Michaelene Baker of Fort Worth, Tex., learns to prepare Samoan dishes from her live-in hostess, Mrs. Aofia Aau of Nanakuli. Mrs. Baker took to Samoan food like a veteran — except for the boiled green bananas.—Photo by Bob Young.

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★ ★

seeing how the other half lives

By CAROLE HOYT
Advertiser Human Affairs Writer

It was a boiling afternoon in Nanakuli when we drove into the Samoan Village to look for the trainees. We found none. The college teachers had fled to the beach to cool off and enjoy visiting with the Samoan children.

Mrs. Aofia Aau welcomed us into her home and began to tell, in the warm friendly way of Samoans, how she had offered her houseguest, Mrs. Michaelene Baker, a community college teacher from Hurst, Tex., a Samoan dinner of tuna fish ("the kind canned in Samoa tastes better"), taro leaves and coconut milk. With it came songs and entertainment.

SUDDENLY a young girl came running in front of the house towards Farrington Hwy. She was shouting in Samoan, and Mrs. Aau, looking very distraught, began to shout questions to her. The girl was followed quickly by the rest of her family: her mother, her father in lava-lava, all running single file towards the road.

"Life in low-income families is one crisis after another," Sid Rosen had said earlier in the morning.

Mrs. Aau came from her living room window, her face worn, and said, "the family running past are my neighbors. Their son was just hit by a car on the highway."

She attempted to continue her conversation, but kept looking toward the window and the fleeing figures. Her own son had been swimming at the beach and might have crossed the highway.

I LEFT to go to the road. A crowd of children gathered.

Faitala Muaada, age 14, lay in the middle of the highway with a broken leg. An ambulance and a police car were there.

As he was lifted into the ambulance on a stretcher, his tiny brother watched, breaking into a sweat and shaking. But no one, not the tiny sweating brother, nor the injured Faitala, nor the crowd of watchers, shed a single tear.

AT THE Samoan Village, the parents went to the family car to ride to Leeward Community Hospital to find out what would be done with their son.

By the time Mrs. Baker returned from the beach, the village was quiet. The Samoans were gathering in their homes for family church services held each evening at 5.

Mrs. Baker said she hoped to learn enough about the way the program was run take the knowledge back Texas and put it to work.

Both she and Rosen have been questioned several times by Mrs. Aau and Samoan neighbors about possibility of the older moa leaders going to co munity college.

"I HAVE to keep up, keep the respect of young people," Mrs. Aau health worker aide, said

David Harris has spe most of his adult life wo ing with minority grou blacks, Indians, Chica and finally coming to Ka as an elementary sch counselor, then to Kapio Community College to co sel students.

The college students t to be older than aver 23.4 years of age, and the open door admiss policy at the community leges, Harris sees many are from low-income ne borhoods far removed f the academic world.

HARRIS BIT into a t sandwich at his host f ly's apartment in M Wright Homes and said, of this causes difficultie school. The teachers used to teaching in one Most of them come f middle class families. don't always understan problems the low-incom minority families face."

He lived with a fami the suburbs of Tokyo summer to understand traditional Japanese fa a system Harris believ necessary to understan the conflicts of the third eration in Hawaii.

The father of five chil Harris shared a room his host family's four

Continued on B-7

Advertiser Photo by Roy Ito

Harris relaxes with his Kuhio Park Terrace host family.

To acquaint community college teachers with the special problems of their students from minority or low-income situations, the University of Hawaii has begun a program of asking teacher-trainees to live with low-income families. The program director is Sid Rosen, and he invited Carole Hoyt, Advertiser Human Affairs Writer, to visit some of the families and teachers. This is her report.

ROSEN

teachers learn of cultures

Continued from B-6

dren and enjoyed a restful night.

"I was tired though," Harris grinned. "We spent the first 13 hours here talking.

"I WANT to know about the children's situation. They are very well behaved. The key to understanding our students is to learn about their upbringing. But there is no play area here for the children. I thought the grounds below (the host family lives in an upstairs apartment) were common grounds shared by all.

"But everybody downstairs has their little territory in front of the apartments. People must think the kids upstairs have wings."

The children's mother questioned Harris about her chances of attending the community college to help support the family, now that the father has been laid off from construction work.

"I graduated from McKinley," she said with a wistful smile. "I want to complete my education."

"IT IS THE history of the country that, to become effective competitors, we must have an education," Rosen said from his desk at the University's School of Social Work. "Society has to provide opportunity for low-income people to get abilities to achieve on an equal competitive basis.

"It is nonsense that we can maintain living in the old ways. Even those who talk about the old ways wouldn't be recognizable to Captain Cook, with their television sets and asphalt roof houses. Unless you wake up and stop being museum pieces, you won't get anywhere."

MRS. LOLA MARTIN, half-Hawaiian, talked freely with her haole guest from Everett, Wash., Merl Mitchel.

Mitchel said he had never really thought about what race he was other than Caucasian, while Mrs. Martin smiled and enthusiastically named off her lineage and her children's.

Mitchel had two reasons for signing into a program where he would live in low-income housing in Hawaii for four days.

His home in Everett is not far from a housing project similar to Kuhio Park Terrace, and he is a consultant there.

Also, this fall the Everett Community College will receive 80 students from a nearby Indian reservation, the college's first, according to Mitchel.

MRS. MARTIN is an active board member of the Kuhio Park Terrace Child Center. She dropped out of her senior year of high school to begin raising a family, and worked as a Polynesian sword dancer. Now her children are in pre-school or elementary school and she is considering attending business school.

"Basically I'm lazy, though," she laughed. Mrs. Martin was once so active in Kuhio Park Terrace projects that she had to resign or become ill from exhaustion.

Mrs. Martin and Mitchel found they had similar fears for the children of the community. Drugs and glue and paint sniffing are problems at Kuhio Park Terrace, as they are in Everett. Marital problems and vandalism are high in both spots.

"I came because I want to learn as much as I can to help counsel our new students," Mitchel said. "They need help and I want to do the best I can."

11 10 4 **U.H. Today:** Dr. Sidney Rosen talks about the live-in program in which 17 Island and Mainland Community College teachers and counselors live with poor families on Oahu, and a visit is paid to the Contemporary Arts Center of Hawaii with Mirella Belsche

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APPENDIX 16

Experiences with Minority and Low-Income Families by
Trainees in the

TRAINING PROGRAM FOR COMMUNITY COLLEGE TEACHERS OF MINORITY AND LOW-INCOME STUDENTS

University of Hawaii

School of Social Work

(June 14 - 25, 1971)

Sidney M. Rosen, Project Director

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FOUR DAYS SAMOAN STYLE

by Michaelene Baker

Thursday morning found me experiencing many feelings, but apprehension and anxiety about the unknown was foremost. This was the day I would begin my live-in experience in the Samoan Church Village. I rode there with two other trainees who would be living with other families in the village

Being from Texas and never having traveled much, I had never had an opportunity before to even meet a Samoan. I knew nothing of their customs or way of life. I only knew that I would be spending the next four days in the home of a woman named A.A., and her two children.

Upon reaching the village and inquiring about the A. house, we were directed to a white frame house sitting flush with the white gravel road which treaded its way through the village. The shabby front porch of the A. house opened into a breezy, spacious living room. It was a cheery room accented by many arrangements of artificial flowers and family portraits. It was here that I first saw the ample figure of A., my hostess. She seemed a bit flustered when she first saw us and readily admitted that she had not expected us so soon. Then, like the typical middle class anglo housewife, she began to apologize for the appearance of her house. But while introductions were being exchanged, she managed to convey to me a sincere feeling of welcome. Already, I began to feel comfortable in this home and I watched the other trainees drive away for their live-in experiences without any doubts.

By then, A. had introduced me to her thirteen year old son, B. This stoutly built young man had a very outgoing personality and he was terribly excited to have a guest in the house. The living room seemed to be filling with people. I was introduced to another stout woman with a warm smiling face. This was cousin L. She had two eager girls with her - M., who was eleven and S., five. At that time, I assumed these people were neighbors who had dropped by.

The entire group showed me to the room which would be mine for the next four days. It opened off the dining room and contained a bed, a chest, and a trunk. The barren appearance of the room was softened by an attractive bedspread and white curtains fluttering at the windows. A. then showed the bath which could be reached from the opposit side of the dining room. It was a large room with bare unfinished walls, a clean tile floor, and very old, but serviceable fixtures. There were two other bedrooms in the house, but, we didn't inspect them. All of these rooms opened into the dining room, and from there it appeared that these rooms only contained beds and mats. The kitchen was the most inadequate room in the house. Unlike the warm varnished hardwood floors covered with area carpets and mats, found in the rest of the house, the kitchen floor was covered by an old linoleum which was cracked and

blackened from wear. The kitchen contained nothing but bare necessities -- two rough shelves for dishes, an ancient sink, an old marred electric range and a decrepid refrigerator. It was a dark dingy room and in the far corner sat a rickety table, under which there was a stalk of green bananas. I soon learned this was a major food staple.

After the initial inspection of the house, I felt it could serve quite adequately for A. and her son. She had already explained that her only other child was a married son who lived on the mainland. Little did I know of the extended Samoan family. Soon, T.U., introduced as a cousin arrived. He looked to be in his middle thirties and I was informed that he attended the local community college. As we chatted, I learned that he plans to become a teacher and return to American Samoa to teach. I also learned that everyone I had met thus far resided in that one house and that there were more to come!

Before I could really digest this news, we were off to the beach for a real holiday - lunch at a drive-in and swimming at the beach. We were joined by several members of the A. family and it was really enjoyable. I was to rapidly learn that entertaining guests is a task taken very seriously by Samoan families.

We returned to the house about 4:00 and soon after, more family members began returning home. I met F.T., that good looking nineteen year old cousin who worked at the laundry. K.T., another cousin, was a tall, athletic looking man who looked to be in his early twenties. I later learned that he was presently unemployed and that he was indeed a fine athlete on the volleyball court. There was also a young married couple, M. and E. M., twenty-six, who had already become quite stout as most of the women were, worked for Dole Company. The muscular and handsome E., thirty, worked for a furniture company. They went to work at 5:00 each morning because both began work at 6:00 A.M. This couple owned a late model sports car, one of the two cars in the family. E. was very kind and immediately offered me his cas if I needed transportation. He spoke excellent English and was very charming. M. could not use English well but managed to convey warmth with an ever ready smile. T.U., the cousin who was attending college also owned a car. I was to later learn that T. became a family member after his wife had died two years before. As A. said "No need for him to live alone when we have place for him here."

To add to the excitement of my first day - L.'s husband was arriving from American Somoa. Thus the total number of people living in the household was eleven.

A. explained that her house was open to any of her relatives or acquaintances who needed a place to stay. Four people were presently employed and these individuals contributed for household expenses. Those who weren't working did household duties. It was a new experience for me to be in a household with so many people. It seemed to me that such a crowded situation would create all sorts of tension and conflict. I didn't feel that in this situation. Everything seemed so totally relaxed and pleasant. A. and L. prepared the evening meal. Bananas were peeled and boiled. A pork and cabbage

dish was prepared. There was a hugh pot of rice and a large platter of breadfruit, also boiled crab. As the food was being set on the table, a place was set for me and one for A. We sat down and F. began to serve us. Not wanting to be a bother, I protested, but A. quickly explained, "F. not working now so he contributes by serving the family." Various members of the family began to drift to the dinning area. However, there was no big production about everyone gathering at the table, instead people came, ate, and went on to other activities. Eating just sort of happened and it was a very pleasant experience.

The food was very different from most of the things I had known before, but I tried everything. I liked most everything but I never learned to appreciated those boiled green bananas! I also learned that these Samoans were heavy eaters who emjoy seeing their guests eat heartily. Probably due to the large amount of starches included in their diet and little exercise, Samoan women tend to be fat. In fact, children as well as adults tend to be very sturdy in build.

That first night A. talked quite a long time. I learned that she had been reared in American Samoa. She had been sent away from home to attend a Theological school. Her parents were very religious and hoped their daughter would eventually marry a clergyman. Instead A. married a man who was a member of a prominent Samoan family. She later attended a Nursing School in Samoa and worked as a nurse in that country.

A. and her husband later came to Hawaii, bringing with them their two boys. She explained that educational opportunities were poor in her country and she recognized the need for her children to have an opportunity for a good education. She proudly told me that her older son had finished school and Ben was a very good student.

A. and her husband had been instrumental in founding the Samoan Congregational Church which was the center of community life in the village. She explained that eventually her husband became involved with a very young woman, creating a situation which led to her divorce six years earlier. Yet, she is still proud of her husband's position as chief among her people and said she never wanted to bring shame to the family name. She also confided that the people of the community looked to her because of her ways "my own people come to my home to live because they like my ways." Already I could understand and accept this because A. is one of those wonderful persons who seems to possess a natural sensitivity. Throughout my stay, she managed to always anticipate my feelings and provide for them. A. works for Legal Aid Services and she seems to love her job. I suspect that she is a very valuable employee, mainly because of her natural concern and caring for others.

At 6:30 p.m. a bell sounded in the village and the family immediately began to congregate in the living room. I was informed that it was time for the family worship service. The next twenty minutes were very impressive for me and at the same time a recurring feeling that the family participated in such a natural and relaxed way. Observing this family service was a

beautiful experience and I began to realize how the church and family ties were very strong and they complimented each other in creating a very "Samoan Community."

Later in the evening A. took me to the fellowship hall of the church for a rehersal. The church members are planning a concert tour to the Mainland next month. They will tour the West Coast and present a series of programs featuring Samoan songs and dances. The proceeds from the tour will go to the church and these funds will be used to improve the community and purchase more property for expansion. A. told me the Church owned the property of the community and thereby provided facilities for their people. She explained that the church owned her home and she pays sixty dollars per month for rent. This amount seemed very reasonable. I began to see the same kind of concern in the church for members of the community as I had recognized within the family.

Fellowship Hall was a long empty structure. When we entered we removed our shoes according to Samoan custom and picked up a mat. Then we moved to the front where all the women sat in rows. All were sitting cross legged on mats but the men sat at the back of the room. The next hour introduced me to the world of Samoan music. These people sang with rythmatic beat with which I was unfamilar. Their director used a blackboard to rapidly write out verses, then he skillfully set the mood by directing with graceful hand and body movement which occassionally gave way to delightful dance routines. The results he obtained from the singer were fantastic. Samoans seem to love to sing and I was completely enthralled as I sat with them.

When we returned home, I was ready for bed. The final member of the family still had not arrived from Samoa and several family members were waiting until he arrived before having dinner. There was an air of excitement in the household. Yet, I had already sensed that here was a home in which one could feel entirely comfortable doing whatever you wished, if that activity didn't interfere with others needs. A. was alert enough to see that I was tired so it seemed the most natural thing to do was to go to bed, which I did.

The next morning I awoke after a wonderful sleep to the sounds of the family moving about and I soon joined them. Some members of the family had already left for work, but A. would be home from her job that day because she was recuperating from a bout with influenza. A. and I had a breakfast of boiled eggs, toast and coffee. That wonderfully kind F. was right there to fetch anything we needed and immediately snatch away dishes when we finished with them. Other members of the family began to drift in. Some waited with toothbrush in hand for their turn in the bathroom. Other joined us at the table. People seemed to eat when they felt like it. Again I had the feeling that this household operated in such a relaxed way - things just happened - no one ever showed any signs of being flustered or upset - when someone got hungry, they ate - no big deal.

Already I had begun to envy the way the household operated with such ease. Throughout my stay, I observed and admired this trait that each member of the household seemed to possess - when a task was to be done, it was done but

the person doing the task never seemed to be hurried or uptight. When I dared to think of twelve people living in my household, I shuttered to even imagine the beddlam which would surely exist.

Friday was a peaceful day. I accompanied B. and M. to the beach and we had such a good time. I found myself becoming very attached to M., the lovely soft-spoken eleven year old who had become like my shadow. She admired my nails and shyly asked me to do her nails. She had many questions to ask about my life back home. M. could beautifully express her acceptance and liking by touch. She seldom moved out of touching distance. Yet, for all of her obvious admiration, once at the beach she carefully looked me over and sadly shook her head and exclaimed "such a shame - you are sooo skinny." And I'm far from skinny according to my values. Yet A. agreed with M. and she too was constantly trying to fatten me up!

After returning from the beach that Friday, We came in and found something to eat. A. and L. joined me at the table to urge me to eat hearty.

The afternoon gave me an opportunity to walk around in the village. I began to observe that my family was rather well off compared to other families in the community. Some open doorways of the neighboring houses revealed literally barren interiors. But still, within fifteen yards of the A. house was a canal - the river as the children referred to it. I saw it as an open sewer line. The water was black with waste and all sorts of garbage such as cans and trash was floating on top. Of course, there was the smell which usually accompanies such eye sores.

Houses in the community were arranged in random fashion which negated any preplanning for the community. Only one or two houses had any space for yards. There were open garbage cans outside most of the homes. I saw no place in the neighborhood which really looked suitable and inviting for play and leisure activities.

Nevertheless, in a barren area between and in behind the shabby houses, there was a volley ball net. It was there that I was introduced to another community bond. Each afternoon, adults and teenagers of the community gather there, organize teams and play very competitive volleyball games. The winning team is allowed to continue to play while the losers are forced to the sidelines. This was another example of community cohesiveness. Although community members might be forced to leave the community to earn a living, they could return for their recreation and all family activities.

Throughout the community, the Samoan language was spoken. I could see that this might really be a handicap for children in school where they were forced to use English and yet received little opportunity to use English in any other situation.

After several vigorous volleyball games, we heard the bell which signaled that worship time had arrived. Again I found the service to be impressive for me and I especially enjoyed the singing. The distant voices

of other families also assured me that that this very personal type of family interaction was in a sense shared by all members of the community.

Our dinner Friday night was another hearty meal. Every meal included breadfruit, boiled bananas and rice. Ever see a woman casually eat six bananas just as a little side snack? That's common in the A. household. Friday night also included chicken on the menu. The chicken was almost spoiled because Friday was the day the photographer from the newspaper came to take pictures of the "Texan in a Samoan home." A. was so excited and she sent people out to encourage all family members to get in on the pictures. Well, in the excitement, we almost forgot the chicken, but A. saved it just in time and man!, it was really good. I was becoming quite Samoan in my eating habits.

That night we sat around on the living floor and played checkers. None of the family members like defeat and they really enjoyed their victories. I was no match for such competitive players. Yet, when someone looked at me sitting there on the floor cross-legged and exclaimed - "Gee, you aren't like most Mainlanders, you just like Somoan!" I felt pretty good. These people possess some very worthy traits and if these people are typical Samoan, I am proud to be likened to them.

I had another restful night Friday night and I awoke Saturday morning feeling just great. I really felt "just like at home." No one was around, so I made my breakfast and began to eat, L. joined me. By now F. was there serving in his efficient way but now I knew how it was and accepted it - if no one is around, look after yourself, but if someone comes to serve you, let it be.

A. took me with her to visit a Samoan family who lived nearby the church community in a housing project. She informed me that this family already owned their own property. It seemed that this was a pretty common goal among the people - finally to be able to own ones own property. These people lived in a very neat frame house in the housing project. It was well furnished and we were graciously received even though unexpected. The mother of the family immediately spoke to her daughter after I had been introduced and within minutes, I was given a tray with glasses of punch. Before I could finish my punch, the mother had told A. in Samoan that fish and rice was there for us. I couldn't eat a thing but soon I was given a cup of coffee. A. and the family discussed the coming tour to the Mainland and I relaxed. This family spoke very little English but their kindness made me feel welcomed and at ease.

As we returned home, A. explained that she planned for us to go to the movie that night and eat at the local drive-in. When we got back to the house, she started dinner preparations for the family. Members were already home since it was Saturday. T. was bringing in sacks of groceries and he proudly produced a hugh turkey from one of the sacks. It appeared that final day would indeed be a festive occassion and T. also promised that he had planned a sight-seeing trip for me following church services the next day.

After our family worship service, A., B. and I strolled down the street to a near-by drive-in. The owner of the drive-in was working there and A. introduced me to him and we chatted with him about the community. While there, it became apparent that B. and A. were well known in the community. Everyone was very pleasant and friendly.

When we finished our hamburgers, we walked down to the local theater and enjoyed the movie which was playing at the open air structure.

We returned home and family members began to express sadness because it was my final night in the home. I realized how quickly the time had passed because it had been such a joy to be a part of this large harmonious family. I went to bed that night feeling somewhat depressed that my live-in experience was about to end.

Sunday morning found all family members except T. preparing for church. Some members of the family ate while others were bathing or ironing clothes. M. joined me at the table and drank coco while I had coffee and eggs. Then we began to get ready for church. Everyone was expected to look their best for church - the women were appearing in long skirts, topped with tunic-like blouses. The children were scrubbed clean and their hair was neatly combed. Some of the men had even taken off the lava lava's which they always wore in the house. These were replaced by suits or white shirts and dress pants.

By the time everyone was ready for church, Sunday visitors began to arrive. Each family entered the house, leaving their shoes outside the front door, carrying large boxes. I spyed a ham, large bowl of salad, boxes of ice cream, and cakes. T. and F. were the chefs for the day, so when the now familar church bell tolled the warning that church was about to begin, visitors and family alike began to drift to the church which is next door to A.'s house.

Sunday was the first time I had been in the Samoan Church. It is a simple white frame structure containing the usual rows of wooden pews. It is a well cared for church which is decorated with a profusion of artificial flowers, patriotic and religious pictures. Rev. L. conducted the services although the majority of the service was in Samoan, he did include a brief sermon in English. I do not know if this is the norm or if this was included in consideration of the four trainees who were guests.

After the church service, we remained at the church for a meeting to discuss financing the tour to the mainland. Each church member or rather each family was asked to contribute. L., our family member, stood up and explained that he had brought money from American Samoa for the tour. After the business was concluded we returned home.

From the pile of shoes on the front porch, it was evident that there would be lots of people there for our final meal together. The food was already being placed on the table, but just before we moved into the dining room, two girls from the community extended an invitation to A. and myself to come to dinner at Rev. L's house. All of the community chiefs were

to be at the Rev. house and a dinner was being served to honor the trainees who were in the community. A. was obviously distressed but we decided to politely decline the invitation. The family had planned so for our final meal together and so many other relatives and friends had come to join in the festivities.

Newspapers were spread on the living room floor and about fifteen children ranging from the ages of two to twelve were fed in this area. F. was efficient as ever in seeing that every child received a laden plate and a glass of punch. It seemed unbelievable that all of these children were so quite and well mannered. By the time that we adults were gathered around the dining table, the children had finished their ice cream and their dishes had vanished into the kitchen. One of the elderly women offered thanks for our food in a brief prayer and the feast began. Some of us ate at the table and others in the living room. There was an abundance of food - turkey, rice, beef, ham, rice, breadfruit, and the ever present boiled bananas. Those serving kept refilling our glasses with punch, bringing more gravy, then dishes laden with ice cream and cake.

When I finally waddled away from the table, it was time to pack my things and get ready to leave. After the afternoon of sight seeing, the family would bring me back to my room at the motel. M. helped me pack, shaking her head saddly and saying again and again "Someday I come to Texas to see you - I not want you to go."

When I was all packed, all members of the family came out to the car to see us off. It was like a funeral - all of us were so sad. The women each came forth and placed a shell lei around my neck and hugged me and kissed me - then M. placed a lei around my neck and said very simple "I love you" and finally Seneva. I really felt that I was leaving family because these people had become very important and real to me in four short days.

I was thankful that I was carrying part of the family with me - T. and A. were going to show L. and me some of the sights of the island and we were off for an afternoon of fun. We toured the island and arrived back at Waikiki about 7:00. When we reached the motel where I was staying, everyone piled out of the car to see me to my room. T. produced a large paper bag and informed me that according to Samoan custom, a visitor was given food when leaving a home - yep, he had provided me with an evening meal even after that magnificent feast at lunch. When they were assured that I was safely settled they took leave, but only after I had promised to return to their home before leaving the island.

FIELD EXPERIENCE WITH A SAMOAN FAMILY

by Merrill Beck

INTRODUCTION

The following paper will cover my live-in field experience from the major positions. The first will be an objective account of the family and the related dynamics and secondly a more subjective, emotional account of my feelings about the family and the experience.

One note of explanation - Even though I was assigned to the S.L. family I actually lived with the F. A. family due to the fact that Mr. L. was not at home during much of the field experience. My account is of the A. family.

OBJECTIVE OBSERVATIONS

The F.A. family consists of four members. The father, who clearly dominates the family structure, is full blooded Samoan and has lived both in Samoa and in various parts of the United States. F. is quite well educated (much of it self-taught) and works as an engineering assistant at Pearl Harbor. He is also a member of the US Naval Reserves and served in Viet Nam as a Seabee. Many of the family travels came as a result of his service experience.

To some extent it seems that F. has modified or changed many of the old, traditional Samoan customs. He does not pay heed to all the demands of the chiefs of the village and as a result is somewhat alienated from them. He feels that the old ways are not entirely sufficient and that education and change are necessary to get ahead.

Mrs. A., or P., is a working housewife and appears more Samoan in outlook and attitudes than any other family member. She works at Honolulu Linen Supply. Her English is more difficult to understand which may account for her being more silent in the presence of strangers.

The oldest boy, U. M., is 12 years old and answers to the nickname of M. He is an alert boy who seems able to move from the Samoan culture to the haole world without difficulty. He is good natured, very talkative, well mannered and polite. He is a member of the Boy Scouts and likes hiking, fishing, camping, the beach and most sports. He does quite well in school and took fourth place in the Science Fair.

K is the youngest boy, age 5. He is not theirs "biologically" but is fully integrated into the family and was obtained as a baby from a relative who was not married. K is hapa-haole and is an extremely cute boy. He is forever playing, teasing, running, talking and jumping. His energy seems endless.

Other people living in the same house include an unmarried girl and her baby. They are not family members, but just live there. She seems almost isolated from the others.

The home is located near the Samoan Village but is not part of it. The house is quite modern and well built, but lacks many furnishings. There is no living room furniture -- mats suffice -- and nothing else except a small TV. The house is quite large and has plenty of rooms, but the family prefers to sleep on the living room floor. They have no phone and do not subscribe to the paper.

The house looks like many in the area. It is kept quite clean- swept daily. The yard has a few breadfruit trees, banana plants and flowers. They have no pets.

Meals are prepared in the kitchen which consisted of a stove, refrigerator, sink and cupboard. The food was very plentiful and varied and consisted of a wide range of Samoan and haole foods. Meals were served at what appeared to be irregular hours. Parents usually ate first, then children, but this was not always true. Bananas, taro, hot dogs and rice were served very often. Dessert was never served. The kid's main snack, which they enjoyed greatly, was sugared cereal.

The family routine was not as usual due to several factors, but the parents usually wake very early for work and leave while the kids sleep. Relatives and neighbors care for the youngsters while the parents are at work. The older boy is responsible for looking after the younger one.

Language between adults is always in Samoan, but the parents use English when talking to the children. Non-verbal language is frequent and very well understood. Discipline was both verbal and non-verbal. A slap on the head was the usual form of physical discipline. Parents imposed very few restrictions on the children. They could stay up as late as they desired and do as they pleased as long as their behavior was not disturbing to the parents.

The parent's spare time is spent relaxing in front of the TV, taking a nap, or talking to other family members. The father has several beers after work and on weekends he enjoys "several several" beers. When he drinks to excess the other family members usually shy away because the discipline becomes harsh and irregular.

Family attitudes are quite optimistic about the future. The biggest source of frustration seems to be the slowness of government response to the needs of the people. Housing and construction appears to be nearly hopeless for them. They have had their name on the waiting list for eight years. The parents believe in hard work, being honest, getting an education and, in general, being good citizens.

SUBJECTIVE OBSERVATIONS

My total feeling for the family is one of complete support. I see nothing wrong with their style or pattern of life. I would not want to impose changes upon them. The sadness that I feel for them, and the thing I would hope would improve, is the quality of life. What they have is fine, they just need more of it. The parents need a better car, a vacation, more spare time, more comforts and luxuries and more security. The kids need toys, a surfboard, more clothes and most of all they need a wider range of experiences. Their life space is limited and restricted.

I feel a deep sense of empathy for the kids especially. Their feelings are particularly sensitive and I see them being hurt unnecessarily because the parents react physically rather than taking time to be rational and understanding. The children respond readily to anyone who is warm and friendly. They love to talk and play with anyone who will participate.

The mother seemed less emotional or less expressive than the other family members. She seemed quite passive.

The father is authoritative and domineering. His main problem seems to stem from his being alienated from the Samoan village. He does not attend their church or follow all their suggestions and as a result feels a sense of rejection and alienation. Everyday he spoke of something that reflected this conflict between what he feels is right and the difference this creates with the village chiefs.

I found myself becoming very close to these people in a very short time. After a short time of uneasiness they were very open and friendly and made me feel very much a member of the family.

Parting was sad and somewhat difficult. It was made easier by the promise to return again sometime.

FA'A SAMOA E NANAKULI

LIVING IN THE SAMOAN CHURCH OF HAWAII VILLAGE -- THE SAMOAN WAY FOR FOUR DAYS

by C. Dewey Caldwell

As part of a concentrated program sponsored by the University of Hawaii School of Social Work, four trainees stayed over a four day weekend in the Samoan community of Nanakuli. These are the impressions and evaluations of that period of time. The Samoan Church of Hawaii Association has acquired land over the past few years on Kahau Place in Nanakuli and has been able to rent ten homes to immigrant Samoan families. A church has been built, as these people are of the Congregational denomination, and a parsonage has been purchased. The church is the focus of community life. The Association, of which Mr. P.A. is the chairman, is a dynamic organization on Oahu and has been an attraction for many Samoan people because it is an extension of their culture, fa'a Samoa, the Samoan way.

Because the Samoan people of Nanakuli have chosen the traditional life style of their home islands, they are now living in substandard conditions based on the norm of living conditions in the United States today. They have a deep and abiding concern for the perpetuation and care of the extended family, therefore it is not unusual for twenty to thirty persons to live together and, in some cases, under the same roof. Most of the families have multiple breadwinners. In the family with which I lived, L.A., the father, is the main provider. He is an employee of the federal government and his wages as a heavy equipment operator are $650.00 a month. He is considered the head of the family unit which numbers thirty members, and, as of June 20, a brother-in-law will be moving his family to Nanakuli, thus the family ranks will swell to thirty-eight.

Four other incomes supplement the head of household's earnings. An unmarried cousin, S. A., is the head grounds-keeper at the N.A.S. Barber's Point golf course. His net pay is regularly turned over to the family, less his personal expenses out of which he makes payments on a 1971 model sedan which serves as a second family car, the prime car being a 1965 station wagon, as well as S.'s own personal transportation. The eldest A. son, A., is employed also at the Barber's Point golf course, as is the niece of the householder whose name is L. and is widowed with two children living in the household. The last wage earner is the eldest A. daughter, M. She is a counter girl at the N.A.S. Post Exchange Cafeteria at Barber's Point. These five incomes amount to approximately $1,800.00 a month. Out of this all bills and accounts are paid, including the payments on a large lot and two houses located at 87-208 Holopono Street adjacent to the Samoan Church Village. The rent for the house in the Village also comes out of the total income. All costs of the family's livlihood, clothes, recreation, and all other expenses come out of the common fund. All food expense for thirty people is derived from the income, and at times during my visit, this amounted to $20.00 a day. The wife of the householder, T., is given all moneys exceeding

the amount needed to pay the rents and accounts. Marketing is done as a daily routine. The buying is indiscriminate, not much attention is paid to price specials or to a nutritive balance of foodstuffs. T. told me that the expense for food during the week that I was visiting the family amounted to $200.00. The total income for a year is about $20,000.00, if no one of the providers loses his job. With over thirty people to support, I would imagine this family has to be considered living in poverty, especially if $5,000.00 per annum is the United States poverty norm.

Although L. A. owns and rents three houses, the family lives in only two. The second smaller house on the Holopono Street property is rented to his brother, M., who with his wife and five children live close to, but not within the family unit. In the case of the A. family, thirty people occupy two houses consisting of six bedrooms, two toilets, two large living rooms, and two kitchens. By any standard, the living conditions are crowded and it is not unusual for four to six people to share a 10' x 10' bedroom. The two homes incorporate a living area of approximately 1800 square feet. They are of single wall construction, build in the Hawaiian rural style. L. has undertaken a considerable amount of remodeling, especially as the demands of tradition Samoan living has dictated. Both houses have large open living rooms, and this rebuilding has been at the expense of lanais or enclosed rooms that could serve as bedrooms. The work is in various stages of completion, large cracks in the floor are not unusual at the carpenter joints, and the floors are generally unfinished. The Holopono Street house is especially jerrybuilt and at this time seems to be the most heavily used.

The house in the Samoan Church Village is of tighter construction, the floors are lain with linoleum, and the living room is carefully painted and decorated. The room is the trophy center for A. family. Pictures, plaques and memoribilia are lodged here. The Village house has the only bed (mattress and springs), and the room it is in has the best cross ventilation. This is naturally the guest room or the master bedroom. Surprisingly, the mother, T., doesn't prefer that room. She would rather be with the large family unit in the Holopono house. The older male members of the whole family, except L., sleep and spend much of their time at the Village house. There is an outside shower for each house, enclosed, but only supplied with cold water. Hot water is available only by heating it on the cook stove, and both houses are equipped with cook stoves, in good working order. The family size dictates the constant use of the stoves, someone is eating most of the time. Both of the houses have an inside toilet but the Village house has no wash vasin in the bathroom. Any personal hygiene, ie., toothbrushing, shaving, is done at the kitchen sinks (each house has one) or in the shower houses. The Village house, where I had the guest bed and room, had a mirror in that room and the shower house, which was just outside the kitchen door. The general daily maintenance of both houses is average, sweeping is done as required, mopping is done only in the Village house on the living room linoleum floors. The houses are pleasant and open, the windows are always open, and the cloth curtain is knotted at the center to allow maximum ventilation, fa'a Samoa in the fale is adhered to as closely as possible without having removable side mats. There are no cooking odors or mustiness, and the only household pests I observed were a few flies that were meticulously brushed away from my

food as I was eating by the daughter, L., who was assigned to attend me at mealtimes. There are the omnipresent cockroaches at night and the gheckoes that you can see and hear.

Both houses are equipped with color television sets, but a TV cable connection is available for only the Village house. The TV in the Holopono house gets very little, if any, aerial transmission and at times when the frequent inoperative condition of the Village set is vexing, the Holopono set is brought into the Village house. Sports programs get great attention, news programs get very little attention. Movies are watched until the end of the late, late shows, especially by the adolescents. T., the mother, has only one favorite program, General Hospital, and very little "soap opera" watching was done. There are at least two transistor radio/cassette recorders used by the family, mostly the teenagers, and the youngsters responded many times to the "rock" of station KKUA with the Samoan hula. The Village house has a large, expensive radio/phono stereo set in the living room which was a gift of L. and T. to the daughter M. on her graduation from Farrington High School.

There are no major appliances in the two houses outside of two refrigerators. The telephones in both houses are disconnected because of an indiscrimin ate call to Samoa costing $120.00. The electrical gee-gaws of American middle-class "split-level" living are not present. The Samoan long knives serve as can openers as well as coconut splitters. The family grows many polynesian type foodstuffs in the large yard surrounding the Holopono house, various kinds of bananas, taro, and breadfruit. There is a lonely breadfruit growing at the backdoor of the Village house, surrounded by the pack-dirt yard of communal life. The produce of the family is only a token to the fa'a Samoa, the yards could never provide the living for all, the Holopono "island" is just not big enough. Hence, the Nanakuli Nakatani Supermarket is the "taro patch" for the A. family.

The family diet is heavy on rice and taro runs a close second in consumption. Pork and beans in great quantities supplement the general diet. These filling foods help to satisfy appetites and preserve the food money for protein at the main evening meal. The traditional importance of the meal following the daily church service in the family fale (house) demands the best food, meat and fish, be reserved for that occasion and the special feasts celebrating important family events. The umu (cooking pit) is reexcavated for the feasts in the Holopono house yard, and the specialties are cooked, ie. pusi (eel), veke (red snapper), kalua pig, baked bread-fruit and bananas. A special barbeque made out of a halved fifty gallon drum provides the cooking implement for huli-huli chicken, ham, and beef. The special meals and feasts incorporate all the traditional protocol of fa'a Samoa. The presence of guests and the high talking chiefs is acknowledged with much ceremony.

The feast ceremony is the revealing example of communal cohesiveness. The religiosity of the fa'a Samoa is closely integrated with the feast, and this characteristic extends into the daily routine of the family where prayer

and food is the social cement binding the family together. Most all the members are present at the main evening meal, and it is here that individual personalities emerge. It was here I began to discern the various family members and their roles in the group. Their rank and the interaction of each one with the other was openly observable at mealtime. The food was consumed sitting on the pandanus mats that are everpresent in the Samoan household. The wealth and prestige of the household is gauged by the number of mats possessed by the family, and this is no less true of the Nanakuli community than Samoa. The signal for the meal and "church" was the appearance of the mats. The respected members of the household always sat down on the mat lain at their accustomed place. Rank was generally arranged subtly at the mealtime with the highest in the living room to lowest in the kitchen. A large opening between the two rooms facilitated movement and conversation.

As the guest, I was usually beckoned to the position farthest from the kitchen. Of the four nuclear families in the home, the two fathers, L., the owner of the house, and his brother-in-law the talking chief, S., took flanking positions along the living room walls along with their wives, T. and "M.". S.'s daughter and son-in-law were positioned closer to the kitchen. The chief's widowed daughter along with the unmarried males, sons and cousins, sat in the kitchen entry way. The older girls and the young children were grouped on the kitchen floor. The preparation and serving was done by the widowed daughter and L.'s daughters.

The conversation was in Samoan, and this was the case during 80% of the time. Prayer and initial conversation was deferred to the talking chief and embellished on by L. L's personality emerged during these conversations and when he explained the crux of the "talk story" to me, he also revealed to me his hopes, dreams, and responsibilities. He is optimistic about his family's future and proud of the accomplishments of its individuals. L. plans first for the family, then for himself and he considers the extension of his own experience and education as a direct benefit to the family. He wants to continue formal education by study in police science, but he will not allow the time to interfere with family interaction. The dilemma is frustrating to him and he hopes to solve it by a work-study approach that will not keep him away excessively from the family. He is thirty-seven years old, but he is looking ahead to semiretirement, possibly in Samoa as a policeman. The Hawaiian property would be an asset for him, but even more, he considers it a legacy for the family. He doesn't consider himself poor and he views advancement as an outgrowth of his ability.

T., the mother of L.'s children and prime wife in the household, is not as optimistic as her husband. She is, however, a very cheerful and outgoing person in spite of a serious, recent illness. L. calls her problem "nerves," but the implication of her illness seems to indicate deeper unrest and frustrations. One of the unnerving events that occurred during my stay was an "attack" she suffered. The apparent cause of the seizure was an argument with M., her eldest daughter I was afraid it might be my presence in the house, but I was assured by L. and the rest that that was not the case. T. is intensely proud of her children and she is hypersensitive to the conditions surrounding the family. In one of her more pensive

moods, I asked her what she was thinking. She said, "I'm worried about my brother's son, he just left for Honolulu driving without a license." Under her happy, corpulent exterior (she weighs 230 pounds), is manifest the inward concern of the group who are all outwardly friendly, carefree and full of life. T. and the church are the central influence on the family. It was her wish to be in the Samoan community, and it was through the pressure she exerted on L. that the decision to buy property in Nanakuli was made. Life in Honolulu went against her grain, and the church in the country held the promise of security and fa'a Samoa. The relative peace she first enjoyed in the Samoan Church Village is exemplified in the youngest daughter, K., the only child born to her in the Village, and name after the street, Kahau Place.

The character of all the children evince the molding of the parents, especially the influence of T. All eight of them discharge their responsibilities with varying degrees of aplomb. They have been well trained in respect for the family and the Samoan way of life. They are all handsome, and seem to be in reasonably good health. The eldest son, A., is twenty-two years old and is a major breadwinner. He did not finish high school and when I pressed him for a reason he was un-responsive. I'm sure it was decided he was more useful on the job than in shcool at a critical time in the life of the family when the move was made from Honolulu to Nanakuli.

M., the eldest daughter, was allowed to finish high school and after her nineteenth birthday she was enrolled briefly in Honolulu Business College. The family had to choose between the immigrant Samoan family (T.'s sister's family) and M.'s education,and M. was withdrawn from college. If she is dissappointed about it, she doesn't show it, she works for the family as breadwinner and cook, and her time is totally used up. If there is any evidence of her personal frustration, it would be her compulsion for eating, which she and her mother joke about. In her school days, L. and M. were professional entertainers, and the first responsibility she met was that those earnings were turned into the family coffers. The second son, K., is seventeen years old, and un-disquisedly praised by his parents. He is the athlete, a basketball letterman, and the good student at Nanakuli High School. He is somewhat exempt because of this status from some family responsibilities. Nevertheless, lip service is given to the importance of "K." finding a summer job. The whole A. family makes you aware of K. and, to his credit, K. doesn't flount his status. He does his assigned chores, somewhat slowly, but surely, and by virtue of his driver's license, he is the man-of-the-house when the breadwinners are on the job.

There are three boys and two girls junior to K. A. is thirteen, a Boy Scout a boxer, and a high schooler in the Fall term. He and his brother, L, Jr., who is nine, are choreboys. They run the errands between the store and the two houses. With their cousins of the same age group, they constitute the mundane work force of the family. They dig out the Umu, they scrape the taro, they chop the wood, they fire the barbeque, and they still find time to study during school session and play during vacation. The dirt compound is their playground in the Village and the beach is just a hundred yards across the highway. The youngest boy, S., is seven years old, and he has a unique position in the male hierarchy of the family.

He is "hanai" to the unmarried breadwinner, L.'s cousin, S.P.A., who considers S. his son by right of post-natal care. T. told me of family circumstance when she, shortly after S.'s birth, had to turn him over to P. to care for, and P. did everything in raising the baby into childhood. P. has all but adopted him, and S. is with him all the time, at vacation time, even on the job at Barber's Point. This arrangement exempts S. from some chores, but P. keeps him busy and his training is assured.

The two youngest girls are eleven and four years old, respectively, L. and K. The baby, K., is the pampered one and this is admitted by the mother and father. She is the least tractable child, while L. is the most tractable. The daughter L. is my favorite among the children. The interaction between us was warm and immediate, not forced or contrived. Her responses to all the family are warm, friendly and cooperative. In some cases she was put upon by the other children and adults and I know she performed tasks that were not her responsibilities simply because she was closest when the command was given. She is a good student in the Nanaikipono Elementary School, where all the grade school children in the family attend. I was asked by her Father, L., to take her into our home whenever it would be convenient and for any length of time my wife and I would wish to keep her. L. was evidently aware of the immediate bond between us. My wife, G., and I are considering the possibility of keeping her awhile this summer. Next week L. will start a part-time job as a teacher's aide. She will contribute her $1.00 per hour to the family income and that's pretty good for an eleven-year old.

The most noticeable thing in the household, especially with the children out of school, is the amount of spare time. When the family chores are finished, and these are fairly quickly done, a great amount of time is spent just lounging on the mats or sleeping. There is a dearth of books, no newspapers or magazines read on a regular basis or kept in the household. I have always taken newspapers for granted, and not seeing one for a few days was a disorienting experience. Great emphasis is placed on conversation during the lulls in family routine, the Samoan "talk story" is important. If the males are together the palaver is continual and in the Samoan language. I was not privileged to all that was said, but I did become aware of conversations about me. Much of who I was and why I was in the community staying in A. household was repeated, told and retold, probably for effect and to put me at ease. When I asked questions, and I asked many of L and T., I was always given an answer. This was true of practically all in the family, except where the language barrier was complete, as with S., the chief and his family. There was a good deal of joking in Samoan, and some of the better jokes I was informed of by L.

One form of recreation was participated in daily by the community. Many youngsters and their parents play volleyball. Families are pitted against one another in these games and most of the time the competition is furious, with money bets riding on the winners. The use of the nearby beach was not as often as expected, although all the A. boys body surf. Of the 200 or so children in the village, only two boys have surfboards. The A. family is a group of

inveterate rummy (card) players and within the household some games that start in the evening after the main meal last until four A.M. During my stay in the household no mention of movies was made. Also most noticeable was the fact that the children play among themselves, I noticed no other kids from outside the Village playing in the Samoan groups. The adults and older children are models for the younger children in play and in work. L.'s remarks concerning "experience" were many times relevant to the process of training the youngsters in sportsmanship. In the volleyball games he would admonish the kids to "play the ball, not the man." This was also true in training A. to box, when L. would work with the boy to develop his skill and coordination. The young ones were always watching when tasks were performed, scraping taro, husking coconut, the traditional way to do things are thus passed on. Even the unique situation in which the youngest son, S., is getting "experience" by following his "hanai" father around, emphasizes the importance of adult models in training the children.

The Samoan families of the Village prize the fa'a Samoa. The Chiefs of the Village, along with the Reverend, were careful to explain this to us, the trainees, on our last day in the community. These Elders gave us a parting feast. After the eating of food with all the traditional protocol of preparation and serving, each Talking Chief present saluted us, the Reverend prayed for us all, and the Chairman of the Association, Mr. A., told us of the hopes of the people to keep their community intact. It is their choice to remain separate from the mainstream of life in Hawaii, at least in the life around their homes. To the Samoans of Nanakuli and the Samoan Church of Hawaii, the life in the Village is excelled only by living in Samoa itself, as L. would put it, "we live in the Village at the end of the road, the one farthest away from Pago Pago." The community has much influence of those Samoan families living outside. Here the church is the bond, and at least half of the congregation come from areas as distant as Kaneohe and Honolulu.

In Nanakuli, Sunday is the most important day of the week. The preparation for church is the time to break out the best clothes and clean up spic and span. The day begins early with the ringing of the church-bell at 5:00 A.M. This signals all work to be stopped and sleepers to arise (it is not unusual for some in the family to be up long before 5:00 A.M. preparing the umu and food for the day, or just involved in the all-night rummy game). L. said that in Samoa even the smoke from the cook fires shouldn't be seen after 5:00 A.M. The family can well use the four hour interval from five to nine A.M. just to allow everyone time to shower and dress for church. Just the mathematics of thirty people using two showers gives emphasis to the time interval. The service begins promptly at 9:00 A.M., it is conducted by Reverend L. in the Samoan language through the Protestant Congregational forms of worship. The Village congregation and the Outside congregation occupy opposite sides of the central aisle. Two separate choirs , from the Village and Outside, sing the hymns, again in Samoan. Even the traditional lava-lava is considered proper, but not mandatory, dress for the men, especially the officers and deacons of the church. My host, L., directed the Village choir dressed in white jacket, tie and Lava-lava. The service and the dress serves to reinforce the fa'a Samoa, thus unifying the community even further.

The Samoan Church Village and its people are well aware of their position in the Waianae District. Although they live in communal segregation, they respect the institutions of the area, they are law abiding citizens, and share in the maintenance of their district through the taxation of the Association's property. The Samoans are especially aware of the benefits of the public schools. L.A. had been an elementary school teacher in Samoa before he immigrated to Hawaii, and he inculcates the value of education into his children. The second son, K., is extremely proud of the new Nanakuli High School where he will graduate next year. M., the eldest daughter, is quick to tell of her years at Farrington High School. The documents, diplomas, and trophys of the A. children occupy prominent places in the living room of the Village house. A., the third son, is a Boy Scout, a member of the all Samoan troop that is the pride of the Nanakuli community. The pride of achievement within the family is a strong effect in molding communal life.

As the respect for institutions outside the Village grows, so does further participation within those institutions increase. Time with the family becomes a premium, and the very thing that the Samoan Church Village people respect and prize outside their community is drawing their youngsters away from the influence of the family and church. In the course of my living experience with my wonderful host and his family, my mind was drawn back some thirty years to the town of my childhood. The same traditional life style prevailed there. The emphasis within the Swedish community in which I was born was on the large, extended family group and the Presbyterian Church was the focal point of the community. That community no longer exists today. To be sure, the town is still there and the farming community still surrounds Monte Vists, Colorado. The large farms have been broken into smaller acreages manageable by a nuclear family, and they are self-sustaining, using single person operating equipment to do the work that a generation before required the hands of a very large family or a number of hired men. The Presbyterian Church is still there, but its composition has changed. Instead of a dozen or more families names on its rolls, the membership probably now numbers at least thirty or forty small family groups. The small city is now there but some of the community has disappeared.

Will the Samoan Village Church community eventually suffer the same fate? It is possible and some might say it is probable. It may well be that education of the children will be the catalyst of change within the community. On the other hand, the young people of the Village are still strongly imbued with filial responsibility. It is possible that they will be drawn back into the community after they are professionally trained. An example of this potential was brought to my attention by L. on the last day of my visit. The weekend before my stay a large feast had been held for the graduates within the Village. L.'s nephew, J., and the sone of Rev. L. were the honored, "respected" guests. J. had earned his diploma from Nanakuli High School and young Mr. L. had just obtained his degree from the University of Hawaii with an emphasis on pre-law. L. and J. are sponsored by the community and they are aware of their responsibilities. J. will go into manpower training, to become a mechanic or warehouseman and his contribution to the family will be apparent as his wages will be shared with them.

L. will continue legal study on the mainland and in the brief conversation I had with him on Sunday after church services, I could discern the feeling he had for his people and the fact that his return to practice law in Hawaii was a prime consideration. The hope of the Samoan Church of Hawaii Association very certainly lies with its young people. Their early training has been effectively handled by family even though the labels of minority and poverty have been attached to the community. It seems to me that if formal higher education in Hawaii can as effectively step into the job where the Samoan people of Nanakuli have left off the life of the Samoan Church Village community is secured. This premise may well be idealistic and overly optimistic but the possibility exists that the traditional life style evinced by these people can be supplemented by sound educational practices and not necessarily destroyed by the system.

OBSERVATIONS ON TRAINING PROGRAM FOR COMMUNITY COLLEGE TEACHERS OF MINORITY AND LOW-INCOME STUDENTS

by Roland Clements

A four day live in study was made of a low-income, minority family. The family consisted of a mother and three daughters, ages four, five and seven. The following conclusions were drawn from my experiences.

The absence of the father made it difficult for me to determine whom the children were modeled after. The younger children appeared to be affected by having only one parent. The older child was better mannered and more disciplined and I assume that this was because both parents were present during the child's earlier ages. The responsibility of raising the children rests with an aunt since the mother is employed. Due to the reaction of the children to me, I feel the need of a father was apparent.

The living quarters consisted of a one story, two bedroom, one bath house. The present living conditions were not crowded because two children shared one bedroom and the mother and one child shared the other. The presence of a father would mean that the three children would have to share a bedroom and this would crowd the children.

Family communication appeared to be a problem. The mother used proper English however, the children's English was far from correct. The mother's attitude toward raising her children contributed to the offensive language used by them. The mother did not make any real effort to discipline her children. Since no effort was made to discipline the children she did not take time to explain her reasons for directions.

While I was present the children appeared to be content to stay in the house and have me play with them. The lack of toys might have been the reason for this. Other children were in the neighborhood but contact was not made with them while I was present.

The only spare time available to this family was the weekend. This time was spent on household duties and personal business. Very little time was directed toward the children.

Community institutions such as the police and the housing authority were disliked by the family because they felt that the police paid too much attention to the petty crimes as opposed to the major crimes in the city while the housing authority did not respond to their needs adequately. Also, the schools were more concerned with discipline than education, and that the teachers lacked understanding of the pupil's background. Perhaps this is a good indication that a similar program should be instigated for primary and secondary school teachers. Welfare has caused her to "compromise her middle class ideas, and she feels she is no longer middle class in her thinking."

There was a feeling that welfare reform was needed in the areas of food stamps and job training. Food stamps never went far enough and the jobs that welfare recipients were trained for were felt to be dead-end jobs. I agree with this feeling because our welfare system does not provide the recipient with a means for out-growing it.

The neighborhood was a combination of low and middle income families, and the family felt as if the middle income families did not accept them or trust them. The mother commented that on several occasions that gunfire was directed at the low income houses and caused a lot of misunderstanding among the families. Other than the differences first mentioned, there appeared to be many similarities in race, ethnicity, color, religious beliefs and housing. The neighborhood consisted of single dwelling houses in fair to good condition. The inside of the host's house was clean and there were no offensive odors. The appliances available were a washer, range, and refrigerator, all in working condition. There was also a telephone and shower/bathtub combination in the house. The family did not have a car which I would have taken for granted. Everything else in the house was fairly standard.

The diet consisted of basic haole food and was well balanced. Everyone had plenty to eat, however, coffee was never served. Eating habits were typically Polynesian - when and where you wanted to eat.

At present the mother and the three children share the house. However, as many as four additional people have made up the "family". The housing authority limits the length a "guest" can stay in the home to one or two months. Permission must be granted for any further extension of time.

The general health of the family seems good except for the teeth which are in bad need of dental care. They have a private family physician in Honolulu but feel care could be improved if welfare payments to physicians were increased. Some doctors refuse to the welfare patients. because of this discrepancy in fees.

The mother works as a typist for a community action program and is taking shorthand so that she can get a secretarial rating so it appears that she is striving to improve herslef. Yet, the higher job rating brings higher salary, thus decreasing welfare payments and putting her in a delima as to whether or not the extra effort is worth the reward. This makes her very "today oriented" -- tomorrow will take care of itself. No long range goals are set up for the future. Money and self-satisfaction are their ideas of what it means to "live well". A monthly income of $2,000 would be satisfactory!!

The hosts identified with two basic groups - Haole and Polynesian. The types and amounts of food would be considered Haole as well as clothing. Religion consisted of basic Haole beliefs mixed with Polynesian music. Polynesia influences were seen in eating and sleeping habits -- when and where you feel like it. Discipline consisted mainly of physical action as opposed to reasoning. Sharing of experiences was considered important. The experience itself whether right or wrong, wasn't important.

HAWAIIAN FAMILY

by Mary Cummings

I suspect each trainee felt they were living with a particularly unusual family, but, mine, I'm convinced even by "minority" standards was unique.

The family was not expecting me. The wife, whom I was immediately told by the husband was mentally slow, did not understand the information supplied at the host family training sessions, and knew only that someone, sometime would be coming to vist them and she was going to be payed $104.00 for participating in the program. She had "forgotten" to tell her husband about the program and the first he learned of my visit was the day before I arrived when one of the other host families stopped by the K's apartment to tell them what time I would arrive. The K's had gone to the beach the week before and were camping out at the time, planning to stay several weeks. Mr. K. had come back to the apartment to pick something up when he was told of my visit. He didn't appear the least bit concerned about this course of events, having accepted his wife's "forgetfulness", and the next morning both returned to the apartment at Kuhio Park to wait for my arrival.

The most unusual aspect of my host family, however, was the ages of husband and wife and their particular relationship. The wife, E., was 29 years old and Mr. K. was 65. He quite frankly informed me as soon as I arrived that his wife was mentally slow (this was done in part by pointing to his head and making a circular motion with his finger) and not to feel embarrassed by the way she talked or acted. He said he had to treat her like a child and "humble" her to teach her how to act. He went on to say that he was crippled and had a badly pinched nerve (it was apparent by the way he limped when he walked that he was in a good deal of pain) and he had married E. so that she could help him get around.

The couple had an eight month old baby girl who was beautiful, petite and alert. The husband carefully supervised the wife's activity with the child and frequently instructed her about when to change, feed and bed the baby. She, on the other hand, seemed to get along quite well with the baby in routine matters but would become somewhat frustrated and harsh with the child at other times.

I was somewhat ambivelent when assigned to live with a family in a public housing project. I heard several wild tales about the fighting and drugs and was really looking forward to getting a first hand experience in this rough life. On the other hand, I felt the rural experience would be more typically Hawaiian/Samoan culturally and wanted to experience this also. As it turned out, I got neither experience but spent the entire four days camping out on Waimanalo beach in a completely vacation-like atmosphere. Poverty on the mainland was never like this!

When I first arrived at the housing project, I was struck by how "nice" it looked. I had worked in a number of projects in New York and had found the buildings to be badly deteriorated, trash littered and odorous. Because of the winter climate in the North, the hallways are all enclosed and lighting was frequently out (broken by vandels) and the walk-up stairways quite ominous. The elevators were often broken and always smelled heavily with urine. In contrast, the "hallways" here were open and the view lovely. The elevator smelled slightly of urine but were well lighted and "comfortable". I did notice blood stains on the floor and, of course, wondered what had happen. I was also somewhat surprised by seeing as many white faces in the project, as I had expected it to be almost entirely dark-skinned as on the Mainland. The looks I got were mainly curiosity and unconcern, although anyone we asked for directions was most eager to help if they could.

I rather awkwardly made my way down the hall to the K.'s apartment, trying to look as nonschalant and as at home as possible. As if they couldn't tell I didn't belong with my co-ed clothes, suitcase and garment bag. It seemed as if I packed the kitchen sink and the only thing I wore the entire four days was a bathing suit, shorts and long pants and a night gown. I could have packed the entire wardrobe in my purse.

When I finally located the apartment the door was wide open. I looked inside, across the living room and out the window. The view was magnificent. The apartment looked as if the occupants were just moving out. The furniture was pushed back against the wall. Several items were in boxes. I gingerly stepped inside and called out, "Mrs. K.". I heard someone shuffling down the hall and before me stood what looked to me to be one of the very heavy Japanese wrestlers you see in pictures. He was dressed only in cut-off pants which barely fastened below his enormous brown belly. He was balding on top and the remaining hair he had was gray. I told him my name and he grinned warmly and said "You're the visitor, come-in, come-in." Wow, I thought, I've got the right place and I felt very good and excited. Mr. K. called to his wife and she came out to meet me. She is a thin dark-skinned woman with heavy features. She grinned and grinned asking me in and showed me where to put my things when I gestered with my bags. I was curious about who the "older man" who had met me at the door and she said it was her husband. She called him "daddy" several times during the following conversation, and thus I assumed I had misunderstood her and this was, in fact, her father.

I sat in the front room while Mr. & Mrs. K. finished cleaning the apartment. He sat in a chair and directed her movements with the vacumn and mop and occasionally stood up to assist when she appeared confused about how to proceed. Then time to time, she would loudly tell him to do something which he would usually do, sometimes shaking his head, and muttering to himslef. When she went into the next room to get something he explained to me that she was mentally behind and he had to tell her everything. "Humble her" he said, and humble he did, frequently criticising and giving her directions. However, it was not in a cruel or harsh manner and he frequently told me that although E. was not right, she was "all heart". He told me about his pinched nerve and the need to have someone help him.

This he explained was why he married E. and that they helped one another as she "needed" someone to tell her what to do. Although I find the master-servant roles particularly objectionable, (the Women's Lib in me) it was quite obviously a very functional relationship for these two persons and there was a good deal of overall harmony in the relationship as long as each role was closely defined and abidded by. At one point during my stay, E. became quite annoyed with a series of directions and grumbled some thing fiercely walking off. Mr. K. called to her sharply and told her to come, and stand in front of him, explaining to me he had to "humble her" to teach her. She knew she was going to be scolded and quickly began doing what had been requested. Mr. K. called her again and motioned for her to stand in front of him. She was frightened now and as she approached him, she stretched out her hand and started to touch him, appologetically. He firmly told her how he expected her to act and sent her off. He told me he never "used his hands on her" because he had hit her once and "she cryed like a baby" and he decided he would never do that again.

I was extremely uncomfortable initially during these situations and felt embarrassed for E. I was particularly lost for words when Mr. K. was explaining to me E.'s mental condition. Just how do you "accurately empathsize" with that one?

The K.'s explained that they were camping on the beach and just came in to pick me up. They were both very excited about this and several times happily told me that I really picked "the right family". Being as I was beginning to look pretty pale for four days in Hawaii and wondered how I'd ever face the folks back home with no tan, I was pleased with that idea also. I didn't realize however it was going to be a four day stay.

Several boxes of food were packed in a shopping bag. I took the baby and down we went to the car. Another real surprise. The car was a '68 Buick, which make my own '65 Valient back home look pretty sick. Mr. K. explained they owned three cars and this particular one had been left them by a friend as security for a two hundred dollar loan. The friend had left town and the K.'s now had a third car. Wish I could get in on that kind of a deal.

Before we left, E. insisted we go to the main office so that she could pick up her check. Although she had not understood why I was coming or when, she had understood that she would get $104.00 for attending the "Training sessions." She mentioned this money several times during my visit and was obviously elated at the thought of being payed for this project. This was a tremendous status builder for her and she felt very good about this. Mr. K. at first did not believe her, and thought it was another "misunderstanding" on her part. I didn't know what to think.

We went to the office and E. asked the wahine at the desk about the check. The lady told her they had received the payroll but not made out any checks. She was quite nice about the request and seemed to understand E.'s exhuberance and the importance of the check. She gave her a phone

number and told her to call back that afternoon and she would try to have it ready. When we returned to the car checkless, Mr. K. was then sure it was E.'s misunderstanding.

We then headed for the beach first stopping by E.'s sister's house inviting her to the beach. E.'s sister looked, to me, to be the more typical Hawaiian mother. She was large, warm and very friendly. As I got to know her better that weekend, I concluded she was the ideal mother and my kids had really been short-changed without moms like this one around. Her small home was located off a side street not far from the housing project in back of a row of rather run-down but adequate looking houses.

On the ride to the beach, Mr. K. told me about himself and that he had traveled all over the world as a merchant marine. He once had a lot of money and owned two houses. He had been married previously for nearly thirty years and had three grown children. Two married with teenage children. His first wife had died of cancer several years ago and it was apparent by the way he talked it was a great great loss to him. He described coming into port and seeing his wife and children waving to him from the dock. The look on his face and tone in his voice expressed the joy of this experience. He said he learned of his wife's death while on ship and upon returning to port he wouldn't look at the dock but pretended to be busy elsewhere. I felt sad too. E. sat quietly while her husband talked, occasionally adding a pant or two. She seemed a bit jealous of the attention I was giving her husband when I would look her direction she would be watching me intently, grin widely and ask if I was enjoying myself. This question came up so frequently that I wondered if there would be anyway I could convince her I was pleased with the visit, but I kept trying, smiling back and with great "warmth" - replying "very much".

Initially, I had a bit of difficulty understanding Mr. and Mrs. K. Their English was good but the word pronunciation was quite different from my own. I felt awkward asking them to repeat and would mostly just nod my head and smile. This generally worked okay as they realized I didn't understand but it was alright. Occasionally, I got caught up and could immediately tell by the expression on their faces, I had been asked a question. But we managed and by the end of the stay, I found I understood a good deal more.

When we arrived at the beach, I was surprised by the elaborate arrangements. One tent contained a baby bed for the baby girl, a regular bed for Mr. K. and a mat on the floor for E. Another larger tent was set up nearby. It had three main sections which could be divided into seperate "rooms" if desired. Finally their was a lean-to set up covering a cooking stove, playpen, chair and mats. A large table contained cooking utensils and food. It was really quite elaborate, more so than the camping arrangements I knew back home.

The minute we arrived Mr. K. sent E. to cleaning and drying out the tents and making various adjustments. He sat on a small home-made chair directing as she worked. He would get up from time to time and make adjustments. The two worked steadily for several hours and I generally got in the way trying to help. I finally settled down to playing with the baby.

That evening we ate a dinner of rice, hamburger mixed with kidney beans and other spices and hamburger and curry. It was quite tasty and I was somewhat relieved as I'm not much of an eater for "foreign" food and had been throughly intimidated by what I heard of Hawaiian food. After dinner, the gas lanters were lighted and Mr. K. told me stories about the "old days." I felt a bit like a little kid awed by his tales of old Hawaii and life as a merchant marine Everytime he moved his chair, I grabbed mine and scooted up next to him. He was very entertaining and obviously enjoyed the telling much as I listening.

One story I found particularly humorous and which Mr. K. told four times obviously pleased by my amusement was about his experience in a bar in Singapore when he was in the merchant marines. He siad he entered the bar with several of his American shipmates and several "Limy" and French sailors were drinking at the bar. One of the Limy sailors lifted his glass for a toast and said "Here's to the crown of England." A French sailor then lifted his glass and said "Here's to the flower of France". Mr. K. then rose from his chair and called out very loudly, "Here's to the Eagle of the United States, who shits on the crown of England, and wipes his ass with the flower of France." The fight then started. We all laughted uproarly at this story and Mr. K. rose from his chair and gestered enthusiastically and told the story three more times, each with equal enjoyment.

One bit of information about Hawaiians particularly stuck in my mind. He said that the Germans were the first to settle and begin businesses in the Islands. Mr. K. said they became very frustrated with the Hawaiians because they could not get them to work. Why should the Hawaiians work for the foreigner, he had everything he wanted from the sea and land? He had no need for money and would not become the foreigner's servant. Hurray, for the Hawaiians. In good behavioral terms, the Germans just didn't have the right reinforcers.

Later in the evening, E.'s mother and dad, two brothers and their wives and children arrived. The father who was a sanitation worker impressed me as a man of real "gusto" and he was always laughing and joking. The mother was quieter, but came across as the real strength in the family and her word was law. The brothers were quite handsome, pleasant and generally quiet. One was married to a delightful Japanese woman and the other to a haole/Chinese girl. Both had two young children.

Immediately when the family members arrived, introductions were made and polite acknowledgement given. Then great fuss was made over the children, laughing, hugging, teasing. The children were the center of attention and every child was warmly greeted by each family member. I was particularly impressed by the involvement of the men with the children and they assumed discipline and playful roles as fully as the women. Each child was treated equally with each other by every family member, although natural children tended to be more frequently disciplined by their own parents and greater expectations were made of older children. I also noted that the men interacted freely with the women although they did tend to speak more frequently with one another and similarly the women with the women. Father was the center of attention once the children had been throughly greeted and he "entertained " the group with stories.

They left shortly, promising to return the next night. I was sorry to see them go because it was such a warm and comfortable gathering even though I hardly said a word.

Shortly after their departure, we hit the sack. I slept on a matress in the large tent and the K.'s in the smaller tent. It was cool on the beach and I was zipped up securely in a mummy blanket and slept very well.

The next morning I was awaken about 8:00 a.m. and told to get ready to to into town to pick up somethings. E. was particularly excited about going in to pick up her check and Mr. K. wanted to pick up an extra tent he had left with his brother. We went first to the housing project and E. went to the office to get her check. It was ready for her and the lady at the office said she had waited for E. till 5:00 the day before and said "You lost the phone number, huh?" (E. was supposed to call that afternoon to see if the check was ready). E. said yes and every one was satified. E. was so obviously tickled with the check particularly as the lady had said she had made her check out specially and the others would not get their checks till Monday. Mr. K. was truely surprised when E. presented the check to him and E. immediately announced, "We all go out to breakfast!!" And we did. She had got her check and the first thing to do was to celebrate by eating a hearty freakfast in a restaurant. It was good and I ate heartily.

We then dropped some chicken off with M., the sister who was chief weekend cook and whom Mr. K. raved about as being the best around.

Next we went to Mr. K.'s brother's home past Pearl City to pick up the tent. No one was home when we arrived, so the tent was located, sitting out near the garage and drug out. It had apparently been sitting out for some time in the rain and damp because it had molded on the bottom and was infested with bugs. I have never seen so many bugs, mostly ants and a few enormous beetle -like things, in my life. As the tent was unrolled, they scurred out. The entire cloth was covered and their were great holes where the material had been eaten through. Mr. K. sat on a stool and told E. what to do unfolding and cutting up the tent, deciding to use the intact parts as windbreakers. It was hot, hard work and I felt very sorry for E. slaving in the hot sun. I tried to help but again got in the way and finally retreated to the house when the sister-in-law had arrived and was sitting. She was an older woman, in her 60's, I would guess and had taken charge of four children that her daughter had left when she died several years before. It became very apparent to me that the sense of responsibility for ones family is particularly strong within these people and the adult members of the family never really stop caring for children and assume much of the responsibility for child care of their children's children, if not actually taking custody of the children, serving as a constant baby-sitter, child-care 'supervisor' and mother substitute. I later learned that E.'s mother had adopted E.'s first child by a former marriage and was keeping another boy which her mother's brother had left with her when the boy was three days old and essentially disserted the boy. The brother was now trying to get the boy back and E.'s mother was also trying to gain legal custody

of this child as he did not want to return to his natural parents. For all practical purposes, grandmother had two children of her own the same age as her children's children.

Once the cleaning and cutting of the tent had been completed, the pieces were folded and put into the car. This I helped do over the loud protests of Mr. K. and E. As we were about to leave, K.'s brother and grandchildren brought coconuts to the car. There must have been a dozen which they had simply picked up off their front lawn.

Mr. K. asked if I would like to ride around the "other side" of the Island and sightsee. I said I would be happy to get the chance to see more of the Island. We drove through fields of sugar cane and looked at the refining plants. The sugar making process was generally explained to me although I had difficulty getting the whole picture. We then drove along the beach and saw miles and miles of magnificent coast line. The K.'s throughly enjoyed car riding and Mr. K. spent much of the time "talking stories."

The negative attitude towards hippies is quickly picked up in the Islands, and I expected the K.'s to share this same dislike; however, this was not generally the case. Several hippies had camped on the beach, and one group had constructed a rather ingenious tree house. Mr. K. drove round the house very slowly obviously impressed. "Those hippies, I've got to give them credit," he repeated several times, shaking his head with admiration. I asked him how the Hawaiians felt about the hippy and he said that most people disliked them, but he felt "there is some good, some bad." This seemed to express his feelings about most groups and his overall attitudes seemed positive. It appeared to me that Mr. K. was largely and optimistic person as he complained very little, although he was in constant pain from his pinched nerve, and he always looked forward to doing something. He said once he would rather be dead than live in this constant pain from his back and could understand why people would commit suicide rather than live in constant suffering. But this appeared to be simply a theoretical observation and did not dampen his overall fullness and enjoyment of life.

We drove as far as the road was adequate for Mr. K.'s large car and then drove back along the coast line, through the city, and back to the camp sight.

I went into the large tent and napped until I heard voices outside. M. had arrived with her three small children ages 1, 3 and 5 and was fixing dinner. As I suggested earlier M. was a real joy. She was warm and open, speaking freely of her family and asking me about mine. She was extremely proud of her family and spoke admirably of her husband who worked "very hard" at two jobs, one as a general laborer, I believe, and an evening job as a security guard. In her eyes he was obviously a good provider and loving husband and father. When her youngest child, a girl about a year old would become fussy, she would look sadly at me and say, "She misses her daddy." M. said her husband took the baby for a ride every night when he came home, "ya, every night," and he was very good with the children.

She kept saying, "You must miss your children." At first I told her quite honestly it was nice to be away but she kept after me until I finally admitted I missed them. (By this time she had aroused my maternal guilt and I did miss them.)

She said she loved to cook and could spend all day fixing meals. She took great pride in this and her ample size was testimony to quality and quantity of the meals she prepared. She spoke about her two bedroom house which had been just newly carpeted and the care she took to keep it clean and neat. She said she cared for eight children during the day, three children of one sister and two of another, and had things organized so that the children played outside during the day while she cooked and housedreamed. The mere thought of eight small children to watch after is a staggering idea to me and to be ready for a basket after about a two hour period, but to M., a normal everyday task accomplished as efficiently as washing the dinner dishes. She went on to describe, as my eyes widened and mouth dropped open, a three week period when she was caring for 21 children and feeding 26 people in total. To me, this is indeed a most remarkable feat and it is truly an exceptional woman who could carry this off.

The mother and father, two brothers, wives and children arrived. We ate in shifts, the children always being fed first. I noticed when M. fed her baby she ate from the same dish and frequently ate the food which she had scrapped from the baby's mouth. The father explained to me later that when he was a baby his grandmother would chew the food first and spit it into his mouth. He gestered expressively but it didn't do a lot for my appetite.

Once the children had been fed, whoever was so inclined helped themselves to a plate, digging into the large pots on the stove. It was rice and stew this night and most tasty. I suspect the salt air, out door life and such did add to my appetite but the food was delicious. M. explained that Hawaiians eat lots of vegetables and this is often more important than meats. The family ate poi and I quickly learned this was a real Hawaiian treat, something on the order of high quality ice-cream to a Mainlander. I tried some, but it didn't do much for me. Fortunately the family didn't appear particularly concerned or the least bit offened by my fancy tastes. I was always encouraged to eat and offered everything which they had but they accepted my "thank you, a little later" with great courtesy. I even left some things partly eaten because my stomach would not allow me to finish and this I felt most uncomfortable about. This I suspect was not so well accepted, but, as with the other, no issue was made of it.

Preparing meals is another feature of Hawaiian life which very much impressed me. If I were to fix a meal for 16 people, I would be up at dawn and fussing around all day totally exhausted without appetite and at wits end by the end of the day. In this particular family it was done with complete ease and confidence. There was no rushing, tension or pressure. Another delicious meal of two separate preparations of chicken, rice, vegetab and additional dishes prepared with as much pressure as I boil an egg. Picni dishes and paper plates were used to eat on so that the clean-up was at a minimum.

After dinner the family sat around the camp site, told stories and played cards. The other family members began to warm up to me slightly and one of the brothers asked me if I wanted to play cards. I was eager to play as I was showing myself to be a rotten conversationalist, particularly with the male members of the family, and felt this would be a comfortable way to enteract with the family. They showed me a simple card game, Donkey, which I could learn relatively quickly. I was rotten at playing the game, but felt quite at ease with the 'non-verbal' interaction.

Of course, by this time it was occurring to me that the Montana Haole must be looking pretty slow to the "poor" Hawaiian family. I could hardly converse beyond a few limited statements and spent most of my time smiling and nodding. I obviously had difficulty understanding the language, missed most of the witisms, and was about the clumsist person ever to go camping. And couldn't even play a half-way intelligent game of the simplest card games around, much less eat enough to keep me alive. It must have fleetingly occurred to them that teaching standards at my school were particularly low. Must be to hire such "disadvantaged" people. Fortunately these people were far more generous than I might have been with students in my class displaying the same "fish-out-of-water" characteristics. They assumed I had the potential to learn and exercised great patience in explaining, repeating and reassuring. With this kind of "empathic and warm" reinforcement, I felt much less fearful of making an ass out of myself and continued to question and ask for help in learning the Hawaiian language. I had a similar kind of "revelation" when I took advanced courses in the Black Studies program at my school. The instructor was Black, articulate, demanding and half his class was composed of the Black ghetto kids he had brought from Chicago. The same kids, I might add, who had come across in "white" class as inarticulate, "culturally retarded" and, to be less kind, pretty dumb. However, in this class, under the "protection" of this Black instructor they were verbal, strong-willed, perceptive and bright. Not that they could articulate much better but they were unafraid to speak - knowing they would not be misunderstood or put down. The content of their words expressed this depth of perception. But, it was only after being in the class for several weeks could I "hear" their language and recognize their intelligence.

My own awkwardness and apparent lack of "savvy" in this situation with this Hawaiian family made me acutely aware of difficulties a minority student faces entering the white University culture. And, of course, the problems are greatly intensified because a premium rest on formal verbal and written expression which is the area of greatest difficency for the minority student in the school culture.

Non verbally, I felt I came off relatively well. The family was very sensitive to my looks, gestures, overall body movements and I watched closely to pick up clues from them, offering to help when I noted effort or strain, smiling and nodding "empathetically when the tone and the face expressed joy, and looking concerned when the tone was of distress or pain.

I explained to M. and H. the Japanese sister-in-law when they asked me how I liked it here (Hawaii), that I appreciated the kindness I had been shown very much but I had difficulty understanding what was being said at times and felt awkward. They were quite understanding of this, much to my relief, and assured me it was alright. After this, they were doubly sensitive to my confusion and would speak more slowly and distinctly quickly clearifying any Hawaiian words.

The Japanese sister-in-law was particularly easy to speak with, partly I assume because her families income, schooling background was more like my own. She was very outgoing and had a remarkably pleasant disposition. Although she spoke with the family in the same short phrazes and colloquialisms as they, to me she was more articulate and used more "formal" English. I felt having to "impose" on the family members in this way but helpless to do elsewise as they insisted on "helping me out." As the week-end wore on, however, we mutually adjusted and I felt myself drawn in more closely to the family circle.

The mother, very much impressed me, although I was a bit frightened by her. She commanded tremendous respect from each of the family members and although joked casually with other family members and rarely exercised any of the authority, I was sure she had, there was something in the manner, her very presence that expressed wisdom, strength and security. She was a small woman, skinny in comparison to the other women in the family and had a full head of graying black hair. At first she seemed a bit leary of me and could not understand my presence in the family. I attempted weakly to explain why I was there saying this was an opportunity for college teachers to learn about Hawaiian families but, of course, by this time I was also a little confused about what I was there to learn as I was coming to believe this was one of the most "advantaged" families I had encountered. (I recall the middle-class therapy trip, encounter grouping, in search of human warmth and depth of emotional closness which these people have by virtue of their family membership) Although we hardly spoke the remainder of the visit, I felt as though mother had accepted my presence in the family, saw that I was no threat, and in need of considerable T.L.C. When I gathered my things to leave, she wrote her address and phone down on a piece of paper asked me to call her when I left so that the family could see me off on the plane and give me some souvenirs. I was deeply pleased and aware that I had not come off so badly as I might have imagined and perhaps the non-verbal communication had been more expressive than I supposed. M. and E. had been asking to write to them since we first met and I attribute this to their natural warmth and outgoingness and it had little to do with any qualities I might instantaneously exhibit. Grandma's request was a much greater assurance to me that I had done alright.

That night M. and I shared the large tent with her children and M. talked for a long while about her family. She said there were nine children in the family, five girls, four boys. She and H. the card playing brother, were the oldest and had to go to work before they completed high school. She was very disappointed that she had only been able to finish the eleventh grade before going to work but did not appear to resent having to help support

her family. She said that when she recieved her check on the weekends, she gave the whole thing to her parents and was given a dollar as the weeks allowance. She spoke proudly of how hard her two brothers worked to provide for their families. Hard work and family responsibility were extremely important values to her. School was also quite important and she stressed that she was putting aside money for her children's education. Why, I'm not sure. Surely formal schooling offers little if anything to learn that is of real relevance to this way of life. Middle-class kids are even beginning to realize this. But I suppose they recognize that the classification function of higher education does have a direct relationship to the opportunities available in our society and they want these opportunities to be available to their children.

The next day, Saturday, the sun was shinning gloriously and I finally saw my first opportunity to get my Hawaiian tan. I whipped on my bikini and plopped in the sand, spending the rest of the day, swimming in the surf, playing ball with the kids, sleeping in the sun. The inevitable happened. I burnt up. Now if the family had just an inkling of my short comings, this must have tied things up. I didn't have enough sense to come in out of the sun, talk about dumb haoles. I suffered and the family sympathized. Lots of accurate emphathy that day.

Later in the afternoon, after all day on the beach, the Volkswagon camping bus, Red Betsy, was loaded up with tired, salty, sandy, campers and driven to the nearby beach house with outside showers and inside johns (thank goodness - I din't mind finding my spot in the sand at night but during the daylight, one can develop a severe case of blatter bulge) The sun had disappeared behind the clouds and wind was briskly blowing by this time. It was getting pretty chilly and the shower water was dreadfully cold and my outdoormanship took a severe beating that day. I determinely got under the shower trying to wash off the salt and sand and do something with that awful mess on top of my head. Never has my hair looked quite so bad and never have I felt quite so unconcerned. But the itching was a bit tough and I felt a thorough rinsing might take care of that. I shivered all the way back to the camp sight while my legs and back burned.

That evening: more good food, good company and good music. One of the brothers had a speaker set up which he hooked into the car tape-player set. The father and the brother went cat fishing in the ocean but came back only with a duck, a live one - somebody's domestic livestock I imagine. This was great fun for the family and they joked about it a great deal, retelling this event several times. I lay stretched out on the mats unable to sit up while the rest of the family played cards, told stories, and ate from a continuously full and warm pot on the stove.

I noted that the affectional relationship the adult members of the family had for the children maintained throughout disciplinary matters. The only time I heard voices raised and sharp harsh tones was when one of the children was being repremanded, which was relatively frequent considering

the pack of kids present. The repremanding was done in firm quick manner, usually a verbal scolding and occasionally a slap. Once it was done, it was over, and the child was treated with affection and much physical loving particularly by the younger children. The child was never humiliated or ridiculed for wrong-doing. The only child I saw I felt was fearful of punishment was E.'s older son when punished by E. Apparently he had been mistreated by E. when he was younger (which is why the grandmother took the child). He would crouch and draw back when his mother called to him for punishment. I noticed here that the older members of the family were quite alert to this situation and several times told E. not to hit the boy. This was the only time I saw any member of the family interfer with another member's discipline of the children or express any concern over the harshness of the discipline. The language spoken which was a combination of standard English and Pidgin English consisted mostly of short expressive phrases. I found that towards the end of my stay, I also had begun to talk in short phrases and colloquialisms, my normal means of verbal expression seemed quite unnecessary and very wordy in this group.

All the family members slept in the camp sight that night and made a big deal of the men being around to "protect" them. I found this somewhat humorous because I have little doubt, perhaps naively so, of the women's ability to defend themselves and adequately meet any crisis.

The next day was similar to the previous, good food and good company. I was so badly burned that I stayed in the shade of the camp all day and soaked in warmth and good will. I was invited to play cards and grandmother "taught" me. Actually I simply arranged the cards in suits and held them in my hand while grandmother told me what card to play. I'm quite competive and was somewhat frustrated by this arrangement and my inability to catch on sufficiently to play for myself. But I fumbled along and smiled when my partner or I took a trick. Card playing, I noticed, is a great deal more than a skillful game. When one player had a card which would take the trick, he would slam the card down and laugh with delight. The other players would then put him down or challenge him to the next go around. It seems a particularly strong characteristic of this family to serve as much enjoyment as possible out of whatever situation they are engaged in, and this is expressed fully with all parts of the body.

Bedtime and nap procedures were relaxed and the children were allowed to stay up late and fall asleep whereever they were. Frequently the parents would detect a sleepy child and quietly make a place on the mat or in the tent and put the child down to sleep.

Food was always available and family members ate whenever they wished although there were some, more or less, regular times. The coconut heads were cut off and everyone drank the juice. Fresh fish, poi and other treats were eaten. Most of this, with my hamburger and coke appetite, I declined after a brief taste. But the barbequed ribs were great and I had several helpings. I suspect it was my saving grace, although I didn't care

for much of the Hawaiian food, what I did like, I liked very much and my large helping were a testimony to this.

When I gathered up my things that afternoon, I felt really sad to be leaving but looking forward to a regular soap and warm water shower. I had not bathed, except in the ocean, for four days and was beginning to feel awfully grubby. One thing that did please me, although the family was neat and clean, they didn't make a big deal of cleanliness. It has never been one of my virtues and I feel basically it's a hell of waste of time.

Mr. K. and E. took me around the point of the Island to "sight-see" on our way back to the housing project. It was apparent E. was sad to have me go. I was her friend, her visitor and she rarely had special status in the family. I find "good-byes" uncomfortable also and became super efficient about times and places as not to linger on the good-bye. I missed the ride from the housing project and the K.'s drove me back to my motel. I promised to call before I left and write from the Mainland. We departed.

REACTIONS AND COMMENTS

It is difficult for me to use this particular family as a way of illustrating some of variations in teaching methods which might be utilized in "reaching" low-income and minority group students. I say this because I found the parents in this family who are no longer involved in academic situation themselves have put a high value on education for their children and it appears to me that they will sufficiently reinforce the children for academic acheivement to keep their school success motivation high. In addition, they appear to have sufficiently high incomes that it will not require that their children work to support their family. The cultural language barrier which I described earlier may create some problems; however, I would anticipate them becoming sufficiently "bilingual" that this should not be to great a handicap.

The most significant barrier as I see is in overcoming the self-fulfilling prophecy and the expection of failure that their "middle-class" teachers might impose upon them. Strong parental support and pride in their Hawaiian background should help to overcome this but their early training of respect and differance to adults may actually metigate against their success. It almost appears that if the child is to survive and make it, he must be convinced that his opinion of himself and those of his "group" are the only ones of true value and the 'outsiders' opinions must be taken with great distrust and accepted only when they are validated by the internal group. Greir and Cabb in Black Rage explain this kind of survival cultural paranoia well.

I can perhaps make some generalizations which may or may not apply to this particular family about difficulties which the minority child experiences in an acedemic environment. Most profound would be that which I explained earlier and consider a language barrier. The spoken language may be the same but the intended expression is as diverse as might be imagined. As long as verbal and written expression is taken as a direct indication of one's intelligence, this 'language barrier' is going to have a crippling effect on the minority low-income child. The teacher is inevitably going to evaluate students according to those standard of which he is familiar, standards which the student simply does not share and often has not had sufficient opportunity to learn. This situation demands for the student to be perceived as 'successful' that either the teacher readjust his standards for these students or the student become skillfully at competing within these "foreign" standards. It is unlikely the former will occur, although programs such as this are an apparent attempt to move in this direction, and attempts at the latter haven't met with startling success. Increasing the number of minority teachers who understand the language of the "ghetto" will help a great deal, as might the students own assertation of his individuality and perceptions. To passively accept the evaluation placed upon him is to only reinforce the teacher's perception of "correctness" of his evaluation. Of course, this must be done with some finesse and skill if the student is to remain in school and how to "negotiate" the teacher is an incrediably useful survival skill. And it will be tough as it requires that the child act in a way which may be foreign and even offensive to him. The teacher may provide important support for this assertive behavior.

One of the demands which the white non-poor teacher faces is making his subject matter relevant to the minority student. The material now comes primarily from the white experience and often is as relevant to these students as if white students were being taught about the history and behavior of the aborigines in aboriginese. Somehow the teacher must learn enought about their cultural experiences to be able to draw on these in ulustrating certain ideas and concepts. And this requires an understanding of the student as <u>he</u> (the student) sees himself and his world not the teacher's perception of his world. Certainly this kind of live-in experience can provide some insights into the minority students life style.

Perhaps what I found most frustrating about the Hawaiian culture was that the trait which enables them to get along so easily with others also leaves them open to outside exploitation. It appears to me that if the Hawaiian people are going to maintain their cultural heritage, they (not the liberal white) must fight for this. The problem is that conflict does not set easily with these people and is avoided. In this case they must take on an agressive haole trait in order to survive as a people in an industrialized society.

TWO LOST BY THE WAY SIDE

by Mildred Greene

After many days of anxiety, anticipation and paranoid - Thursday, June 17, 1971 finally arrived. I was up, dressed and ready to go at 8:00 a.m.; however, I wasn't scheduled to leave Motel 6 of Diamond Head until 11:00 a.m. I was anxious to see what this day held for me

Finally, the hour arrived, and we, Merl, Mary, Ralph and I, were on our way to the Kalihi high rise apartment on Linapuni Street.

After having heard so much adverse criticism about this area of Honolulu, I was so apprehensive and paranoid about Kalihi until when the car came to a stop, I immediately jumped out, grabbed my bag and headed for the entrance - forgetting all about my purse which I left on the back seat.

As soon as I landed on the 15th floor of the high rise where I was to live, Lola met me in the hall and said, "You must be Valarie Dunn, I am Lola Jones - Frank's wife". I said, "Yes".

"Come on , I was waiting for you."

We went in and I explained that I had come as one of the family and did not want to be treated as company.

At this point I missed my purse and made a mad leap for the elevator in order to go over to A-Building where Merl was staying to attempt to retrieve my purse. This I finally did, and rushed widly back to building A. Apartment 1592 where I was to make my home for four days.

Now I sat and was able to observe every "lil" detail of the pad.

The living area comprised the kitchen, the dining area and the living room. There were two settees in the living room, one on either side of the room. It also haoused two T.V.'s, one disabled RCA Victor cabinet model and a small Admiral table model.

There were also a small dining table with four chairs and a four shelf book case which were heavily laden with family pictures and Frank's miniature cars.

Mrs. Jones took lots of pride in showing and identifying the pictures, including her wedding picture. There was a picture of the Last Supper posted on the wall and a picture of the singer James Brown, and the Rolling Stones pasted on the front door.

The Jones' apartment consisted of two bed rooms, the living and dining area, a bath and a utility room.

There was no telephone, but Lola assured me that a telephone was available at her friend's the third door down.

Lola was a very easy-going compassionate person who cared a hell-of-a-lot for her children, but Frank seemed just the opposite. He had nothing for small fries to do, including his own off spring. To little Susan he was rough, rude and ragged.

It wasn't until late Sunday that I discovered the reason for some of his reactions. Frank was illiterate and always on the defensive.

Frank is a mixture of Negro and German and was born and reared in South Carolina. He had lived on the Island only four years. He told me - "Valarie, they all say they can't tell me from the local Hawaiian, for I done learn to talk just like them." He said, "Do you know what local mean?" I said, "Waht?" He siad, "The people right around here."

Lola is a mixture of Puerto Rican and Hawaiian. Born and reared in Hawaii.

There were only three in this housewhole, Mr. & Mrs. Jones and little two year old Susan whom Lola said had just made two in May. Romona who had just made one in April was living with Lola's mother.

Lola then sat down pensively and told me that the baby, little two month old Martha Ann was in Children's Hospital with a broken leg.

There was no explaination as to how the baby met with this misfortune. When I asked how this happened she said, "We don't know." Lola did earnestly say that they didn't want to give the baby back to her and Frank.

During all of this conversation, Frank was out of the house. Finally, Frank came home and immediately started making dinner. He had very little to say - only smiled and nodded to inquiries.

Frank cooked hamburger, rice, and baked a can of 10 small biscuits. He painstakingly buttered each with margerine, put them in a bowl, placed the pot of hamburger and gravy on the table and said, "You may sit down." We all sat down - no grace was said. Everybody started eating - I followed suit. After my washing and Lola drying dinner dishes, Lola and I sat down for a friendly chat.

Frank quickly dressed in his spectacular leopard bathing suit (designed and made by Frank Jones himself) and went swimming.

It was quickly obsereable that Frank Jones was the head, boss and ruler of his household, however Lola is the role model for the children.

Susan has lots of ample toys to play with, however, she does not play with them. When the family is watching T.V., she is made to sit still and watch...activity on her part is definitely prohibited.

The family is not very thrifty. Lola gets a small check from the training program that she attends. Frank is unemployed.

Lola said they receive $237.00 per month and pay $55.00 for rent. They do not have to pay for utilities.

Frank is now in the process of joining the armed forces. Lola said that if Frank is accepted in the military service, she could get her baby back, get the one year old from her mother and live with the three children.

As far as food is concerned the Jones' have little managerial ability and the menus consist mostly of rice and those foods that would give one diabetes.

The Jones speak Pidgin English as do all of their friends. While I was in their home they had six friendly neighborhood callers and a public health nurse. They seem to have no whims or hang-ups about the housing authority or any community institutions.

Observing the conversations of the Jones and their friends they seem to thin that they have a beautiful way of life.

The Jones own two cars, even though one is incapacitated. Frank is a car doctor and I understand from Lola that he gets quite a few of the neighbor's patients.

Frank's hobby is assembling miniature cars. I counted fifteen ranging from a 1910 Model T Ford to a 1970 Rolls Royce.

We went to Children's Hospital daily to see baby Martha Ann. I kept little Susan while Frank and Lola went in to see the baby. Lola came out and said, "You may go in and see her now." I did. To me she was a little angel.

Saturday morning Lola knocked on my door and "Get ready, Valarie, we are going to the Honolulu Zoo. We left about 10:00 a.m. and returned about 3:30 in the afternoon.

Sunday morning the Jones took me to Pearl Harbor and we all went out to the U.S.S. Arizona Memorial. This was their first trip out there even though Lola had lived here all of her life.

First, we had breakfast which consisted of cereal, sausage, bacon, cocoa and biscuits. Frank was the official chef of his household. I asked Lola how did this happen. She replied, "He just always does the cooking."

The Jones have lots of leisure time on hand. Lola spends most of her time watching television. Frank is constantly repairing his old cars.

The most surprising event to me while in the Jones' domicile occured when Lola tapped on my bedroom door Sunday morning and said, "Can I ask a favor of you?" I replied, "Sure, if it's something that I can do." The she

exclaimed, "Please stay here with me until Wednesday morning. Frank has to go away and will be gone until Wednesday."

I said, (catching my breath) I'll let you know after giving it some consideration - in a few minutes.

I finally told her that I would do her this favor. So, I stayed with Lola until Wednesday morning.

The Jones are young people. As Lola states it - She just made 21 in May and Frank just made 25 in February.

The thing that baffled or puzzled me most about this household was that it was minus two members I had expected three kids, but two were lost by the way side. Anyway, little Susan and I became great friends for we were roommates.

She kissed me goodbye and I left with mixed emotions wondering what would become of her and hoping that some day we would meet again.

In conclusion, I feel that this live-in situation has been an invaluable experience to me and the Jones. It enables us to understand different people, their customs and Mores; to respect and appreciate them. We must realize that every individual has some good in him. We must see a person as a human being regardless of race, creed or color. We must realize that everyone has worth and dignity, and because their way of life is not ours does not make him any "the less" and us any "the more".

THE FOUR-SIDED TRIANGLE

by David L. Harris

I need to prime myself with a Primo to get the memories flowing again... the memories of the four days that I spent inside the four-sided trangle.

I had originally left Mililani Town heading for the low-income area to meet Mrs. L. at around 9:15 on Thursday morning. On my way down, I was congratulating Sid Rosen for his ability to make the right choice in including some single-parent families in our live-in experience. I wondered, too, if problems might develop from a jealous man being involved with the family in the capacity of divorced parent, lover, "uncle," etc. I failed to take it one step beyond because my comprehension could not expand to include a four-sided triangle in which I proceeded to become involved.

Little trouble was experienced locating the right street which turned out to be a 50 foot dead-end lane with some sort of large mud puddle off to the left which was the parking lot. Later a Chinese lady from a local market tagged my car and charged me $2.25 parking for two days (local housing residents pay only 25 cents a day). As I got out and started into the housing area, there were names scribbled all over the walls of the three-story tenement section I was in. Just to my right there were two-story wooden structures that appeared to be privately owned and approximately 85-90 years old. These, I found out, were condemned and were eventually to be torn down. The drainage pipes that came out of the bathrooms and kitchens of these wooden structures lay on top of the ground and had breaks occasionally where night soil seeped out and perfumed the air.

Wandering through this, I encountered a lady who apparently had heard through the grapevine that I was coming; and when I asked for the L. family, she showed me where they lived. I approached the second floor with about twenty children milling about me wondering what the tall stranger was doing in this area. On the second floor landing, was a young boy grinning and jumping up to open the door, yelling for his mother to come. Mrs. L. emerged from the living room with her "husband" trying to get to the door before her to welcome me.

My first impressions of my surroundings at this point were as follows: The family was warm, friendly, and healthy. Although the exterior conditions of the house were from fair to bad, the inside was spotless. The home smelled clean, and the only offensive smell, if any, came from the cat litter box in the bathroom which I experience in my own home; and the broken sewer pipes about 10 feet beyond their back porch in the neighboring private property. Everyone was adequately dressed. The mother seemed to be the central focus of the family except when a stranger or an outsider came to call. She struck me as being intelligent and capable, and I wondered how she was in a situation like this-- low-income housing, on welfare, and part of the target population which we were being exposed to.

Introductions were made to the children as they came through the house, and I met the three sons and the daughter -- ages four through nine. (The average family size in the neighborhood was five children). All of the children had been named for the father in that the first two letters of their names were the same as his. My mind reeled back to the branding for identification, and I wondered if this was a possible reason--to establish the identification of the father in the family in which they lived and society itself.

The unique structure of the L. family was that the mother appeared to be predominantly Filipino in facial structure but vehemently denied this and claimed to be Hawaiian with only a pinch of Chinese. When later I met the rest of her clan--mother, sister, and brother--I could see that they all looked very much Hawaiian; and she was the only one in the family who was fair-skinned, thin, and possibly of Filipino extraction. This reinforced my supposition of why the children identified with the two parents. Mr. L. stated that he was half Portuguese and half Polish and appeared to be so. Later on in talking with the children, I found that they considered themselves Hawaiian; and they saw their mother as the central figure in the home -- the boss. And amusingly, they saw the "other man", George, as a grandmother figure.

George, the only other member of the "family" appeared on the scene somewhat later but came and went at will and is a very strong influence on the L. family.

Mr. L. lives at home at his convenience. His official residence is with an auntie somewhere in Ewa. Although he goes out with the boys and dates whenever he desires, he is extremely jealous about his wife's association with women or men. This is fostered by George.

We "talked story" for a while, Mr. L. and I, as Mrs. L. made a sack lunch for the children to take up to a nearby wading pool. I didn't see a book in the home. The father said that he liked to read and that he read the paper from 15 to 20 minutes every day. He sometimes read the children's books and comics. He also mentioned, though, that too much reading was bad for the eyes. During our conversation, I learned that Mr. L. had performed some work for a local construction contractor and was to have been paid cash to avoid taxes and reporting to unemployment. The contractor gave him repeated excuses and the run-around on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. By the time I left on Sunday, he still had not been paid... Another of his many continual frustrations. On the surface, though, they seem to be optimistic about the future. He is always talking about becoming an independent subcontractor, but subconsciously they seem to be aware that they stand little chance of ever getting out of their situation.

The youngest child began to establish himself as a whiner, the baby of the family, who pouted and fussed and almost invariably got his way. The young girl was helping her mother and continued to do so throughout my visit. The middle boy was very quiet, never provoking and most of the time one did not even realize he was there, but if prodded enough by the siblings or by the adults would react in a physical way and lash out with his fist even challenging

his father by squaring off and getting ready to strike him. The oldest boy seemed to be the manipulator within the children's group and appeared to look for opportunities to tease and make humbug with his brothers and sister or with the family cat. He tattled often and got the others in trouble quite frequently and then would sit back and watch them get chewed out.

While I was there, there were probably only three swats lightly on the hand administered as corporal punishment; but on the following day when we painted the kitchen and moved the freezer, two large leather belts were found that had been hidden there by the children. As the fatherpicked these up, the children's eyes widened and they all drew back. It was apparent that this was the usual means of punishment. It was only taken out about three times during my visit but never used. The reaction of the children, though, was very obvious and their attitudes changed to one of meekness and cooperation with whatever was being requested by their father.

Mr. L. started telling me about himself and his family and while I had met the children and they brought out their toys to show me the possessions they had, they did this to a slight degree. But Mr. L. carried it to extreme. He told me that he was a heavy-equipment operator and made about $14,000 a year and could provide adequately for the family. He detested the slobs, the people around him who depended on welfare... mostly they were Samoans and "da uda kine"... but he did not identify himself with them. Welfare was something vile and evil to the father and a necessary way to maintain their standard of living for the mother. Mr. L. merely considered himself unemployed at the present time and was drawing unemployment compensation.

School and education is considered important in the L. household; and as far as important things for one to live well are concerned, it seems quite obvious to the husband that "you have to have class." (This was often referred to during my visit... "They have no class.") People are successful when they have a job that pays well and when they have material possessions. The wife want improved relationships with the children and the rest of society and with her husband.

Segregation took place through discrepancies in education--the mother was a high school graduate and the father had an eighth grade education with an eighth grade mentality. The neighborhood is ethnically segregated with a representation of all of the Island's predominant races and colors. Although there were religious artifacts in the home and the children attended YMCA Sunday school, the mother professes to be a non-practicing Catholic and no reference was made to religion other than the children being asked if they wanted to go to Sunday school and they declined. Their lot in life made them more similar than different from their neighbors although they didn't intermingle.

As for material possessions, I saw their color television set and was told that there were TV sets in the two bedrooms. There was a German-made stereo and a handsome walnut cabinet about eight feet long with phonograph, AM-FM shortwave, and a built-in bar. Another unit, very similar to this but made in America, was in the bedroom; and there was a third portable stereo

set in the trunk of the car which Mr. L. had sold to his brother when he came out of jail; but since the brother had jumped parole and had gone to the mainland, was in the process of selling to someone else. Mr. L. brought out somewhere in the neighborhood of $2,000-$3,000 worth of mechanics' tools (socket sets, acetylene welding tools, and plumbing tools) as well as auto mechanic equipment such as large, expensive battery chargers, $50 timing lights for auto ignition, and many other specialized tools which I wondered if he even knew how to operate.

His story concerning acquisition of these items was that a friend of his was breaking up with his wife and was staying with him and had eyes for one of Mrs. L.'s girl friends. When Mr. L. found out that the friend would sell him all of the tools for $100 if Mrs. L. would babysit with the children, he jumped at the chance. She babysat, the friend got his "squid"* for the night and Mr. L. got the tools. The friend later tried to get the tools back but could not. Much of what he had appeared to be acquired in this manner... If someone in the community was moving out and the house was left unattended, he would visit the home and would acquire certain things that were to his liking. I witnessed this again on Sunday, the last day I was there. Mrs. L. related an instance where he had stolen a two-wheeled "dolly" (cart to move heavy items) out of a yard on an evening stroll with the family. They argued about this and his setting a bad example in front of the children. He had been arrested three times -- once for robbery and twice for larceny.

I began to wonder just how poor the poor really were because Mr. L. talked about having his own Koptow (one type of heavy equipment) which would require at least a $2,000 down payment, and he said that he had this. Certainly they were not the average family in this area.

He disappeared for a while and came back shortly with a case of cold Primo beer. While he was gone, his wife and I started to talk. While Mr. L. had been showing me his tools, I had noticed a pained expression on his wife's face. It seemed as if she was sitting through a re-run of an old movie. She told me during her husband's absence that he did this often. She went on to say that he never held a job for more than six to eight months. He drank excessively, and she was afraid that he would die an alcoholic at an early age just as her father had died when he was thirty. Actually, G. is the only one in the "family" who works. Mrs. L. worked for nine months in a bakery once, but G. continuously planted suspicion in the mind of her husband saying that she was sleeping with customers from the bakery so she had to give up her job at the bakery. The husband was sporadically employed and although he states that he is a heavy-equipment operator but ends up being a house boy, changing linens.

Mrs. L.'s mother had supported her children by being a taxi driver, and we discussed how parents who loved their children would do anything to provide for them. This seemed to be her rationalization for staying with Mr. L., although they had been divorced six years ago.

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* meaning female

Mr. L. still referred to her as his Mrs. in the same way that he referred to his tools and his car and the rest of his possessions. Being of a possessive nature and with her further substantiating it as we talked, I was determined to spend most of my time with Mr. L. and in no way appear to be a threat to their relationship.

By now, Mr. L. was back with the Primo--a scene which he was to repeat many times during my visit. He now brought out an expensive Kodak automatic threading regular and super 8 movie projector with zoom projection lens, and I got the first of my many exposures to the family films. Each time someone came over, out they came and everybody shut up and watched the films. When later he invited himself and family to an in-law's home, he took the family films with him and showed them for two hours. Whenever the movie projector or phonograph broke down, the husband reacted with frustration accusing others; i.e. wife and kids, of "making them all jam up" and nearly tore them apart. When he would cool down, I looked at them and explained their operation.

As the day went on, I began to hear about G., his very good friend who was a very "decent man," one that had worked at a job in a local ammunition depot for 26 years, and who came to visit the family regularly.

Later, we went to the wading pool in Mr. L.'s Jeep to pick up the children; and I found out that the oldest boy named after his father was to have a birthday on Saturday. The thing he wanted most was surfboard; and apparently, the family was going to buy him one. Since they were putting themselves out to help me in this live-in experience, I thought it would be nice if I gave the son one of the three surfboards that we had at home and did not use that much. My only concern at that time was that I had not set a precedent for the child that he tried to get material things through friendships in the manner that his father did. Had I been more astute, I would have worried about getting G. angry about this because he is the one most affected by the gift and lashes out later during my visit.

When we picked up the children, I read the plaque at this fresh water spring which had been used by the Alii of old Hawaii and is now a children's wading pool. The plaque said that the springs had curing powers, and I noticed that the children were talking about cuts and sores that they had and telling their parents to look at them. . . how they were better, the pus was all gone and bruises were no longer as dark as they were previously. The legends of ancient Hawaii still live on with these people. From what I observed, the general health of the family is good with the exception of the father who I predict will die of sclerosis of the liver within five years or even sooner. Medical care was not mentioned, but the state welfare medical program is probably used.

Upon returning home, the stage seemed to be set for G. to come. Everything began to hinge around G. We waited dinner until 11:30 that night, and he still did not show up. The next day when he appeared he said that he had gotten involved with the boys drinking, playing cards, and was trying to "make it" with some "squid." "Squid" was a term which G. (half German, half Hawaiian) used to label all females of the human species. To G., a female wa

someone who was put on Earth to serve man. . .who had a hole "to poke 'em" . . .and who smelled like dirty fish or squid. This is a term which he used even in referring to his 13-year old daughter (G., incidentally, is not married) and when he spoke of his mother.

Friday was spent watching TV "General Hospital," "Love of Life", and a long stream of the mother's and children's favorite shows. A trip again to the wading pool at the same time (They would leave at about ten in the morning and return at around 2:30-3:00 in the afternoon). By the way, the family's spare time is used watching television and for the father drinking, talking story, and playing with his tools--cleaning the, oiling them, caressing them. And checkers was a big contest for Mr. Lopez. It was best to lose the game to allow the man of the house to save face. Life has too many victories over him as he sees it anyhow.

More Primo came and whereas the climate outside was dry, it was very "wet" in the house. I have been to "suck-em-up" parties in the past, but I began to feel that this might be my first "lost weekend." The night before it had seemed like a contest in which Mr. L. wanted to out-drink me. I would drink a beer and would say, "No, thank you." when offered another; but he would open another and would continue drinking also. In an effort to drink less and to do something different, I had asked them Thursday evening to go out after dinner to a few night spots for dancing and drinking the following day. . . . and they agreed.

When on Friday, G. finally showed up, he hung around outside, not coming into the house. Eventually, he came in; and the father was starting to barbecue meat for the evening meal. G. disappeared onto the small porch or lanai in the back of the apartment where they drank and talked. I had invited a fellow instructor, "squid", to accompany us that evening as we went around to the night spots, and the L.'s asked that I bring the young lady over for dinner. I took several of the children to get M.; and when I returned, it appeared that something had happened or had been talked about between the three adutls. I was later told that in essence they had been pleading with G. to "not talk stink mouth" and not to embarrass either myself or friends of the family that might come to visit. During my visit, it seemed that the family's language was cleaned up--everyone was on his best behavior for my visit. This was evident throughout the neighborhood, not only in the home.

At this point, G. became courageous and entered the living room from the porch where he assumed a chair at the head of the table. The only time he left this chair in the ensuing 3½ hours was either to go out for beer or to go to the restroom.

G. seemed to control the family in that he would tell the children what to do, and he would sit in his chair, hold up his empty bottle, and tell his "sister" or "brother" to get him a beer from the icebox and to bring him "kaukau." As he drank, he professed his love for the family, for myself, for M., even though she was Japanese and even though he had killed 13 during World War II, which he was proud of. He stated that he loved everyone and

kept calling us "brothers"and "sisters" and expressed Aloha for us and toasted us again and again. The whites of his eyes got more bloodshot, and his eyelids closed to where finally they were very small slits and his speech became mumblings.

Mrs. L. finally said that it was time for the children to get to bed and Mr. L. to get ready to leave for our evening out. Mr. L. had gone to relieve himself and the first venom started to pour forth from G. He accused the husband of talking with a forked tongue. He stated that we weren't really his friends, that we were using him, and that he had better places to go and not to worry about him, in other words, he was playing the martyr. He kept saying that Mr. L. should have mentioned earlier to him that we were planning to go out. . .No, he didn't want to join us. . .He had better things to do! He then proceeded to try to cause friction between Mr. and Mrs. L. Eventually, he stumbled out the door swearing he would never be back; and I got a bad feeling, even more so than earlier in the afternoon when there had been violence in the nearby vicinity. Two youths had robbed a drugstore one block away of $175 and two pounds of barbituates. They had used sashimi knives and appeared to be high on glue or paint and were last seen running in the direction of the housing area. The anger and resentment that G. felt as he made his exit was much like the ammunition that he works with daily. An explosion that was to be ignited the following day.

We went first upon leaving the home to the Hickam Officers' Club where we had several drinks--M. sticking to her usual 7-UP; Mrs. L. tried a famorite of mine, a Hawaiian cooler; and Mr. L. created quite a stir when he couldn't get his Primo. He was fairly drunk by this time and ordered first a Millers and then followed the cocktail waitress to the bar to change his order to Schlitz and continued to fuss considerably about the fact that there was no Primo. After about an hour and a half, we went to the Pearl Harbor Officers' Club and here we danced, had several more drinks, and stayed until th Club closed a little after one.

At this point, we decided to go to the Swing Club on Hotel Street. When we arrived there, there were approximately six patrol cars, four motorcycles, and twenty policemen in the area. As I started to enter the Swing Club, two policemen stopped me and said that it was closed, that we could not go in, that someone had tried to shoot somebody, and that, therefore the Club had been closed down.

We went next door to the Anchor Bar and stayed until four o'clock in the morning when it closed. Mr. L. drank more and more and whereas I had been picking up the tab at our stops thus far I told them that it was senseless to pay a dollar for a soft drink for M. or for a Primo when we could just as well return home for a nightcap. At this point, they insisted and took out some money and wanted to stay because they were having such a good time.

The Anchor Bar is the usual type of establishment, along with the Swing Club, that my host and hostess go to when they go out. Apparently, they are taken to these places as the guests of G.

It developed that the reason for the closing of the Swing Club about five minutes before we got there was two-fold: (1) Four People were arrested for performing the live sex act on stage and (2) the police had recognized a wanted criminal entering the establishment. When several policemen followed him and approached, he had drawn a gun and in the ensuing gun fight the young man, a waitress, and his lady companion were hit by bullets.

The only arguments that developed in the Anchor Bar were men patrons at the bar and at the tables arguing over price with the prostitutes that were in there. When I went to the restroom, I overheard two of them talking and stating that $20 was too much for this time of night and that they would wait until later and do some more shopping around. While in the restroom, there was an individual (male) about 55-60 years of age sitting on the toilet, coughing and hacking with sounds that were suspicious indications of tuberculosis or emphysema. He sat there and kept saying, "Next. . .next. . .next." I did not stay around, but it is my assumption that he was homosexual and was doing his advertising from his little booth next to the urinal.

I returned to the table and, as mentioned before, we stayed until the bar closed at 4 a.m. I took M. home at around 3:45 in a futile attempt to get the L.'s out before trouble might start. When I returned at 4:05, the Anchor Bar had closed and they apparently felt ill at ease with all the police around outside and had grabbed a cab home -- about 4½-5 blocks away. Needless to say, we went almost straight to bed. We did, however, have dinner first. It was the first time I have ever eaten dinner at four o'clock in the morning!

My sleeping accommodations were rather lavish in that we had wall to wall covering; that is, people. I slept in a small bedroom with the four children, and the beds were pushed side by side.

I awoke the next morning at about seven o'clock and came out. The children were up, Mr. L. was still asleep, and Mrs. L. had prepared a scrumptious breakfast of ham and eggs. It seemed that with anyone outside the family, they tried to put as much as possible on the table. They seemed to always cook two to three times as much as was needed, and I guess in this way Mrs. L. was showing the Island spirit--"we have enough to share. . .more than would satisfy you. . .take notice and appreciate"..which I did.

By eight o'clock G. was outside the front door mumbling and came in, sat in his chair, and asked "sister" to get him a beer, a Primo. He started his day's ritual with Primo, salted butter fish, and cold macaroni salad. G. wanted to apologize for the way he behaved last night and professed his sorrow about hurting anyone's feelings. He was told that my wife would be down for lunch and that we were bringing a surfboard as a gift for the oldest son's birthday. I didn't notice any reaction at that time, but there was certainly more to follow.

During the morning, we men sat and drank and talked story. Mr. L. broug out a newspaper article on guns and the new law in Hawaii. He kept trying to get a legal opinion from me as to his right to own a rifle. He was quite

concerned as to what would happen to him if he used it in a crime. G. kept saying, "They've given it to the Federals--no bail--you go right to jail."

Eventually, most of the children took off for the wading pool and Mrs. L. was going to go shopping. I asked if I could go shopping with her, and she indicated that it was up to the husband who said, "By all means, go." She shopped at GEM in Kapalama. The children did not hassle her for lots of unnecessary goodies. The only unplanned for purchase was a can of shelled pecans which the birthday boy wanted. We discussed comparative shopping and checked out the prices per pound on different packages as we got the staples for the noonday meal. At the cash register, she paid for the food with food stamps. The bill came up to $19.20. She had to make up the 20 cents in hard cash and received the $1 change in food stamps. This was educational in that I had never seen this transaction go on before, although I had lived for quite awhile with people in these situations.

During the course of our conversation, Mrs. L. told me that G. was talking "stink mouth" about the two of us. This confirmed what I had been feeling; and she said every time she had a girlfriend over G. would tell Mr. L. that the girl was no good, that she ran around a lot. If a man visited, he was trying to "put the make" on the Mrs. and was not fit to stay in the house. I wondered if G. had ever done this but did not ask at this time.

We returned to the apartment, and I stationed myself near the road to help my wife locate the apartment and to carry in the surfboard. She arrived with my sixteen-year-old daughter, and we went in and everyone was introduced around.

The children were playing in the house as they did much of the time because the dwellers on the ground floor claimed the ground area adjacent to their apartment and fenced them in, in some cases, and chased other people off their domain. For the confined quarters that the children had to play in, there were far fewer problems than one would expect. (The children play mainly in the house on the second floor where they live, in a nearby mud puddle, or at the wading pool mentioned earlier.)

We had lunch, talked about the night-clubbing of the evening before, and G. proceeded to extend Aloha to my wife, telling her how nice he thought she was, kissing her on the cheek, calling her "sister," and then getting off to a discussion of "squid" with my daughter. He told her that all women were alike and told her to have fun and to enjoy herself.

It seemed that G. had exceeded his capacity because his talk got more and more vulgar, and at one point he was losing continuity with what he said. He had mentioned earlier that he had really gotten his citation during the war when he shot himself in the leg while he was in a cave. He continued the story stating that he killed 13 Japanese, watched dog fights, served honorably, and went on and on and on. Then, finally, he asked me if I knew how he got his citation; and I replied that he had told me earlier that he had shot himself in the leg. At this point, he got incensed. This, in combination with my giving a gift to one of the boys which Mr. L. appraised to be worth $125 and was correct, and intruding into the home which I could see G. considered his domain was "the straw that broke the camel's back."

By this time my wife and daughter had left, and the husband had gone to the bathroom once more to make room for more Primo. Seizing upon this opportunity, G. said, "I know you love her." And I said, "you mean my wife?" And he replied, "No, sister here." And I said, "Yes, I love Mr. L; Mrs. L; and you, G., as everyone should love everyone--as friends." His reply was, "No, I mean you are her lover and are poking the squid. You have been sleeping with." I responded that, apparently, G. knew something that I didn't know; and I not only had not but did not even consider it and would not since she was the wife of a newly found friend. "Oh, no!" he shot back angrily. "You come in here, you goddam big haole. . .you come in here and you are focking with her. . .it is a shame that you do this to my brother. You son of a bitch! It is bad. I think I will kill you" Here, G. stood, his 5'3" towering over my seated 6'3" and states, "My neck is bigger than your neck, I can choke you to death!" "Go ahead if it will make you happy," I said. Then he replied, "No, I think I'll get my big brother, Herman. He'll take care of you! I have a gun, you know, and I can make you 'make'. I will kill you! You have no right sleeping with her and threatening me."

People seemed to react to one another with a veneer of friendliness or tolerance. As the consumption of alcohol increased, the veneer disintegrated; and it became evident that, with some, the Aloha spirit is easily soluble in alcohol.

Mrs. L., needless to say, was getting very tense and worried and started to get into the middle of it. We had discussed behavior modification as pertained to her husband and children previously during one of our conversations because she was very much concerned about improving relationships with her children and husband, so I merely looked at her and said, "Reward the positive, and ignore the negative."

G. continued for about five more minutes along this line and then had to go to the bathroom where I could hear him telling the husband that he was protecting the family and going to get rid of me. I felt that it was possible that he might attempt to do something along these lines and decided to be rather careful about where I went and what I did. For a while I'd better keep my eyes open for G. or any of his friends that he might enlist to help him.

During his absence, Mrs. L. was apologetic about this and explained that this happened all the time when there was a friend in the house--that he made these accusations. I indicated that it appeared to me that, actually, G. had designs on her and was trying to buy his way into the family with Primo and color TV sets in order to be near her; and it was my feeling that he may well have tried to get friendly with her in the past. She confirmed this and said that she had never told her husband about it because she was afraid.

G. proceeded to get into the shower and Mr. L. came out and was apologizing about the way G. had acted in front of my wife and daughter. I told him that they were quite capable of understanding and accepting what had transpired that afternoon, and I felt it was far more important that he understand how G. was acting in front of his wife; and in his absence G. had accused us of having a relationship--that I was someone she had known and

telephoned and that I was there under the guise of being part of a university program. The husband acted as if this was the first time he had heard this and with much fanfare and much argument got G. to leave. They argued through the house, out on the back porch, and onto the front porch where the husband threw the shirt to the semi-dressed friend as he went down the stairway.

Mr. L. then broke down and cried and told me how G. was a bad influence on him, that this happened from time to time, that G. caused him to drink, and the G. came into the home by bringing gifts and that it was a good thing that he was gone and "I swear on the Bible that he will never enter this house again."

At this point, I looked at the wife and could sense that this was the same old record playing again, and I knew G. would be back. She looked like a trapped animal, and I wanted to help them both. It was apparent that if there is any salvation in the L. family, it will come through Mrs. L. furthering her education (She wants to go into nursing, and we had discussed the possibility of her entering one of the community colleges.) and breaking loose or escaping from this very destructive four-sided triangle which is reconstructed each time an outsider comes in and threatens G.'s hold on the L. family.

I told Mr. L. that I felt he showed his manhood by the way in which he handled the situation. With the way people had been "blowing their cool" around there, adrenaline was practically dripping from the ceiling and walls. It had been and for the next couple of hours continued to be a very tense super-charged situation and one in which I accomplished some marriage counseling. During our conversation, the husband told of his mother married three times running off with another man. He held her responsible for the failures of himself and siblings. It was apparent he hated her even now and felt rejected. "But it doesn't matter to me--in my heart I still love her." he cried over and over again.

That night we had a luau to go to--a wedding feast for the daughter of the sister-in-law of the wife of Mrs. L.'s brother. G. and the husband originally were going to stay home from the luau and drink with me as their companion. When I finally suggested an alternative in which Andrea, one of our other trainees, would go with us since the host families were related, this was acceptable. But now with G. on the loose and with the accusations that had been so adequately heaped upon us, I stated that I would not go to the luau but would stay with Mr. L. unless he changed his mind and decided to go, too. (He is considered an outcast by the immediate family of the wife in that he has left his family on numerous occasions, will not hold a job, and divorced his wife six years ago although he continues to live with her.)

Finally, after several more cold showers and a nap, Mr. L. was ready to go to the luau with us. He is a simple man and I had seen how easily swayed he was by G. and others.

As we left for the luau,G. ran up yelling, "You goddam 'Porogee' (Portuguese, I'm going to take back my color TV. I'm going to get 'em now!"

Despite this unpleasant encounter, we continued on our way to the luau in Waianae. Although we hung in the periphery of the wife's family, their reactions, which the husband had asked me to watch, were definitely negative toward him. He had a very loud, raucous laugh which gets louder the more he drinks. This and his previous behavior with the family caused an actual physical migration of the in-laws from the table where we sat. As the evening wore on, the situation only worsened; but he drowned out the reality of it by a continual flood of Primo.

By 10:30-11:00 at night, the children were fussing to go home and go to bed. I took them to my camper in which I had driven the family to the luau and babysat until 2:30 the following morning. At the luau, there was a fight between two "wahines" over who would sing which song. The microphone was "busted" over one of their heads by the other. The husband and wife continued to "suck em up", and I was glad I had a clear head to drive back across the Island to their home because both of them fell asleep during the long ride back into town.

Upon arriving home, I said good night and started getting ready for bed and joined the children in the bedroom. Mrs. Lopez had made coffee between mopping up the living room floor where her husband had vomited and who was apparently passed out on the living room couch. I joined them, although he was in no apparent shape to join us in a cup of coffee, and I remembered it was Father's Day so I looked at Mrs. L. and raised my coffee cup and said "Happy Father's Day" which she returned. At this point, I noticed Mr. L.'s eyes open. He looked at us and then closed them again quickly. (He's not "out" after all, but very much aware of what was happening.) The seeds of suspicion grow well no matter where they are sown. . .

I went immediately to bed with the children and got up at eight o'clock (4½ hours later). I was glad to see that the wife had spent the night sleeping in the living room with her husband. She had curled up on a very small two-seater couch near him and had left the light burning all night.

She is a good woman, true to her husband; and it hurt me to see her suffer the way she does, trapped in the situation in which she is. She originally felt that marrying a man seven years her senior would automatically mean that he was a good provider, one who had a job, was stable, mature, etc. However, he apparently used his advantage of age and experience in making her "hapai" and their marriage, as so many others are, was forced upon them. Now she and her sisters are aware of family planning and have taken surgical steps to insure against any further children.

By this time, I felt my experience with the family was over, but according to the timetable, I still had nine hours to go.

When the husband revived this last morning, I was surprised to see that he did not reach for a Primo, which he had done on previous mornings. He and I had talked at the luau about his drinking problem and how he might give it up and what he could accomplish if he did give it up. I also had talked to the

brother of Mrs. L. and asked him as the apparent head of the family; that is, her clan, to consider encouraging her to return to school for training as a licensed practical nurse so that she would have that to either fall back on or get out of her present situation. He understood and said that he would follow through with it at one of their family councils. He was a good man, a big, strong Hawaiian who is happy, has a big family, and is certainly the most successful among Mrs. L.'s siblings.

All of the four children of Mrs. L.'s original family seem to have their heads on fairly straight and know what they are doing; and from my observations, Mrs. L. is the one who is in the worst situation at the present time.

The husband, as I said, did not reach for the beer but rather had coffee as his first morning drink; and he did not drink again until I left the home at five o'clock that evening. He did go to the phone, though, and invited himself and family with guest to the home of his sister-in-law and her husband, a very fine wood carver whom Mr. L. look down upon because "he has no trade." I could tell that he had done this--inviting himself to someone else's home--many times before. From the way the conversation went on his end of the phone, it was obvious that the other party was making excuses not wanting to get together. However, eventually an invitation was wrung from the party on the other end of the line. Horror of horrors. . .we took to the get together the movie projector and screen and films which I had already seen. Not only would he inflict his presence on them, which was not wanted, but he further would determine the entertainment for the group.

To make a long story short, we went, the children played outside, watched TV, and I admired the wood carvings in the home we visited and asked to see the husband's carving tools. Then came the next two hours of eating kim chee, poi, rice, squid (the real kind), frankfurters, teriyaki meat, crab, lobster, and assorted other food--all of which was consumed as we viewed two hours of home movies.

I was tired and at this point thinking of my family and wanting to be home on Father's Day and suffered through the remainder of the visit.

We returned to the apartment by five o'clock, and I sincerely extended my gratitude for their hospitality--letting me live with them and experiencing a part of their lives. But I was very glad to be packing and getting ready to go home. After saying goodbye, the only remaining thing was to remember that G. was working at the Naval Ammunition Depot and to check my camper to see that we did not have any premature Fourth of July celebrations. There were none, and I proceeded down the freeway remembering the L.'s. . .but content in the fact that I would not trade places with them for all the tea in China.

I intend to maintain contact with the family because they are nice people; but I feel they are taking the system for a ride in that they are on welfare and have so much, unlike the Indians I have lived with who had $750 a year income per family, the Mexican imigrant, and the unemployed plantation workers on the outer islands. This experience--these four days -is one of the valuable things I have.

MY FOUR DAY LIVING EXPERIENCE WITH A HAWAIIAN FAMILY IN WAIMANALO

by Barbara M. Hospili

My emotions were mixed Thursday as I prepared to leave for Waimanalo. I was curious to meet the family I would spend the next four days with. My meeting with L , my hostess, the day before had been surprising. She was thinner than I had imagined when receiving her name on Tuesday. I had assumed her husband was not in the home because there was no Mister indicated on the card stating three children. To add to my security I was certain they were all girls.

My apprehansion was enhanced when L informed me that her three children were all boys and her husband was deaf. As I selected clothing to take, not knowing what we would be doing, I wondered if I should review my long ago learned and probably forgotten single hand language.

Finally called L that I was on my way. In taking a last look at our new dinette set and stereo I left my home in Maile for Waimanalo.

Using the map L had drawn I finally found her home after getting lost twice. There were many cars in the front yard, the house being set back far from the road. Several girls and boys ran to the house to announce my arrival. "Mommy the lady here." I checked the name and address on the mailbox again to make certain I was in the right place.

The house, located on Hawaiian Homestead Lands across from Waimanalo Beach Park, was old. Most of the houses in the Homestead looked the same. The yard is partially fenced with wood and several coconut trees. The lot is about 15,000 square feet and the house fills at least half of it. The charm of this home is not however in the outside but within.

L came to the door, inviting me in. Was I relieved to see her now familar face. There were Christmas decorations still strung around the large wooden house which was badly in need of painting. The screened lani I entered was to be my room. There were two couches, a bed, chair and miniature pin ball machine in an alcove, nearly leaving enough walking space. I was happy I had a bed and some privacy. The bed had a plastic covering over it, "so if it rains the bed won't get wet". I hoped and prayed it would not rain.

A step up led to the enormous living room That is the single most descriptive word for the entire house and every room in it. Strikingly there were three large

televisions. That was a popular number in that room. There were three couches, three tables, three cushioned chairs and an artificial fireplace. There were wedding, baby and religious pictures covering the walls. The floors had carpeting or linoleum.

Although the floors and furniture were neat and clean they had apparently been in use for many years. They were worn and the upholstery was torn. There were two bedrooms off the living room. Only one bed in each room with bare matresses and cartons on the floor. The cartons were used for storing clothing. The master bedroom had another television. The closet had only a curtain covering the clothing behind. That was one of the few curtains in the house.

The dinning area had a table and a few chairs. There was a coffee mug tree on the table. All the price tags were still on the cups. This was also true of the towels L gave me to use. I made a joke about it but she seriously said "I wanted you to know no one used them before". I thought how unfortunate that she felt the towels she and her family use were not good enough for me. That was an odd thing too. Never once when I went to the bathroom which had a large tub and shower and enough space for a dressing table, did I see another persons towel.

Like the bathroom and every other room the kitchen was really stark. The large uncurtained windows made the room seem cold. There were no doors on the cupboards where the glasses and dishes were stored. A table was built into the wall with a bench to sit on. An oil cloth still adhered permanently where it had not worn off. The faucets in the sink had a bad leak. There were two refrigerators and no other modern appliances except the stove. There was no particular odor in the kitchen or any other room.

My hostess, 39, almost 100% Hawaiian, busily mixed eggs and mayonnaise for sandwiches. Most of the foods that are recommended for refrigeration were not. The eggs, mayonnaise, ketsup, fruit, meat were all stored on a shelf covered from possible invasion by bugs. L was nervous. She began by asking me what kind of food I liked. I assured her almost everything except poi. That out of the way she said, as if being interviewed, "I am the youngest of seven children. All my sisters and brother married outside nations. My oldest son is not mine by birth but kanai. We only got the papers for him lately because his parents wanted to keep him but he came back to us. He is a quiet boy who spends much time with the father. He does not get out enough and talk to people. I worry a lot about him. I told him you would be asking questions about school and other things but he probably won't answer to many". I took this as a suggestion not

to make E uncomfortable. For that matter all members of the family.

A roach running across the old oven momentarily distracted me. Oh how I hoped the house was not too infested with them. This had been one of my major fears. I did not see too many more in that house after that.

L recaptured my attention with, "my middle boy is the talker." J shut that door. Take the cats outside. There were several small kittens who had followed their mother into the kitchen.

"Sometimes ther's trouble in school. The teacher asks why he answers back. I don't know why but look at those eyes. Don't know where they came from, maybe China, doesn't look very Hawaiian." J smiled coyly. There was a great deal of pride in the way she talked about the middle boy but her oldest by birth to her.

"The youngest, that's my baby, had red hair at birth. He was fair skinned too. Look at him now." A small dark skinned boy with a mop of black hair, about five years old, came in to eat. He was very shy and would not look at me. "His hair is so long my sister saw him curled up on the floor this morning and asked who the baby girl was. Yeh," she said running her hand through his hair, "that's my baby." There was no doubt in my mind but that this was her favorite.

She left and returned with Mr. K. He did not look 53. His black short hair was mixed with gray. His upper teeth were missing. His pants were low revealing a very round opu. He smiled warmly as Lil introduced us in his language. We spent the rest of the day outside the house and had no further contact until evening.

"Okay ready to go to the center? My baby can come too?" The Waimanalo Community Center was about two miles from their home. L is a volunteer there. The Center is intended to be a total medical facility offering services to pregnant women, infants and children through 16 year olds. It is used mostly by low income families but services are available to all on a sliding scale. There is no doctor outside the clinic in the immediate area. The staff, who L knows personally were all very friendly. There were several separate buildings which looked new. All the rooms were brightly decorated. The color schemes and educational material were inviting.

In spite of the competent and friendly staff, modern techniques and equipment they have as big a problem with getting patients to return on a regular basis as the Nanakuli Maternal & Infant care center.

We had a second lunch at L 's sisters' Hawaiian resturant in Kailua. It was a modestly decorated room off the main road. Our lunch was good. I had chicken long rice. L shared pork lau lau and poi with G In spite of our reason for being there I never met her sister.

We were only a block from my mother-in-laws so we stopped by. She was downstairs waiting for a repairman. L was really surprised to see a red headed Haole. Since my husband is part Hawaiian she assumed his mother was Hawaiian. L complimented her on whan an attractive and young person she was. I was sorry she had not been more hospitable and invited us into her home.

We stopped for groceries. L admitted she was not a wise buyer. "You'll have to teach me." I found this to be true. We went to the store for groceries everyday I was there in spite of the two refrigerators. When she asked what we should get for dessert I suggested baking a cake.

On the way home we made a last stop at an elderly lady friends house right off the highway. I was not surprised to learn it is to be torn down in a few months. Her daughter, six grandchildren and son-in-law had recently moved leaving her alone. There was furniture everywhere, no curtains, torn screens, broken windows. It was an awful looking place.

After the introductions L told of her sister and brother-in-laws sudden visit that morning. "You know how many years it's been since they came over. They are trying to take the house away again." Mrs. T., who works for legal aid said, "Now L you have all the papers don't worry about it. There is nothing they can do." We talked about what we had done all day and came back to the previous topic. L had said nothing to me of the reason for the visit. She was very upset by it.

When we finally returned home I met another member of the family. Tutu man is 80 years old and pure Hawaiian. No one pays much attention to him. L even forgot to mention he lived with the K's.

Mr. K., so L said had gone out looking for us. He is unaccustomed to her going anywhere unless he himself drives her. She does not have a drivers license. Mr. K has been unemployed since 1967. No one in the house is employed. His hearing disability and age are not in his favor. He spends all his time working on car engines. Sometimes he fixes them up well enough to sell.

The eldest boy, E , seemed slight for his 15 years. He looked like he had had a deformed back although it may just have been due to poor posture.

Language between father and children is hand signs. The children are very obedient toward their father and without a word. Later I thought to myself how lucky these children were to be learning another language and be so sensitive toward another person. The eldest boy was particularly attuned to every nod and motion.

The boys ate dinner at the kitchen table while L and I ate on the lani. I really felt that Mr. K. was avoiding me. L said he was going for a ride with Tutu man but he never left the house. I felt a little uncomfortable about being an outsider and breaking the family apart because of my presence.

The boys were enthusiastic about my baking a cake. They were eager to help me. My exposure to boys is very limited and I was surprised that a 5 and 8 year old would want to help bake a cake. Later I understood the reason. Children are naturally curious. While they repeatedly ask their mother how to do one thing or another she sends them off hastily. Even Mr. K. was watched as we worked. I am not certain if it was because his children were taking part or that a total stranger had taken over the kitchen. My surprise about the boys interest disappeared when I discovered that there were no measuring utensils. I had never tried to guess the measurement of ingredients before. The pan I suggested we use was too large for the batter. So we stirred up another complete recipe for pineapple cake. The batter smelled delicious. The boys set the oven and I joined L on the Lani were she was talking on the phone. Within a few minutes there was a strong aroma and smoke was rising from the oven. The temperature had been set 200 degrees higher than required and the top of the cake was burned. I was so disappointed, not for myself but because the boys had so looked forward to eating what they had help make. The boys went off and everyone acted as if it had never been started. I felt as if I had really failed the boys and their father.

FRIDAY

Although I had been awaken several times during the night by barking dogs I finally got out of bed at 7:30 A.M. Something had crawled across my face during the night. I preferred to think it was a spider than any other crawling insect. The mountains sure looked beautiful with the sun shinning on them in the morning.

L was the first person I saw. She was still wearing the bermudas and jersey I had said good night to her in the night befor. Her hair hung down to her seat in a black cascade of silk. I have always liked long hair, especiall thick and well kept. L wears it lose like that only in the confines of her home.

The boys came past "my room" one by one saying good morning as they passed. While I picked out what to

wear G came in and sat on a couch. He never looked at me but played intently with his toy soldier. Although nothing was said, not even an exchange of glances, it was clear to me he enjoyed my company and just wanted to be near me. I felt really good about this genuine expression of companionship.

As I waited my turn for the bathroom J showed G a package of Easter egg candy. Behind it were some mangoes and apples. He offered me an apple which I gladly accepted. The two boys eagerly attacked the candy. L came from the bathroom and caught J eating the candy and said, "Hey leave those junks alone brother or I'll spank you." Almost the whole time I spent with Lil she rarely referred to the boys by name. G is the baby, J is brother and the eldest, Junior is rarely spoken to.

L displayed several pieces of the cake on a napkin on a serving plate to ask if they were cooked. It was apparent she thought they were ready to serve when she started the cutting but felt unsure afterwards. Although burned on top it was uncooked below. So as we turned each piece over in the cake pan to rebake it Lil confided in me that her husband had awoken her early saying "you better get up."

"What for," she said.

"Because we have a guest."

So L said she came to see if I was awake but was not so she went back to her room. I had mixed feelings about this. Mr. K. was expressing concern for my being left alone if I were awake but he was not treating me as a part of the family but very formally as a guest.

Pat, another trainee in this program and her hostess D dropped over to see us. They were on their way to a meeting at the CAP Office. They had been to a baseball game the night before. D talked a little about welfare and payments. Apparently she does not ask for extra supplements often so that when she does she had no trouble getting it when she needs it. "The kids love hand me downs. They act as if it's new clothing. Even if it doesn't fit or is too big they wear it anyway".

They went to their meeting and we went to the P.G. home. His wife A. was there with their six children. Mr. G. if youth director at the Waimanalo Youth Center. A. talked a little about the problems the children have at school with Haole teachers. She spoke mostly on the side of a parent about the children. "The kids try so hard to write and speak properly. But as soon as they leave the classroom they go home where all the other kids and their parents speak Pidgen. It's next to impossible to change quickly. Change does occur but it is a gradual one."

"My son was playing at school and got all muddy. I guess the teacher saw him after the recess bell and yelled at him for getting dirty. He refused to go to class so she sent him to the principals office. I was at

work when they called so I asked my sister-in-law to take a change of clothes to school. My mother went instead. She told me later that when she arrived the teacher was yelling at the top of her lungs but could not get the kids quiet. My mother walked into the room and told the kids, in a quiet tone of voice, to cut it out, sit down and be quiet. She announced that she had not come to quiet the class but talk to the teacher about her grandson. The teacher quit a few days later. She said she couldn't take it."

"I don't know why these Haole teachers don't live more with the community so they can understand the children better."

I agreed that that would probably help break a lot of barriers the children and teachers come to class with. The teachers could undoubtedly get a lot from such an experience. Actually, I thought to myself, we are getting a mini experience of what A. is recommending.

In talking to A. I felt that she was a person who understood and had experienced many of the problems facing low-income people today. They are temporarily living in a beautiful new house paying $360 a month and getting rent supplement from D.S.S. There is, however, no furniture in any of the four bedrooms. Since they are living there only until the new housing project is completed they do not want to have to move a lot of furniture in a few months. It sounded very reasonable to me.

We drove to the Youth Project building next to the Community Center and spoke to a few of the workers there. A community worker is beginning a project for families who are not welfare recipients but who could possibly qualify for some benefits like foodstamps or medical aid. He has lived in Waimanalo all his life and been low income. "No special training required here. Just living the life is enough training. It's a shame we can't get the welfare people to band together. They would be a very strong influence in getting welfare reform started. But they never vote." I suggested that the language was not in terms the pople could understand so they did not know who to vote for. "Yes but voting is very important and they should vote."

In speaking to a Neighborhood Youth Project representative I found out they work like model cities. This project is concerned with getting high school dropouts trained in saleable skills. Their problem is in determining who has dropped out and in reaching the dropouts. Not all dropouts offically withdraw from school. So the schools keep them on the total attendance for the school. Once the dropout is located he is individually counselled. They can persue any area of study that interests them. Some are sent to the community colleges to earn a degree.

Others get automotive or whatever training they want at a school appropriate for the trainning. The councelors at that institution work with the N.Y.P. people only if they are willing to share with the N.Y.P. staff. If they refuse then the student must be councelled by the N.Y.P. staff. The students receive a salary each week while training.

Undoubtedly this project is filling a need in the Waimanalo area. But through lack of other agency awareness they cannot possibly be serving the maximum number of people who could use such training.

We set out to visit Josephine, another trainee in this project, at her hostesses house. They had just returned from a food shopping spree and were feeding the children lunch as we entered. J. the hostess, is a Haole, born and raised here, in her early twenties. She behaves and has prejudices against Haoles as if she were not one herself. She has four children, the oldest 8 or 9 years and the youngest 8 months. They had several friends over so it was very busy.

We all talked about our experiences of the past day and a half. J. said her guest was probably having the most boring time of all. When they asked how we were getting along L. admitted she was nervous in my presence and felt she had to speak constantly. I was glad she had said that because she does talk incessantly. Since it was truth telling time I confessed I felt that Mr. K. was avoiding me. L. assured me that was his shy nature.

J. talked about how lazy her Portuguese husband was. "He wouldn't think of helping me at home or with the kids. He'd never agree to my going to someone elses house for four days unless I took all the kids with me."

I thanked my stars that my husband does not entirely share that view. This was the first time he would be alone with our 20 month old baby. But I was enjoying my "vacation" away from home.

The kids brought in some mangoes from the tree in their neighbors yard. We all had some. L confessed she had not felt well and that was why we had not persued our pizza invitation with Pat and Deloras. She admitted she had never eaten pizza and I think she was fearful of trying it. We were unable to settle on which day to have a picnic for the trainees in the area and their hostesses; Josephine agreed to call and set a time.

On our way back we stopped and looked at the model homes to be built for both low and middle income families. Naturally they were decorated very tastefully to make the most of the space. But the kitchen facility was very small with dinning area separated. Not a comfortable set up for a Hawaiian family who congregates around

the kitchen.

We made a brief stop at Mrs. T. to invite her to dine with us. Unfortunately my head has limited vision behind and I literally got hung up on a rock. Fortunately some men were helping straighten up the house and came to my rescue. Some covering over my oil pan was bent. But our helpers hammered it back into place leaving only a little chipped paint for me to explain to my husband. After all that Mrs. T. could not join us.

When we got home only Joseph, now sporting a Mohawk haircut, was riding his bike in the street. He stopped my car and told his mother, "that kid's given us a hard time".

"Go home right now" said L. . She finally rounded up the three boys and got them into the house. She scolded them for roaming around the neighborhood and causing trouble. She said she preferred for them to play in the yard.

Dinner had been prepared by Tutu man. I had never eaten pigs feet. In talking with my husband before dinner he assured me how good it tastes. It being considerably past my usual dinner time and not having had lunch I was very hungry. Mr. K. and Tutu man hesitantly agreed to have dinner with us. Tutu man said a prayer in Hawaiian. While I did not understand a single word of it, it sounded pleasant to the ears. I ate like a trooper and L. said, "you make Tutu man very happy." I too was happy having such delicious food and I was finally eating with the whole family.

Pat and D. arrived while we were eating. Pat could speak sign language to Mr. K. I felt a little envious because I had not been able to communicate with him. It was partially my fault because knowing the hand alphabet I felt uncomfortable with my limited useage. My knowledge did not include all the shortcuts I saw being used by everyone. Mr. K. held a whole conversation with Pat and seemed to feel more comfortable after that.

The boys fell asleep on the floor watching television. They had shown me the small fish they caught in the stream behind their house that day. Bike riding, fishing and swimming fill their days while television fills the evening hours. It was a long day and seeing the boys asleep made me all the more tired.

SATURDAY

I heard a lot of noise but I just did not feel ready to get up until 7:45. All the seats were set and oatmeal in every bowl. Toast was piled in four stacks on a plate. Lil said, "you're just in time for breakfast." It was obvious they were waiting for me. Mr. K. and all the boys were seated when I got out of the bathroom. I was surprised to see everyone waiting for me.

L trying to either please or impress me was so nervous she walked back and forth several times without bringing a bowl and spoon for me. She declined any help. After my faux pas of the night before I waited for the prayer before helping myself to any food. L said one blessing the food, myself and family and wished the Lords help in success with theis program and in seeking another job for the fall. I was touched almost to tears by the simplicity and good wishes but the boys were watching and I swallowed repeatedly the lump in my throat. L and I ate pigs feet from the night before.

It took a lot of courage for me to review my hand alphabet with Mr. K. He seemed pleased I knew it. Then he tried to describe the type of work he had done at Scofield as a trash collector for 10 years. Because of his hearing disability he was taken advantage of and L said, "of course in those days we didn't know anything about legal aid or any other organization to help us. We had no money but only worried for food for the children." They were receiving partial assistance while Mr. K. was employed and now receive full assistance. She never said anything negative about being a welfare recipient but she would rather be independent of public assistance.

"When I was pregnant with my last son, one day my husband didn't come home on time. I knew his working hours and he always came home the same time. I called his employer when he was late and he told me Mr. K. had left hours ago. I called my sisters to try and find him. I left my other boys with Tutu man and walked to the highway. I was so hapi but I was so upset I had to look too. What happened was my husband got paid but did not cash his check. So he could not buy gas when the car ran out. Instead he locked all the windows and doors and went to sleep on the side of the highway. My family didn't find him until 2 A.M. I was almost out of my head with worrying. He had to go to work the next morning but I called his boss and told him I didn't care if he got fired my husband was not going to work that day."

I know the apprehension you feel when you are about to have a baby. This was probably magnified by the fear of what could have happened to Mr. K. and how alone she would be. I think she actually likes him being at home all the time. Now she doen not worry where he may be.

L has always lived with her mother. In fact until and even ater she married until her mothers death she always lived with her. She was accustomed to being taken care of and caring for someone. I have had some of the same fears about my own husband when he goes diving without me. Although he is not handicapped I think about all the things that could happen and I become fearful for him as well as myself.

I was able to observe the relationship between Mr. K. and L . He observes every move she makes. Whether it be housecleaning, eating, walking he behaves like a secret admirer. Secret referring only to the silence. Although there is a 15 year age difference between them they have a very warm and genuine relationship. Although Mr. K. can not hear all the arguments the children have it may be better that way. Children are normally home with the mother a good part of the time and only discipline the children on direction of the mother or what they observe in the limited time the father spends with them. It is no different in this case.

With L 's help as interpreter her husband told me about his experiences while working at Scofield for the American Red Cross in World War II. His last job was with an engineering company. He often had to work out in the rain and was susceptible to colds. He likes working on cars better.

L . told me that she felt uncomfortable when Pat and D dropped in during dinner and would not eat with us. So after everyone had gone to bed she was still hungry. She had a full meal before going to bed.

Pat and D came over and we all went ot the P. G. residence. P. had been up all night at a State Board meeting of the Hawaiians and had two other members with him. They were on their way to the airport and had only a few minutes to talk to us. P. is about 50, soft spoken and intently interested in the welfare of the Hawaiian people. Congress originally assigned 190,000 acres of land to the Hawaiian people. Only 40,000 acres are now used for Hawaiian homes. Much of the land has been leased to industry while there are hundreds of people waiting for Hawaiian homes to become available to them. Why should this be?

After the men left we spoke with A., P.'s wife about politics. She felt that "if you could get the people behind an outsider the people could get the legislators to do what is really best for them. Politicians who fight against the political machine for the people often lose their jobs. This way they have nothing to lose and everything to gain."

The topic switched to education again. "The kids who go to Waimanalo intermediate and high school usually. Others go to Kailua high but they never finish. Kailua is a good school and the kids arn't prepared for it. Now we are getting a new principal. We'll give him a chance. I hope he can make the changes we need for our kids."

A. also stated her views on an individual being just a person. "Sure there are people right around her who say P.G. is high up there because we live in a beautiful and expensive house. Sometimes we have celebrities, representatives, college professors come here. But when they do they are just Joe or John or whatever. I tell all my

friends and people we meet my house is always open and they are always welcome." I really believed her because I felt comfortable and very much at ease. More in this house where I had spent only a few hours than in the house I had been in for three days.

It was nearing noon and my husband and daughter were joining up for a beach picnic. Pat and D went ahead to the beach park while we returned home. A Manapua truck passed so we bought several with soft drinks for lunch. My husband and dauhter arrived. I was holding a manapua and it was her lunch time so I'm not certain whether she was happy to see me or the food. L met and invited them into the house. She was anxious to meet them after hearing me talk about them. L asked me to show him the house. He was impressed with the large rooms but particularly the bathroom.

Mr. K. had gone to town with the two older boys so we said good-by to Tutuman and went to the beach. D had most of her children there and a fire going with hot dogs and hamburgers. The children began playing with my daughter while we talked. D was interested in my husbands relatives. Turned out she is distantly related to him.

We had a good time eating, talking and watching the children play. When D oldest daughter finished feeding her four month old baby I commented on how I had never tasted any baby food. This was after watching her daughter put the food into her mouth and mix it and replace it on the spoon for baby. To myself I thought how late it was for the baby to be eating lunch at 3 p.m. I feed mine on a time schedule rather than when she is hungry. But that is more in keeping with nature and most typical of a life style which does not revolve around a clock as mine does.

The rain sent us running from the beach home. My husband and daughter left after meeting Mr. K. He motioned on what curly hair she had.

The boys began wrestling one another immediately. At first it was merely playful. Then one or another was ganged up on and got hurt. Although I did not enjoy the fighting I was pleased that they felt comfortable enough to behave as they would if I were not there.

"E , Brother stop fighting. Baby leave E Alone." They ignored the mothers threat which angered her. She picked up a stick to make another threat but struck the eldest. He walked away rubbing his naked back and was close to tears.

The boys seemed restless all evening. Mr. K. and Tutu man drove off without telling L where to. "Maybe they went to see a relative." Within a half hour they were back with boxes full of groceries. Mr. K.

wanted to eat the pork chops he had just bought. Having had them the night before L did not want to eat them and began fixing hamburgers. Tutu man began boiling taro leaves for pork laulau for Sunday.

We all sat down to dinner in the dining area. L said grace. "Thank you Lord for our food and Barbara being able to share it with us. Bless her husband and baby girl" It was really touching because it was said so sincerely but more so because it is something I would take as a matter of course and not be particularly grateful for. It re-affirmed that I was wanted and not merely a guest.

During dinner L talked about wanting "the boys to be independent so that when Mr. K. and I close our eyes they can stand on their own feet." Yet at the same time she was saying this she was serving the boys. Anything they wanted to help themselves to at the table she would pour it or put it directly on their plate. Then she remarked, "this is like the time I was at a dinner, all I did was pass this or that and by the time I could eat my food was cold". The ambigurity hit me in the face but I waited for a more appropriate time to comment. But the thought of a boy 14 and one 8 not being allowed to pour their own water or milk, take rice or macaroni from a dish treating them so was certainly not befitting their age. Moreover it was defeating the very thing L said she wanted to develop in the boys INDEPENDENCE.

The boys helped clear the table. As in all our meals the main feature was starch. There were at least three or four at each meal. The boys generally did not eat much protein. The eldest accidently dropped the sugar bowl on his mothers foot. He felt badly enough about hurting his mother and making a wasteful mess but L called Mr. K to ask what to do. By now I was getting pretty annoyed. I felt as if the eldest were being unjustly singled out. I felt almost certain that if "the Baby" had done it nothing would have been said. Lil made such a fuss in front of dad and me the boy was driven to tears while he swept up the sugar.

While everyone watched television L and I sat on the lanai talking. She worries a lot about the eldest being so quiet. I am not at all sure that most of his problem in in the relationship or lack of one he has with his mother and brothers. She wanted to know what I thought and what suggestions I had. So we talked about the YWCA and the Big Brother programs. She also wanted to know about different training programs for vocational skills. "The boy is always with the father working on the kind, you know. It makes the father feel good to have the son help. But you know he's so quiet and sensitive to everything. I'll call the kind, YWCA."

Mr. K. took the boys for a ride returning with mangoes, coconuts, tangerines and a box of clothing.

As they all looked through, as if at a golden treasure, L said, "my sister is always giving the kids fruit and stuff when they go over there."

After the boys fell asleep in front of the television she reflected on her marriage compared to her sisters and brother. "They all married outside nations. Some are living in beautiful homes. They are well off. As long as I have a roof over my head is O.K. I think my husband can't take some things and he seems quiet but he knows what is happening. I'm thankful for him. We have our quarrels like other couples. Sometimes he doesn't talk to me for days when we have an argument. Maybe it would be better if he hit me but he never did." I thought about how similarly my own husband treats me. Striking how much alike their behavior was in spite of the age, education and social exposure between Mr. K. and my husband.

But I could also see a woman who until recently did little outside her home. Her contacts were limited to the immediate neighbors. Her only means of transportation being her husband.

SUNDAY

I was awoken by L yelling at the boys. It was the first time I had seen anyone in the house wearing sleeping attire. This was something I had observed in other Hawaiian friends homes. Clothes for playing, swimming and sleeping are the same. Having been raised with a separate wardrobe for each activity it was difficult to understand using the same clothes for everything. But it is really more practical, economical and convenient when you think about it.

L sounded like she was on a war path. "Hey, Brother, stop that, do this come here, etc." Mr. K. took the eldest boy with him to dump rubbish before breakfast.

We had fresh muffins, pork chops, hamburgers, pork lau lau and cake for breakfast. I have always liked meat for breakfast so when L said, "a real Hawaiian breakfast." I shook my head and remembered how often I had eaten like this in my childhood and always been scolded by my folks. If they had only known what a nutritious way this was to start a day.

L cleaned while I rested. All this constant going really tired me out. I was thankful for the rest.

Around noon we drove to the bakery for some donuts and drinks. We all had some ice cream too. There were no parking spaces at the beach park so I dropped Lil off and drove back to the house. Mr. K. Bought some manapua and drove Ed and I back to the beach even though I suggested we walk.

There were several extended families in the park. The biggest attraction was an Oriental-Hawaiian-Caucasian group. There were at least 20 children and half as many adults. They were having team competitions using baloons. Each of three groups had a baloon and had to run about 30 feet to a stool, sit on and burst the baloon and return so the next could get started. All the viewers were as involved as were the team members. That was followed by a sack jumping contest, and a beach ball between the legs jump. It was terrific to see a family really enjoying each other. I remembered all the unorganized gatherings I had gone to as a child with my extended family. Children were always separated from the adults for eating and social events. How I envied this unity and the lack of it in my youth. I also thought that a group of kids like that growing up in such an accepted environment should not have to turn to drugs or other outlets for a lack of family love. I have never observed this particular type of behavior in the beach parks in Nanakuli. Even eating, which is generaly the biggest event of the day, is not done together.

L and I ate our last dinner together on the lani. As I said my good-bys to the family and drove off I thought how little the world had changed this particular family. Changes were coming with the children mixing with other ethnic groups at school but the home influence from the Tutu man through the parents and to the children mainly Hawaiian.

LIVE-IN OBSERVATIONS

by Ralph Lyon

When I discovered that my family lived in Kuhio Park Terrace I was a little bit fearful— no, I was scared to death. I discovered in the next four days that my fears were unfounded. The M's are very much like any other young family with perhaps a little more love than in more affluent families. I also discovered that most of the people I met were very friendly and easy to talk with.

Not much information was furnished on the host family card — name, address and the fact that they had two children three years and five months of age.

With this limited information, Mrs. Green and I were dropped off at the building where our families lived. Several people looked at the cards, and at last someone told us that both families were on the fifteenth floor.

D. M., the mother of the family, met me at the door with her five-month-old son in her arms. She said she was very sorry, but would I watch the baby while she went to call the clinic— she explained that his ear was draining. While she was using the telephone in another apartment, J.J., the three year old boy, and I became very good friends.

The clinic could not take M. until late in the afternoon, so we sat down to get acquainted. The conversation was very open and straight forward. She told me that I should ask anything I liked and she would try to answer. Although it seemed like prying, I asked D. to tell me about her family background, and, because she is "haole", how she got to Hawaii.

D. described her parents as middle class, blue collar and living in a Detroit suburb. She dropped out of college in the first year to become a VISTA volenteer. While working as a Head Start Teacher on Molokai she met and married M.M. . M. is of Hawaiian Filipino ancestry and had been adopted by caucasions. At first, her parents would not accept M. but now are able to tolerate the marriage and love the children as grandparents will.

The VISTA project lost it's funding, but D. and another volenteer, with help from the concerned parents, continued Head Start.

The family, after their first child was born, moved to the Detroit area in search of work. Their stay was brief, and she hinted that the prime reason for returning to Hawaii was discrimination. M. enrolled in the Manpower Cook Training program at Honolulu Community College. Upon completion of the training he went to work on a trial basis as a cook with a barge company. This job lasted only a short time. At about the same time they lost all of their belongings in a flood, forcing them to seek help from welfare. They qualified for housing at Kuhio Park Terrace, which was a godsend because of the low rent.

D. was proud of the fact that they had not tried to furnish their unit with new furniture but were buying used things from people that were moving out. She also made a point of the fact that their car was the oldest in the complex, and that they were satisfied with just having transportation.

The M.'s are very active in the Parent and Child Center sponsored by the Honolulu Community Action Program. M. is one of the few fathers working in the PCC and has recently become a staff member and is also training as a pre-school aid.

Late in the afternoon, M. returned from a field trip, one session of a week long PCC training program. It seemed to me that he had more poise and confidence and was easier to converse with than most outer island boys.

By the time we left for Queens out-patient clinic to have the ear looked at I felt that they were family. M.'s ear problem was diagnosed as a ruptured ear drum caused by infection. HMSA insurance, a new welfare benefit, covered the call.

That evening I attended a meeting of the PCC parents, whose membership has representatives of all the usual racial and ethnic groups found in Hawaii, plus Blacks, Samoans and an Arabic woman. Conversation was free and easy, and they seemed to work in harmony and get things done. An interesting sidelight is the fact that my host was the only male parent there.

Friday, M. asked me to join him at a PCC staff training session at Leeward Community College. The workshop was concerned with teaching pre-school youngsters, using simple drama techniques.

I have never attended a workshop that had more enthusiastic participation.

That evening I was invited to a Father's Day dinner featuring Hawaiian food that had taken the PCC mothers long hours to prepare. The turnout was dismal — no more than nine or ten fathers bothered to come.

Saturday was a day of leisure — mostly talking in the apartment and a trip to the store. That night we watched television, talked to people that dropped in, played with the children and went to bed early.

Sunday was a typical lazy day around the house — reading the paper and talking. M. spent some time working on a car he is trying to put into running condition. Father's Day presents were brought out, and I couldn't believe that they had one for me. They had enclosed a picture of the children so that I wouldn't forget them.

My feelings are that the home I stayed in is a very typical home for any income group in Hawaii. The children are bright and responsive and very well cared for. The baby is bathed frequently and with much love and attention, his feedings are regular and as prescribed by the doctor. Little J. eats regular meals and gets all the milk he can drink. He is forced to take naps and has a regular bedtime.

Much time is spent with the children, and an effort is made to teach the three-year-old with patient explanations. Both the mother and father take time to play constructively with young J. . On one of our trips to the grocery they bought a small slate and chalk and spent considerable time teaching him to recognize and make the letters of the alphabet. Outside play is difficult because it requires that one parent take the child to ground level and supervise, but they find time.

Kuhio Park Terrace apartments are quite nice on the inside, and the ones I saw were clean and tidy. There is an acute cockroach problem, which is understandable because of all the people crammed into a very small space. I saw no difficulty in living there, if the parents lead well ordered lives, and the children were pre-school.

Families with school-age children are another matter. The environment is impossible— the bureaucrat who dreamed up this kind of housing for families with children, whether rich or poor, has never been exposed to children. The walls and halls of Kuhio Park Terrace are filled with scratched and chalked four letter words and obscenities, even though the building had been painted five months ago. They say that a favorite pastime of the beer drinkers is to sail bottles from the higher levels to the childrens cement playground. Trash of every description finds it's way to the ground from the floors above. The main entry and elevator area seems to always be a mess.

Night noises made a big impression on me. The freeway sounds that never stop. Gangs of shouting teenagers that roam until all hours. Late, late TV viewers. A woman getting a beating and screaming in the night.

Such compact living leaves no secrets, at least not many. Tales are told of the prostitute that lives on the same floor and the servicemen that beat a path to her door. The live-in men in fatherless homes. The wooded ditch at the bottom of the hill where the kids sniff paint. Children growing up in these conditions must think that this is normal and the right way of doing things.

Attitudes toward welfare and living conditions vary greatly among the people I talked with. Many are happy with their lot and will probably not rise much above their present status. Quite a few felt that lack of education and training was the reason for their being low income.

All of the PCC parents, that I came in contact with, wanted their children to have the educational opportunities they had not had. Several indicated that they wanted their children to go to college.

My host family mentioned some loss of self-respect in being welfare recipients. They also felt that once on welfare it would be difficult to get off. Making a move, if an opportunity occurs will be next to impossible because welfare regulations do not allow them to accumulate savings. They also felt that the Manpower Cook Training that Murphy had completed did not have enough depth— motels and

restaurants will not accept graduates.

Time and again I was told that most of the racial trouble was among the young people. When I asked specifically about racial tension, everyone said, "If you look for trouble you gonna find it". There is a great deal of ethnic pride and identification. D. told me that a "haole" is seldom accepted by other races—instead, a transfer takes place. They will say we like you, you are one of us.

Neighbors visit and drop off children to be watched much more than I have ever been aware of. Most of this takes place within the PCC parents group—a definate sub-society within Kuhio Park Terrace. These parents are united in a common cause—the children.

Thinking back to the four days, one thing stands out, something is wrong with the system. For a while during my stay I kept thinking that all these people needed was intensive occupational training so that they could be employed. But where would they find jobs after they were trained?

Kuhio Park Terrace people are no different from the people I know on Maui except that they have been identified as low income.

FOUR DAYS LOST

by Pat Martinez

June 15,1971 my mind spun 150 revolutions a minute when Sid Rosen handed me my field assignment, which read, 69 Kalanianeole Highway, Waimanalo- D.K. -9 children,ages ranging from four months to eighteen years. Pretty soon the shock subsided, when suddenly a flash of memory popped into my mind, where were you Pat, and just what was happening to you when you were the same age as the oldest child in this family. I recalled, "Works Project Assistance" known at that time as W.P.A, this was the major means of a little income for the unemployed and the poor, today I believe it is labeled by a more exulting or glorifing name etc; minority low-income, but so far as the meaning, pride, self respect or just plain way of survival it all means the same thing.

Thursday morning June 17th I locked the door to my apartment which faces the surf located at the foot of the famous landmark "Diamond Head" and started out for D.'s home on the Windward side of the island, looking forward to the next four days of live-in experience with a Hawaiian family of low-income. I stopped by the Kodak Hula show to pick up D., she and the older children were helping the grandmother sell coconuts, a business she has had for 18 years. When the show was over D. and I took baby G. and headed for her home, the rest of the family went to town then home by bus.

I was introduced to all the family that was there, but then I noticed that there was a young Haole man working mighty hard behind the coconut stand, I said to D. ,"Who is the Haole guy," She replied,"Oh he is my fiance'and will also be a house guest, we are going to be a big happy family," I thought "EH". Anyway we, headed for her home. She mentioned that we would stop for lunch in Kailua. This we did. Then on to her house where I met the four younger hildren. D. told me all about the children, Mr. K. and herself.

D. and Mr. K. were married when she was 19 years of age. They had a very good life together the first years. Mr. K. was a military man. They traveled throughout the mainland and had one tour of duty in Germany. They returned home and Mr. K. got out of the service. Then their problems begin. D. is 40 years old, and has been divorced 8 years.

The oldest child is a boy, N. , age 18. His life has been a hassel. He has tried everything, glue sniffing, smoking pot, stealing, has been in jail, family court and expelled from school. In his early years after D. was divorced N. lived with his grandmother in Kaimuki and went to school there. He was'nt happy, was always in trouble. This is where he got expelled from school. D. took N.

back home to Waimanalo, put him in school there and this is where all his real trouble started. He first smoked pot. The kids could get the stuff from a peddler at school. D. could tell that something was wrong from the way N.'s eyes looked, but when she approached him he denied it. Then he went to Kailua High things got worse, pot was all around. One friend was peddling it, D. found this out by listening in on a phone conversation. After this N. slowed down for a while, but then he started to hang around at Kailua beach park. Everyone was sniffing glue. Of course N. had to try that too. He got skinny, wasn't eating, then he joined a bunch of his friends and lived in a cave doing his own thing, smoking pot, meditating and talk stories. Once in a while he would bring his friends home for some food, D. would cook them a pot of rice, open pork and beans then they would go back to the cave. N. was only 10 years old when he started all this. Some of the other boys have joined the Youth Program and are trying to readjust themselves, D. hopes that someday her N. will make it.

The second child is a girl, S. , age 17. S. has lived all her with D. , traveled to the mainland, to Germany, seems more mature and has learned a lot from her travels. She has been through all the ups and downs with the family. In fact, she has had her share too. She dropped out of school when she was in the 8th grade. Last year she joined the N.Y.A. to finish her schooling. This program is set up for Drop-Outs, whereas, the children go to school part time, and work part time. S. worked at City Hall for a while. Then she was assigned to the Honolulu Airport as a clerk with the Honolulu Police Department. Again she got into a little trouble and was dropped from the program. S. is planning to be married to an Air Force boy from New Jersey.

A. , 16 years old and has a baby out of wed-lock. She wants to go to work and save money to get ahead. She plans to go back to school this fall. D. will take care of baby G. .

J. is 15 years old. He has lived with the K. grandparents on Molokai since he was 4 years old. I didn't meet J.

E. is 14 years old. She goes to Waimanalo School and will be in the 9th grade next year. She was born in Germany and is considered mama's helper.

C. A. is 13 and goes to Waimanalo School. She was born at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, C. has a hearing problem which the doctors say can be corrected to a certain degree with proper treatment. Medical care provided by D.S.S. takes full care of this.

H. age 12, was born at Fort Sill. He is living with his grandmother in Kaimuki. H. goes to school there and helps the grandmother sell coconuts at the Kodak Show. She has been doing this for 1[illegible] years.

An , an 8 year old girl is also a mother's helper and in addition likes to help the grandmother at the Kodak Show. She is in the 3rd grade and among the top in her class.

R. is 7 years old. She is the smallest one in the family, quite active and likes to do her thing more or less alone. She is in the 2nd grade.

Last but not least, is En 5 years old. He is a little live wire, gets into a lot of mischief, mainly to attract attention. He was full of questions when I first arrived. "Where are you going to sleep?" "How long are you going to stay?" "What did you bring with you?" and "How much are you, 5 or 6?" Naturally I said "6". This referred to age.

The income for this family comes entirely from welfare or D.S.S. With a family of this size D. gets the maximum for food, housing, utilities, personal needs, transportation, household supplies, educational supplies, recreation, laundry and there are also funds for special needs.

After reviewing all the things that are available and comparing the living conditions. Shall I say that the house was very small and crowded for the number living there, including myself, a 27 year old Haole fiance' and another Haole boy friend of the oldest girl, S. . The house had a combination living room and kitchen which included an enclosed lanai. The partition had been removed to give added space. The furniture consisted of a wicker settee, matching chair, 2 end tables, a coffe table, a large TV set that the grandmother had given the family. The TV afforded about all the pleasure the children had. They watched TV day and night. At the other end of the room a single bed where I slept. At the opposite end the kitchen with a side door entrance-the only one, since my bed was blocking the door to the lanai. In the kitchen is an electric stove, a refrigerator both very old and in need of repairs, and a small kitchen table with 4 chairs. The water in the kitchen would hardly run, take forever to get one glass of water from the tap. Floors in very bad shape. Off from the kitchen was a very small room, maybe 4x6, this was S.'s room. It had a single bed, night stand and TV. This room was occupied by Sharon and her Haole boy friend. The 2nd bedroom was a little larger. Donna and the baby used it. The furniture consisted of a single bed, a baby crib and a pad on the floor that some of the children slept on. The 3rd bedroom was much larger, this room had twin beds, shoved together and a double dresser. There was a large closet to hang clothes in. D. and her fience' occupied this room. The bath room? It consisted of a stall shower, a wash basin with only hot waster, and a toilet that would not flush half of the time. It took too long for the water to fill the tank. User had to carry a pail of water from the kitchen when he did No. 2, no one flushed when he only did No. 1. Laundry facilities. There was none.

Soon after I arrived, the oldest girls, D. and her fience' took the family wash to the laundromat. D. told me that this happens three or four times a week and cost three to four dollars each time.

I stayed home with the younger children during the time the rest of of the family was away at the laundromat. We took a walk and visited with the neighbors. They are of mixed races. D.'s landlord lives just in back. He is Philippino. The families around are large. None of them are on welfare however.

When they returned from the laundromat, everyone did their thing, brought in basket after basket of clean wash. D. said."O.K kids. Get the car packed we'er going to the park for cook out." We went to Waimanalo park and cooked dinner. The childre did the cooking. They grilled hamburgers and hot dogs and opened cans of pork and beans. We took with us a pot of rice that had already been cooked at the house. Cold drinks made from base. After eating dinner we watched the soft ball game. When it was time to go home there seemed to have been a very disturbing factor between D. , E. and B., the fience'. I saw for the first time D. display her temper. Seemed as though she was afraid of pot smoking or some other trouble. Anyway we all went home.

I was so exhausted by this time I was ready for sleep-no matter where. I undressed and went to bed. The entire family was milling about just Grand Central Station. The TV was blaring full blast. I had to be loud in order to be heard over and above the conversation of all the family members. The common method of conversion seemed to consist of expressions like "Shut your face" or "I'll shut your face" or "Stop it stupid". With all this going on I pulled the sheet up over my face and fell asleep about midnight. I really and truly did have a good nights'sleep and didn' even notice the broken spring jabbing me everytime I turned over. Before learning just how and when to turn or move in bed and as a result, I brought home a few good black and blue marks. Anyway I was sleeping so close to the highway that when a big truck went by it sounded like it was coming right into the room.

Upon awakening, to my surprise, there in front of the TV on the floor rolled in blankets, slept four of the youngest children. Across on the couch lay N. fast asleep. Before I could fully believe what I was seeing out of the bedroom came B. stepping over and around the children sleeping on the floor. He went out in the kitchen and fixed himself breakfast. I just lay there still as a mouse wondering, what next. Out from the small back room came an Air Force uniformed man who got into a car and drove away. At this point I really got still, shut my eyes tight. Pretty soon D. came out from her room and let out with a command, "Get up. fold your blankets. Put them in my room". The children obeyed. An said," R. sh-shd". D. replied, "O K hang the blanket out to dry".

At this point the phone rang. The grandmother called to say, "No need to come to Kodak. She had no coconuts for the day." N. had to be there anyway since he ushered also at the show. Off of the couch he fell put on a shirt and headed for the highway to hitch a ride into town.

From this time on **N.** didn't come home again. I asked **D.** if this worried her. She said, "No **N.** will come home when he feels like it, he often does this and that she lets him do his thing when and how he wants to".

B took **R** fishing. . **D.** fixed breakfast for herself and me. Cold cereal and bacon. I didn't care to have eggs. When we finished, **D.** said to **c.** .. "Fix oatmeal for you and the kids." This seemed to be the type of family life that existed all the time. Not once did the family sit down to a meal at home except for breakfast and then the family wasn't together, eat where you can find a place. All other meals were in the park, or **D.** would say, "Come **Pat**, lets go out and get something to eat"..We would eat out and Delores would order a plate to take back to the park to **B.** At one time I asked, "When will the children eat". Her reply was,"When they get home there is rice and spam for them.

We seemed to spend a lot of time just setting in the park after everything was over **D.** and I would sit in my car. The children sat in the other car with **B.** .. Why? She said, "Just talk stories". **D.** seemed to have anxiety most of the time, and be suspicious about what might happen in the park. She would command, "When I go home everybody goes home, And thats an order". It seemed to me as though she and **B.** were on the outs most of the time. He drank beer and sat out in the old family car much of the time. She was definitely concerned about him and what he was doing. As far as I could see, the family life was hectic. There was much confusion most of the time, little if any conversation except amoung the smaller children or the absence of the mother.. Baby **G.** received much attention from the children, playing with him, overfeeding him, jostling him around. Tender loving care for him was evident.

D. was always wanting to be on the go. She seemed afraid to stay, as if she thought someone would come by to see us. She would say, Hurry **Pat**, lets get out before they get here, they can finds us". **D.** is active in community work and school programs. We did visit Mr. **T.** the Windward District Superv sor for C.A P. the community action program of which **D.** is the W.C.A.P representive, this means that she speaks for the people of Waimanalo reports to the district and from there business is taken to H.C.A.P. We also visited with Mrs. **T.** the advisor for the Legal Aid Society, Mrs. **T.** is active in many organizations. Her interests are education and the Youth Program for Waimanalo children, and for the Hawaiian people. At her suggestion I met her son-in-law, **Mr. S.** who is president of one of the organizations opposing the appointment of Mr. **Takabuki** to the board of Trustees for the Bishop Estate. With **Mr.S** there were two of his followers from Maui. Our meeting and the conversation went smoothly, simply because it was their ball game. These men are Up-Tight and it was made very clear that their people are organized and this was just the beginning for their people. They intend to see that their people are recogniged. I understand that this group, called the Hawaiians

has a searching team which Mr. S. heads, they go find documents and old wills and make investigations, such as the Kalama Valley incident. I will say I learned a lot. At the same time I kept my mouth shut, because there was a lot of built up resentment to the Haoles and I happened to be one. Mr. S. left to take the two Maui gentlemen to the air port. Mrs. S. , P's wife insisted that we stay longer with her. This lady is really up-tight about her people and the children in Waimanalo. I got the information concerning the school system from her. Seems there is a difference between Pope and Waimanalo students. Pope has no grading system and they put the child where he belongs. There is never a child smarter than another in the class. Waimanalo is different. From 3rd grade on the child begins to realize if he is stupid or smart. This is also the time the teacher shows her attitude. For instance, if a child is smart he will get a pat on the back; if dumb she will only say,"Do the best you can". This practice is continued until the kids are pushed up to the 9th grade. Then they go on to Kailua High School and the trouble really starts. The dumb student can't read and write well enough to keep up with the class. They have no interest in trying, so they drop out. The drop outs are mostly local or Hawaiian children and especially the ones who come from Waimanalo.

D. told me that, aside from N. the girls caused very little trouble with the police. One time the police brought C. and An home. They had been caught taking fruit from the grocery store. As to A. 's problem of having the baby out of wed-lock, the social worker talked to D. and A. . She wanted to know if they wanted to put the baby up for adoption. It was agreed that they would keep the baby. D.S.S paid for all of this. So far as the health of the family, they seem to be strong, well and normal children. The entire family except N. is covered by H.M.S.A. They can go either to the clinic, Castle Hospital or to a private doctor who is assigned to them. D. reveives a paper each month along with her check. When a member of the family needs medical or dental care the paper is signed and sent in. The pay for whoever serviced is then sent direct to the doctor or clinic.

D. never sees Mr. K. , Anyway she told me that he remarried and has two children from this marriage. He works part time and his wife is on Welfare also. D. says that she intends to marry B. as soon as he gets out of the service, even though their age difference is great B. has been more of a father to her children than their own father has been".

I came back to my simple and serene apartment life feeling debilitated, emotionally and physically beat. The confussion, the noise, the hostility; the lack of good family life and understanding hung heavy on my soul. I washed my hair, took a hot shower, Lysol sprayed everything I had taken with me that would not go through the washing machine. While the machine was going I sat down and gave a Thank God sigh, drank a strong cup of hot coffee and tried to think about the meaning of this unforgetable experience. Many things will remain to haunt me in the days ahead. Frankly, I'm too near the experience to evaluate it closely. Here are some questions I shall set down. The answers will be delayed in coming.

I Thank God for the love and understanding I have received from my mother and I know I am a product of her guidance and love. I am what I have lived. What of D.'s children? They are receiving little love(or so it appeared tome). There was no overt affection shown. The mother carped, scolded, dictated and demanded most of her waking hours. What I wonder, will this kind of family living produce in the way of useful, thoughtful, strong, straight-shooting young adults. Will the pattern of every man for hinself, get what you want, dog eat dog life produce the kind of citizen our community and country needs? I don't know. I am more conscious of the question as a result of my four days away from home.

What effect does the lack of privacy, the cramped and disorganized household have upon developing youth, upon one's concept of self? How does one come by a code of moral and ethical behavior? Dewey's premise that "We are what we live" makes me wonder whether the values of the individual members of this family will sustain them as they face the task of living a useful life in this complicated modern world. I don't know this answer either. But I shall ponder its realities in the days and years ahead.

Doubtless each of these children will raise offspring-numerous children. If, indeed, we carry our childhood with us into adulthood, do we not perpetrate generation upon generation of persons ill equipped to meet society's problems forthrightly and intellegently? Does not a vicious circle continue to enmash us? Are we not stacking the cards somewhat in favor of the huge families being represented by impoverished and emotionally harrassed parents? Again, what effect upon their self worth and sense of respossibility accure from being in a position of constantly needing and accepting sudsistance from outside sources? Again I don't pretend to know. At this point I only wonder.

This brings me face to face with <u>my role</u> as a citizen of the country I love. How can I help to make this land a better place for all to live? How can I serve mankind as an individual so that some of the conditions I observed this past four days will not have to continue to exist?

Somewhere along the line during the roughly 200 years that our democracy has existed, have we not erred as good citizens? The richest country in the world should be able to use its wealth to better advantage. I want more than ever to do my part.

Many of us may never know the answers to these questions. Who knows, the future generation of the K. family may even doubt that another kind of living ever existed.

REPORT ON LIVE-IN

by Andrea Matsushima

Thursday, June 17

At first I missed the housing, I drove past and saw open fields of weeds with abandoned cars, piles of rubbish, and cement slabs that spoke of buildings that once were. I was soon to learn that John Rogers is a dying housing area. The simple, long, one-story barracks style buildings are slowly being evacuated to make way for a new baggage area for the airport. There is a hot stillness and waiting about the area...waiting, marking time til it goes on to something better.

I drove in slowly, looking for someone to ask for directions, to direct me...there was no one. I finally found the building number and stopped. I felt lost, the housing seemed deserted. Suddenly from behind me, a friendly voice called out, "Hi, I thought it was you. My husband just came home and saw you. He likes his women." It was Jamie A., my hostess. Together we drove around to the other side of the building and I saw an older model white falcon and a jeep, many pieces of small clothing swaying in the breeze, a broken swing set and piles of miscellaneous tires, barrels, boxes showing from under the house and through the weeds.

At this point, my doubts assailed me once again. Would they like me, would we be able to communicate? I was sure that housing conditions wouldn't bother me too much, perhaps because I had made up my mind to expect the worst: different foods, smells, cleanliness. But I am deathly afraid of cockroaches and spiders. What would I do if faced with a multitude of them? Honey-honey took me into the house to meet the family.

The main entrance to the house was through the back door, that opened into a sparsely furnished kitchen which contained an old fashioned metal sink, a gas stove, refrigerator, table, cabinet, and the seat from the jeep. I soon learned that daily life revolved in part, around the kitchen and food.

The kitchen opened into a large living room which has a huge freezer in one corner and the living room furniture arranged around two T.V. sets, a smaller portable atop a larger set, and next to this is a new Sears stereo set. Pieces of old linoleum with chunks taken out here and there were joined together to mark off the main living room area. On the table and stereo were plastic flowers arranged in low plastic baskets, a bowling trophy Honey had won and beautiful wooden carvings: busts of Hawaiian women, anthyriums, and tikis -- tall tikis, short tikis, ugly tikis, handsome tikis, and a wooden wall plaque of Kamehameha and his seal. In spite of the old peeling paint, dirty finer-printed walls, and stained ceiling, there was a neatness to the rooms.

The rooms weren't soft, comfortable rooms, there was a hardness to the uniformly painted gray floors and green walls. Again I was struck by the similarity to a barracks.

Here I met the little faces that had been staring curiously at me from the living room: Lila aged 5, Keone aged 6, Lili aged 8 and Jim aged 9. Jamie is 28 years old and Tony, her husband made 32 on the last day of my visit. Jamie is almost pure Hawaiian and considers hereself so, while Tony is a mixture of Hawaiian, Chinese, Portuguese. The family doesn't strongly associate itself with any ethnic group, but flows freely between Hawaiian, Portuguese and the "mixed culture" that is Hawaii today.

Our tour continued into the bedrooms which were also sparsely furnished. In the children's rooms there was a double bed (which was vacated by Lili for my use), a bunk bed, two chest of drawers and a metal stand on which to hang clothes. Jamie's room was similarly furnished with two beds, a dresser, a portable closet and packed boxes. The packed boxes were in anticipation of their move out which was to have happened last year...packed boxes and a family ...waiting.

While Jamie and I spoke together about our families and the project, the family watched a morning show on T.V. Jamie asked me if I watched T.V. at home. "Not much", I replied. She answered, "I don't either, only when Tony is home the T.V. is on all day." That day the T.V. was on at least 16 hours straight.

Tony works as a laborer for an electrical company, but it was raining at his job site and he hadn't worked for 3 days. Jamie was understandably worried about his pay. But this job is the best paying job that Tony has had over the last 10 years. At one time, Tony had worked two jobs for a year, but medical bills resulting from this schedule made it useless to continue. Now they are finally paying off their debts and are eagerly looking forward to the move to a new housing (they hope it will be in town). Their credit though is ruined, everything must be paid for in cash. When their car breaks down they are without a car til they can raise the money.

The whole family was so friendly and casual in their ways that I felt right at home. Amazingly for children of that age, all four were well-behaved and did what their parents told them to do. (I felt that perhaps it was my presence inhibiting them).

As I was getting ready for bed, I really looked at the bathroom: a shower made of cement that had turned grey and black from constant moisture, toilet and basin with stained porcelain and a clothes washer that drained into the toilet bowl when Jamie washed. I ran the shower for 5 minutes to get hot water, but wait as I might, the basin water remained cold. Hot water was controlled by two extra valves beneath the basin. The bathroom light burned 24 hours a day because the cord was broken and it was too much of a hassle to climb up on something to turn it off. On the other hand, the bedrooms had no lights after dark as the switches were broken, the housing authorities didn't want to fix things...they were also waiting.

The planes didn't bother me that night. The curtain blowing across my face did. The upper one-third of the wall are screened. There are no window panes or louvres. There is no way to shut out noise, wind, or cold. The biggest buffer against the elements wasn't complete. It was also no buffer against the intrusions of fellow human beings Jamie's family had been robbed two times. Tony finally nailed boards across all windows to prevent further entry.

Friday

I got up to a breakfast of biscuits, bacon and eggs. This was what greeted me every morning. Lunch usually consisted of sandwiches and juice, except for Sunday lunch which was made up of crabs, lobsters (Tony had gone lobster fishing the night before) bar-b-que meat and sausages (from her sister) kimchee and rice. Dinners were to include a night out at a Chinese restaurant and a luau (where I had the only unusual food during my stay... raw squid and raw crabs...just not my type of food I found, and I completely lost confidence in my earlier determination to let nothing different phase me).

I ate better at Jamie's home than at my apartment and came away from the 4 day experience 3 pounds heavier.

Friday was a beautiful day and Tony stayed at work. I woke up to find the T.V. on and went to sleep that night with it still on. Every day I was there found the T.V. on first thing in the morning until people fell asleep watching it. The family had seen each of the movies playing and told me about them.

There were only a few families in the housing and the only way you could tell they were there was by the cars or the laundry. Jamie's family is a self-contained unit apart from the other families there. Jamie said that they weren't involved with others even when they lived in the more populated Mayor Wright or Halawa housing areas. The children spend most of their time in the house either watching T.V. or playing cards. Occasionally, when it cooled in the late afternoon they went outside. Their only playmate was the next door boy.

I began to get restless. I was not used to sitting and watching T.V. constantly. Meals were the only break in the day and I looked forward to them. After lunch, Jamie and I were talking and she said "I want to do something, but what is there to do?" There were things that I could see to do... like take the kids to the beach, experiement with new receipes, read etc. But just from being in that atmosphere, I began to feel that the effort needed to do these things was too much and the T.V. is so much easier and inexpensive.

The family allowed themselves one night a month to go out and they arranged it for Friday so they could take me with them. To me, we seemed to wait all day for Tony to get home. For me the T.V. was a way to kill time til we ate or went out...what else was there?

We drove into Kapahulu for dinner and then back home to the T.V. set.

Saturday

I was beginning to see patterns in the interaction between family members. Jamie and Tony related more with the children than they did with each other. The interaction between Tony and Jamie was repeated in the way they interacted with the children. Tony is the boss of the household. Jamie feels that "I can talk all day and the children don't listen, but all Tony has to do is look at them and they run." In the same way, Jamie has to be home at a certain time to keep Tony from getting angry. One day we went to the market and came home after Tony's friend arrived. Jamie half-jokingly, half-seriously said, "I'm going to tell him it's your fault and you brought me home late."

Most of Tony's interaction with family members are to command or scold. Jamie went shopping for his birthday gift. He said, "I know what it is... I told you to get it." He opened it up, looked at it, moved it under the coffee table and went back to watching T.V. The closest thing to a positive statement I heard him say to her was when he took a second piece of the cake Jamie baked for him and said, "I never eat cake."

However, this style of relating to family members wasn't Tony's exclusively. Jamie related to both Tony and the children in the same way. The children were told to do this, to bring that, to call someone, to stop this, to start that and so on, always commanded with very little asking. These commands were to be done immediately and without questioning. Whenever any of the children asked a question, a sarcastic reply was normal. For example "Where shall I sit?" Try your rear!" This type of relationship effectively cut off deep interaction between people and stops questions from being asked. Both which will be handicaps in the future.

An experience Jamie had with Lili further illustrated this obeisance to an older (related?) person. Jamie had told Lili to clean up the kitchen. While Jamie was in the bathroom she heard voices and went to check. When she got there, she saw the younger girl Keone, doing Lili's work. As Jamie told me, "what could Keone do, Lili was older."

Positive reinforcement for work done is limited. Once when Lili was playing cards well Jamie hugged her and said "Now you're my daughter." Happiness shone all over Lili's face. Another time Keone made a difficult climb up a water pipe into the bathroom window to open a locked door. For praise, Jamie only said, "she's the only one we can depend on." But praises like these were few.

I also wondered about the closer relationship I saw between Tony and the baby Lila and between Jamie and Lila. Jamie said "You notice their father favors Lila. He likes children when they're small. When they grow up he loses interest."

I had noticed this. "Don't the other children get jealous?"

"No, she's the smallest. They just laugh when he plays, because they had their time with their father. I pay more attention to her because she's the baby."

The other children seemed to accept their parents actions and didn't take it out on Lila, but I saw the children intensely watching anyone their parents paid attention to.

One evening I stepped out of the shower to find Lila sitting on the toilet bowl looking very downcast.

"Hey, what's this"? - no response.
"You look sad" - a shake of the head.
"Did you get scolding?" - another shake.
"Are you happy?" - a nod (she still looked extremely sad).
"Are you hurt because people aren't paying attention to you?" - no response.

I felt that this was the problem, therefore I reassured her that I liked her as well as her whole family and that I was glad I came. I had at this point been getting along well with all the children, but had become extremely close to one of the girls who seemed very quiet, shy and extremely passive in her reactions. Lila picked this up (she was later to make several comments about how her sister liked me) and was disturbed about it. I realized then that the other children probably also noticed and I thereafter tried extra hard to interact with all equally.

The children as well as their parents are aware of this favoritism. On two occasions first Tony and then Jamie in essense told the other that what's good for one child is good for all, ie. don't play favorites. But this practice continued.

On Saturday night, Jamie's cousin got married and we went to a huge luau in Waianae-Nanakuli. Food was good, varied and abundant: Lomi salmon, poi, kalua pig, raw crab, luau, raw fish, raw squid, opihi, chicken long rice, yams pineapple slices, coconut cake, haupia. The stereotype of the singing Hawaiian luau didn't emerge til almost all people were gone. Then Jamie's sisters and close friends got together for real swinging song and dirty joke fest that later ended in a fist fight between two girls over who was to sing first.

I initially felt very out of place there because when I was first introduced a couple of Jamie's close friends didn't look at me or answer my greeting until prompted by her.

Sunday

I awoke to the noise of Tony coming home. A late breakfast and back to the T.V. set for most of the family til a later lunch. Jamie and I baked a cake and made Filippino candies. Jamie's sister and her family arrived for lunch when we were cooking. Her brother-in-law roamed the housing picking up items discarded by vacating families: a metal toy horse, 2 vases, old curtains, and baby watermelons from a vine someone had severed..all good enough to keep.

Then lunch while home movies were shown, and it was home for Jamie's sister.

The time for me to leave had also come..and gone. I was exhausted from having 4 children climbing all over me, I know I had to go, but I didn't know how to and in a way I really didn't want to. Jamie invited me to stay for dinner, but I had a previous engagement...and so I left.

I met and got to know very generous, warm people. I had had a beautiful 4 days getting to know them and they gave so much that I wanted to return something.

MY LIVE IN WITH L.M.

by Merl Mitchel

Roughly, my paper follows the outline given in "things to look for", with comments included on how I felt about them. It might be appropriate in the beginning to let you know that for the past two years I have been counseling in the pre-school program sponsored by Everett Community College, as a group and individual counselor.

The group counseling has been done both at ECC and on the pre-school setting, of various pre-schools throughout the community. The pre-school program included mostly single women on welfare or on very low income and also included different races, colors, mixtures of family situations - including women with seven or eight children and never having been married.

What I saw in the family picture at 16 - 18 Kuhio Park Terrace was different for me in that the setting itself was different. The high-rise apartments that greeted us as we drove up were something I have witnessed only in a pretty plush setting, back home. It seemed to me on arriving, Kuhio Park Terrace could have been a plush apartment building, swimming pool and all the conveniences included.

Walking to the front entrance the odor of urine reached my nostrils and I realized it wasn't the plush place it looked like. There were people of all descriptions around the building, mostly dark-skinned people, but a few whites. Children by the dozen were going every direction .

The two elevators were both busy but a short wait brought one down and at least eight people including myself got on. The elevator floor was wet and it smelled like someone had emptied their garbage pail in the corner , but in just a short time we were at the top floor (17) and I was on my way to 16 , where L. M. and her family lived.

I had some misgivings when Sid Rosen gave me the name L. M. and I realized that a single gal evidently lived there, but having been acquainted with the "project" in Everett, Washington I knew that there were always (it seemed like) men around.

L. M. , age 31, medium height, darkskinned, ½ Hawaiian the other half actually Caucasian, met me by staying in her chair and saying come on in. The three children E. , age 12, B. (female) age 9 and K. , a mischevious little squirt, almost 3 years old, met me with questions written all over them, but their Mother didn't seem to want them asking questions and said leave him alone.

In a get acquainted period I asked a number of questions, mostly by comments about the family and they were answered very off-handedly and I sensed a hostility on the part of L. for me (or all males, or all Haoulies) I wasn't really to learn.

L. was married at age 18, divorced at age 20 and had her first son E. , during that time. Her first husband was apparently, mostly Hawaiian but she never made that very clear. Her second husband was a mainland sailor from Nebraska, who evidently wanted a servant (according to L.) and expected his meals hot when he came home and would not let L. eat until he had eaten. That marriage evidently lasted long enough for B. age nine to come along and they were divorced. Apparently, L. and her second husband were divorced when B. was quite small, so the first two children were the product of legal marriages.

The third child, K. , is three this week but evidently is not the product of a marriage, as L. has not been married since her second husband. K. is mischevious little squirt who is into everything, spoiled but can easily win your heart, as he did mine. He is not yet really "house broke" but it does not seem to create much of a problem for anyone.

The other "guest" in the house was D. , a 16 year old male, who seemed to play dad to the younger kids, is a high-school kick-out, who shares the bedroom with L. and seems to enjoy all the privileges of a father, despite the age range of 16 and 31. The children seem to respect him and do as he says. He works during the day at the recreation center, at least part time.

Living quarters are not crowded, at least in my opinion, as I have seen them much more crowdded. They all seem to sleep wherever they fall asleep; on the lanai, couch, floor, wherever.

Language seems to be a mixture of English and Hawaiian and the children follow directions fairly well. The children play most of the time in the house and their time seems to be all spare time. They play cards mostly, although the younger, K. seems always to be interrupting and demanding attention.

There seems to be no real exciting involvement in any of their lives except a volley ball league, which they evidently won first prize in. Several trophies for volley ball were in evidence. Apathy or indifference might suggest their attitudes toward institutions, with the exception possibly of Welfare, which seemed to be a concern of L.'s when she asked about our welfare program and told about the Hawaiians.

The question about society's mainstream is tough, in that it bears some sort of definition. Just who is societys mainstream? I would say from my perspective that L. and her family are a part of society, but not in the traffic pattern as such. They would be in a "holding pattern" it seems to me, waiting, waiting, waiting. They are very much like their neighbors, as to color, etc. and seem to share every kind of thing.

One of the things that hit me immediately, and never left me, was the smell of the place and the over-abundance of cockroaches. In the corner where the garbage can was placed, next to the refrigerator, the cockroaches were everywhere. I have to admit it was a little tough for me when the

any time you want to eat meal was at hand. I grew up in a "poor" home, much of the time untidy but I have never gotten used to cockroaches.

The diet consisted of what L. called Hawaiian stew, a stew like the one that I am used to back home, but over rice. Another dish of pork, potatoes, carrots, weeds, and rice were the other main dish we had, and they were cooked once, then you just ate until either it was all gone, no matter what time of the day.

The size of the families seemed to range from small families of 2 or 3 children to large families of 10 or 12 children, probably even larger. They seemed fairly indifferent to each other and indifferent to me, but very friendly to those they were in closest contact with.

Evidently there is medical care available because B. had broken her jaw in a swimming accident on Sunday and was at the hospital for X-rays and wiring. It seemed to be of little concern to her mother.

No one works. The general health seems to be great, and no one seems to be much worried about the future. In our discussions L. seemed to feel like she would be taken care of and had no cause to worry. Their values as to what it really takes to live well seem to be having enough food, a car that will get them to the beach and volley-ball practice, enough money to repair the Color TV and things of this nature. The family just does not seem to have any status needs.

Since this is a new experience for me only in that it is a different location, different ethnic population and this is the only time I have "Lived In", I have some feelings that might be shared.

The people I lived with are different from me, that is without question. However, they are in effect no better, no worse and I have to respect their way as being their way.

The only thing that bothers me about their situation is the fact that L. admits to being lazy, expects her welfare check each month as she has since 1963, and makes no attempt at being self-supporting. If she wants to live the way she does, it is really her privilege and is granted to her by our constitution, but I can not help from my little ivory tower of thinking; Why is it necessary for people to support those who are by their own recognition, lazy, unwilling to even look for work, and are even hostile to those who do support them by paying their taxes. In addition, of the many people that I have worked with who are on welfare,,without fail, they think very little of themselves.

I honestly hope that some day, there will be a difference in the kinds of welfare assistance. I know they are in the process of helping people to help themselves, but it seems long overdue. The L.M.'s of our society need to learn how to work for themselves, and learn how to gain some self-respect. Perhaps this is my middle-class hangup, but that is the way it is.

The experience of living in with a low-income family was good for me in that it did help me to realize, at very close quarters, what conditions the people that I have to deal with live with. I hope that it will make me a better, more understanding counselor.

A FOUR DAY LIVE IN EXPERIENCE

WITH A LOW INCOME MINORITY FAMILY

by Josephine Norton

My first meeting with J.A.M. was through a phone call which I made to her the evening before my live-in experience was to begin. While we were talking on the phone, I heard a great deal of commotion in the background; children laughing and screaming, a baby crying and a television blaring. I introduced myself to JA and asked her what time she would like me to arrive in the morning. She seemed very nonchalant as she told me, "It makes no difference to me - come any time you want but be sure to bring your ear plugs." She told me to call her from the pay-phone near Frankie's Drive-in in Waimanalo and she would give me directions to her home from there. After our conversation, I had many questions in my mind. What would the M. family be like? Would I fit in as a family member or would my four day experience be one filled with apprehension and a feeling of imposing? Would JA be open and talk to me or would it be an uncomfortable situation where I had to constantly be asking her questions about her family and their way of life?

Thursday morning when I called JA from the pay-phone, her greeting was "Where the hell have you been? I've been waiting for you all morning." I was told to drive down the road and look for two small blonde children and they would take me to their home. Instead of two children I was greeted by four who all stood staring at me as I parked my car and got out. JA was standing in the doorway of a fairly large green wood house. My first impression as I walked into the home was one of surprise. I had expected to see a run down place, sparsely furnished with old furniture. Instead I saw a very comfortable tidy living room with wood panelled walls and a dark green carpet on the floor. At one end of the room there was a round dinette table with four chairs around it. Against one wall was a large stereo console with a matching speaker beside it. Mounted on the wall above it was a modern stereo with two speakers on either side. In front of a large picture window, from which there was a beautiful view of the mountains, was a colored television. Against another wall there was a day bed covered

with a gold blanket. Two orange chairs, a baby high chair and a play pen were the remaining pieces of furniture in the room.

JA went directly to the kitchen and started taking fried chicken from a pan on the stove and putting it into a bowl, talking all the time. She told me about her family which consisted of her husband, L. , who is thirty-one years old; P. , six years old; L. and LA. , five year old twins; and T., eight months old. Also staying with her were her eight year old niece and her four year old brother, Anthony.

JA is twenty-four years old and has been married since she was sixteen. She and her husband are both Portugese. JA was born, raised and lived all her life in Waimanalo. L. was raised by his grand-parents in a rural area on the island of Hawaii. JA graduated from high school and her husband has had one year of college. For the past two and a half years, L. has been working as a line splicer for Hawaiian Telephone Company. His take home pay is approximately two hundred dollars every two weeks.

After dishing up four plates with rice and chicken, JA called the children in for lunch. It took several calls before they all arrived and we sat down to eat. JA talked almost constantly as she was feeding the baby. Her only interruptions were to yell at the children to keep eating or stop misbehaving. The children seemed to pay little attention to her frequent threats of "Shut your face or you're gonna get good licking."

When I asked JA whether she was going to eat or not she replied that she would eat later. She went on to explain that she used to weigh two hundred pounds and had lost about sixty pounds since T. was born.

After lunch I was taken on a tour of the house. I found out that almost all of the furniture and most of the clothes were from the dump. I apparently showed some surprise when JA told me this because she said "Ya don't believe me, do you?" Her brother-in-law works at the dump and whenever he sees anything useful for her family he brings it home for them. She seemed very proud of the fact that they could get such nice things free. Several times she and a friend would go down to the dump at night with flashlights looking for furniture or clothes.

I had to look in the closets of all three bedrooms to see the clothes and shoes. She wanted me to take notice of the "beautiful curtains" and "nice chest of drawers" in each room. "All from the dump, almost every-in the house", she explained. "We never could have such nice things if it weren't for the people from Kailua and Kaneohe who throw out these good things" she told me. I was truly amazed. I thought to myself, "How tremendous that people can take advantage of other peoples' rejects."

After the tour of the house I was taken on an outside tour. The M.'s home is at the end of a dead end road. Behind it runs a river over which there is a bridge which leads to L.'s Uncle S. home. He lives in a quonset hut owned by the state which, to me amazement, he leases for seven dollars and fifty cents per month on a month to month basis. The M.'s have a wild pig and two baby pigs, one wild and one tame, in a pen behind their home. L. bought the pigs as a money making investment. Beside the home there were piles of scrap metal, which JA explained, that her husband collects and sells to make money also.

,We crossed the river, the children following behind us, and I was introduced to geese, ducks, chickens, mountain goats, pigeons, parakeets, dogs, cats, rabbits, and a bull all owned by L.'s Uncle S. . All of the animals were kept in clean pens and cages. While Jo-Ann showed me around, the children played happily with the animals anxiously waiting for their mother to finish her tour so they could show me their special pet. The day before they had found a large turtle and they had him in a box on their Uncle's porch. While the children were playing with the turtle he snapped at them several times so JA decided that he had to go.

We then all got into the car for a trip down to the beach to put the turtle in the ocean. The children were noisy as they argued about who would get to put the turtle in the water. Frequently JA would scream at them or hit them trying to make them quiet down. She ended up throwing the turtle off the pier because the children were still arguing amongst themselves.

I then had a tour of Waimanalo starting with the low income area which consists of small concrete one story homes with good sized front

and back yards. The rent for these homes depends on the family income. JA was quick to explain that this was the "rough area" where not only the children, but also the parents fight constantly. We then drove through the farm area and JA pointed out the quonset hut where she lived as a child. We passed many beautiful gardens and when I remarked on them JA replied that they were owned mostly by the Japanese.

The next area we drove through was the Filipino Camp - a run down area with old homes crowded close together and many abandoned cars along the roads. These homes are leased from the state for seven dollars and fifty cents per month. I was told that this was an "unsafe" area because "it's loaded with dope."

After seeing the Filipino camp, we then drove to the Hawaiian homestead area. The land there is leased to Hawaiians for one dollar per year. The lots are very large and the homes vary in size and appear well kept. As we drove through these various areas JA talked constantly pointing out the homes of her friends and family. She seemed to know something about every person we passed on the road and she really enjoyed telling me about the personal lives of all the people. I got the impression that Waimanalo is quite a close knit community and everybody knows everybody elses business.

When we arrived back home, JA put the baby to bed and made coffee for us so we could sit down and "talk story" for a while. I began to wonder if she ever stopped talking. It was then that she started talking about haoles. Up to this point I had felt fairly comfortable with her as though I had been accepted. But when she once began on her feelings about haoles, she never stopped for an hour or more. I began to feel ill-at-ease and at that point wondered if I would be able to tolerate the full four days. She said "I hate most of all the damn haoles around here. They all have their nose in the air and walk around like they're better than us." She did differentiate between "mainland haoles" and "local haoles" however stating that "local haoles are just like us."

During our conversation she had several phone calls. Apparently all her friends knew about her having a teacher stay with her for four

days because one of the first things she said on the phone was "The teacher is here so I can't talk too long." Most of the callers must have asked my race because she would say "She's haole, but she's real nice." After a few of these statements I began to feel more comfortable. I got the impression that JA was prejudiced towards haoles she didn't know but she could easily become friends with one. Frequently when she would make statements about haoles she would say "Isn't that so?" or "Don't you agree" just as if I wasn't a haole myself.

The conversation then turned to the Japanese who she has quite strong feelings about also. She feels that they "all stick together and will back one another up no matter what. They don't care about any others except themselves. They are all rich because they don't share with anyone. They just help their own kind and no one else." She wanted me to agree with her which I didn't. I kept stressing that I judged the people I met here as individuals and didn't classify them according to their race. I thought we might get into an argument but she simply closed the conversation by saying "Well you haven't been here long enough to really know them. Just wait for a while and you'll see what I mean. I know because I've lived here all my life and I've never had one Japanese friend yet and I don't intend to."

After that the conversation turned to town gossip again and I got the rundown on all the neighbors. I heard much more over the next three days about the various pelple in town; where they worked, how bad their children were, who was "stuck up", who had money and who didn't, who spent their money foolishly, and how those "under welfare" lived better than others.

JA then started preparing dinner of canned corned beef mixed with tomato paste, rice and [illegible] beans. She called the children several times begore they responded. Once again during dinner she frequently screamed at the children to quiet down or start eating. She made many threats to them and frequently would reach over and pull their hair to get them to behave.

After dinner we did the dishes and JA mopped the floor. During my four day stay she frequently vacuumed the carpets, mopped the floors

and dusted the furniture. The house was very clean and as tidy as could be expected with so many small children around. The children were expected to pick up their toys and were punished if they didn't.

While the children watched television we sat and talked some more with JA doing most of the talking and the main topic being the people in town. Whenever the children would become a little noisy or start arguing, JA would hit them, pull their hair or start screaming at them. They would cry for a while but if it continued for more than a minute or so they would be hit again. She constantly made threats to them of "getting the belt." Eventually she did get the belt and used it freely on the boys until she finally sent them to bed crying. The children seemed to be begging for attention because they got out of bed several times asking simple questions and they were always spanked and put back in bed, sometimes thrown into it.

When the childredn finally went to sleep, JA sat down exhausted. She then ate for the first time since I had arrived. She said she frequently waits till the children are in bed before she takes timeout to eat. It seemed to me that her life was a vicious circle with the children. They would misbehave slightly and would be punished, everything would be quiet for a short time and then it would start all over again. Her day was filled with talking to the children but she seldom talked with them and never to my knowledge played with them.

For the next hour or so JA told me about L , her five year old boy who was "a problem." Apparently he had been seen by a psychologist at the Waimanalo Health Center last January on a routine check-up. She was advised to send him to pre-school because he seemed too attached to and dependant upon his twin sister. According to JA before he started school in March, he was a perfect child, "the best one in the family." She is convinced that school has done nothing but make him bad. He now is quite active whereas before he was very passive and quiet. JA feels that he has picked up bad habits from the other children in school. She said "he is so naughty that I have to give him lickings every day." She really seemed very concerned about L. , and feels that the best thing would be to take him out of school even though

the teachers advise against it. Frequently during my stay L. would come to his mother and start whining or tell her about the other children picking on him. Almost always he would be slapped and sent outside with the comment "Don't start again L. , I'm warning you, don't start again." He really seemed to be seeking his mother's attention and the only thing she gave him was punishment. However much he got he always came back for more. When the other children were hit good and hard they would settle down, but not Paul. I found him to be a delightful child who frequently would come up to me and start talking and telling me about what he did in school or what games he was playing or some new and interesting thing he had seen out in the field.

LR had called earlier in the day and told JA he would be working overtime. She said he ocassionally worked overtime whenever he had the chance because he was paid time and a half and they could use the money to catch up on their bills.

We went to bed about elewen o'clock and I had a lot to think about but I felt very tired even though I had done very little that day.

Friday morning I was awakened by L. at six o'clock. He wanted me to play cards with him so I got up but JA said he had to get ready for school. He started whinimg and was slapped a few times. I thought to myself "Does this go on all day. No wonder JA is so tired at the end of the day." After the children were dressed we all got in the car and took L. to school. From there, we went to the egg farm where JA bought two and a half dozen for one dollar and twenty-five cents. We came home and had breakfast of scrambled eggs and fruit punch.

The previous day JA had notised that LA ear was draining so she called the Waimanalo Health Center to see if she could bring her in. They said yes, so she packed all the children in the car and off we went. LA was examined by a doctor and given medicine within twenty minutes. I was impressed by the quick service and the friendly atmosphere of the clinic. JA gave me a tour of the health clinic and explained that even though they have Kaiser insurance they would rather use the free clinic services for medical and dental care.

After the clinic visit we all went to a jewelry party held in

a neighbor's garage. The party was attended by ten to twelve young mothers and there were several young children running all over. JA felt funny because she couldn't afford to buy any jewelry and said several times after we left: "We must be the talk of the town. I feel so shame going there with all these ladies who have money." All along I thought she wanted to go to the party but I found out she went just because she thought I would like it.

From there we drove to Kailua to do the grocery shopping at Holiday Mart. The previous day had been pay day for LR and JA always shops the day after pay day. She bought twenty-eight dollars worth of groceries which consisted mostly of canned goods and a few fresh fruits and vegetables. The children frequently asked for thins and she bought them cookies, popsicles, and gum. I noticed that she didn't take advantage of items on special and tended to buy the higher priced canned goods. She said shopping was very easy for her because she bought the exact same things every two weeks. She bought no canned or fresh meat or milk except for one can of evaporated milk which she uses for her coffee. During my four day stay I only saw the children drink milk one time. After every meal they drank either fruit punch or soda.

When we arrived home the children ate hot dog sandwiches, and then went out to play.

Another trainee and her host came over to visit in the afternoon. They mentioned the various places they had been and what they had been doing and where they were going out to eat. After they left, JA told me how bad she felt that she could not take me anyplace. She kept saying: "Your visit is going to be so dry compared to the rest. When you go back to the University and the professor asks you what you did you're not going to have nothing to tell him." She didn't realize how much I was learning just by observing her ordinary family life routine. She explained that the last time she and Leroy went out in Waikiki was one and one-half years ago and it cost them twenty dollars and set them back for weeks. She didn't seem to mind not going out, but felt bad because she couldn't take me places "like the other teachers."

The remainder of the afternoon was spent visiting with the neighbors who dropped in, mostly all Filipino people. All the visitors loved to talk about the various happenings in town and the time went by very fast.

Dinner consisted of canned salmon with tomatoe paste, rice, and canned beans. It was the same as the previous night, much bickering among the children and a lot of yelling from JA .

In the evening, JA's sister and her family came to visit and bring their daughter, IA , some clean clothes. I noticed quite a bit of hostility between JA and her sister. Later JA explained that she doesn't get along with her family. She feels they should do as they want and she should do as she wants and nobody should interfere.

LR had called earlier and said he was going to work overtime again. I began to wonder if he wasn't working late to avoid meeting me. JA hinted at this a few times herself. I had been there two days and I still had not seen him. He finally came home about nine thirty. We sat and talked for a couple of hours. He was a very pleasant, intelligent young man. In contrast to JA who spoke pidgin almost all the time, he spoke very good English. He frequently would correct JA or make fun of the way she said things. He talked a lot about his job and his children. I got the impression that he really loved his children but was very strict with them and would tolerate very little from them. JA had mentioned before that the children were afraid of their father and would jump when he talked to them.

Saturday morning I was again awakened by L. about six o'clock asking if it was time to go to the beach. I had told them the day before that I would take them all to the beach if it was a nice day. I had checked with JA and she said it was fine. We all got up and the children ate cereal for breakfast. LR was going out to pick up some parts from an abandoned car and asked the boys if they wanted to go with him. They said no they were going to the beach but L made them go with their father instead. I noticed

several times that she would promise to take the children some place and then change her mind later.

A Hawaiian girlfriend of JA's came over to have JA wash and set her hair for her. Her mother and brother came along also and we sat and talked for a few hours. Everyone seemed interested in meeting "the teacher."

Later in the morning, I went for a walk with LA and IE down to the river to catch tadpoles. The children loved to play outside and they had a large area to roam in free from busy streets and traffic.

When we got back home JA Uncle S was waiting to meet me I sat a listened to him "talk stories" for a long time.

In the afternoon, JA , LA , IE , T. , and I went to a neighbor child's birthday party. The boys were suppose to go but LR hadn't brought them home yet. There were several Hawaiian and Filipino mothers with numerous children at the party. There was a wide assortment of food and everyone enjoyed themselves: the children playing merrily outside and the mothers talking inside. Near the end of the party, LR dropped L and P off so they too got in on the festivities.

After the party we went visiting a neighbor who had picked up a wide assortment of clothing and materiel from the dump. There were several ladies looking over all the goods and buying various items for prices ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar.

JA then had to go home to comb her girlfriend's hair. LR meanwhile had been called into work again.

We then cleaned house while the children played outside. Then JA prepared dinner of chicken-noodle soup and peanut butter sandwiches.

A neighbor lady came over to visit and bring some of the left-over food from the party. She stayed for several hours and she and JA discussed all of the people who had been at the party.

The children were put to bed with tears because they were arguing and had been hit again.

After LR came home JA and I went to visit another host family and the trainee staying with her.

When we came home, JA kept trying to talk to LR while he was watching television. He either would not answer her or tell her to be quiet. She then started complaining that he never listens to her. He seemed to be able to tune her out very easily.

Sunday morning I was awakened again by L when he climbed into bed with me and told me not to go back to sleep because it was time to go to the beach. I was hoping that I would be able to take the children to the beach for sure because I had promised them before.

When we were dressed, JA and I went out to buy the newspaper for LR and some pastry for the children. The children were then given donuts and mangoes for breakfast. I noticed that there was much less bickering among the children when their father was home. They would sit down and eat and finish everything they were given. If they started to act up at all, one word from him would settle them down.

Later in the morning, JA , a neighbor and I went to the beach with the children. JA became very upset because L , who had wanted to go to the beach so badly, would not go in the water. She got very angry with him and took him by the arms and dragged him into the water. I felt sorry for him and wished that JA would leave him alone.

When we returned home, LR barbequed chicken which a neighbor had bought for JA at a special price. The children ate outside with their father and seemed to be very happy and content.

JA and I then went for a ride. She wanted to point out some more homes where her friends lived and tell me little stories about them. We also drove up to the Foremost Dairy and past the beach lots. It was getting close to five o'clock, the time I had told them I was going to leave. JA kept saying: "Do you think you saw enough?" "Maybe you should stay until tomorrow."

When we arrived home, she remarked: "I probably won't see you again for about two years. Aren't you going to sit down and talk with us for awhile?"

After another hour of listening to JA go on about the people of the town, I told her I had to go. It was hard to say goodbye to the children. They all wanted me to stay overnight again. I promised I would return to see them again.

As I was driving home, I went over all the happenings of the past four days. I felt that I really had learned a lot about the J.M. family and the people of Waimanalo. The M.'s are a very friendly, open family who make anyone feel welcome in their home. They enjoy life even though they have little money. I kept thinking of a statement that JA made as I was leaving: "You don't have to have money to be happy" and I found that to be true.

FOUR DAY LIVE-IN EXPERIENCE

by Molly Tani

Introduction

Two things happened when I arrived at Kuhio Park Terrace, to meet J. in the office of the Department of Social Services where she worked as a social worker aide. visiting homes of welfare recipients in that area and adjusting budgets as their conditions change.

First, in trying to find the office I stopped ask a man who had just come out of one wing of the building. He stepped into a State official car, so I assumed he was familiar with the place, he mumbled something which I couldn't understand, and then asked me if I was looking for housing.

Second, within a few seconds of our meeting, J. informed me that she and I were friends, not only for the duration of the visit but also for the time beyond.

These two incidents set the stage for the visitation. Whether or not there is any significance in their occurrence, I leave up to the reader to decide. As for me. I had a feeling of immediate acceptance by the environment where I would spend four interesting, though not entirely strange days.

The Home

The family lives in a housing unit located in Kalihi next to a busy street. It is near to schools, elementary and high; it is a block away from the main busline. Parking within the housing is limited, but it is always possible to find parking on the street.

I parked my car alongside the two story building where my Host family lived on the second floor. The first person I met was the father's niece, M. Introductions were casual: "M., this is Molly. She going stay with us." M., I found out, had not been told of my coming.

It was a spacious apartment, between 600 and 700 square feet in area. The front door opened to the kitchen. On one side was the usual array of appliances and cabinets: the refrigerator-freezer a stainless steel sink (the only housing unit which has this I was told), a small 4 burner gas range with oven. Above the sink hung a row of cabinets, closed and open, made of fine stained wood. On the other side of the kitchen was a metal dining table; no chairs. These were kept in a curtained nook - a pantry- large enough to hold four chairs, boxes besides shelves for canned food and other household items.

Beyond the kitchen was the living room. A sofa served to divide the two areas. The furniture: the two sectioned sofa. two matching chairs with zippered cushions, one occasional chair and a single bed size punee covered with a thin bordered cloth and pushed against the wall. Two step end tables completed the arrangement. The furniture was old wooden frame, cushioned

seat and back type - a variety very popular in pre-war Hawaii, lower class homes. At the top of the walls were laid tapa strips upon which were placed family photos (high up to keep young hand from reaching them, I suspect). The room opened out to a lanai, the only part of the apartment which was not kept clean; the family laundry was piled up at one end.

A hallway led to the two bedrooms and a bathroom. In each room there was an old double sized bed with springs laid low upon a wooden frame. In the children's room was kept a black and white portable TV set. In this room M., the niece, slept on the bed and the children on the floor. I noticed the table in this room and the one in the other were covered with a clean table cloth. The bathroom held a large bathtub. The small window was uncurtained and opened. The floors throughout were covered with various patterned linoleum, patched up with tape here and there to hold down town edges. The apartment was airy with excellent cross ventilation; it was clean and neat. Yet, nothing and nobody kept the little cockroaches from running around freely. And there were quite a few.

For me, J. and her husband gave up their bedroom. They insisted on it. The first night I was there the husband slept on the single punee and J. slept on the floor. I didn't feel too bad about it later when it turned out that one or the other or both frequently did not sleep at home.

The Family

The family was made up of the father, age 28; mother, 26; daughter I., 7½; daughter N., 5; son , A., 2½; the father's niece, M. 18, completed the group.

Identity, Values, Aspirations, Religion

Very definitely this family identifies itself as Samoan. Frequently explanations to me were prefaced with "in Samoan culture we (believe, think do) ...."

Both Samoan and English were spoken, with Samoan predominating. There is a constant flow of Samoan with very few words of English when the adults speak to each other. English is used with their children, although Samoan also is used more. I noticed that when the children spoke to me (in English of course) they spoke no differently than the local children of Hawaiian or Oriental backgrounds.

On the first day J. took me to her best friends home in the Waikiki "jungle" area. We stayed there all afternoon leaving after an early dinner because S. mother of 10 children ranging in age from 8 months to 17 years, had to go to work in the pineapple cannery. Her husband, only recently arrived from Samoa took care of the children, but that did not mean he stayed home every night. He later told me that he would go out after the children were asleep.

All afternoon there was a constant flow of Samoan. The children sat with eyes glued to the TV set. (They were still primarily because they had been circumcized.)? (This family had 9 boys and one girl). Large families,

10 to 15 children are not uncommon I learned.) S., in her middle thirties, tired looking, fixed dinner: fried chicken, beef with vegetable (celery carrots, onions), the latter an adaptation of a Chinese dish, and reflecting the Chinese influence in Western Samoa from where she comes, and of course the inevitable boiled green bananas. She fed the children first, her husband supervising their eating. A child dropped his plate on the floor, making a mess; the father quietly wiped it up, all the time speaking softly in Samoan. The children continued eating.

There was a complete absence of tension. In this family the mother seemed to be the focal point. I think that in these two families the woman are the stronger and the more stable member. (And probably the more intelligent)

I asked S., why she had come to Hawaii with her large brood. She replied, as J., too, was to later tell me, "It's for the children. They can get a better education here than in Samoa."

Education to these two families is very important. When I asked how much education, the reply was, "Maybe college, if the children want." I felt that the parents want them to go to college, but at the same time they would accept whatever the child decided. There would be no "forcing," as many local oriental students I have talked with say is true in their case.

Someday, when the children are educated, these parents expect to go back to Samoa to live. They have their land, their home. They want to be Samoan completely and only in their native land can they be. So they feel.

At the same time, J.'s husband is going to the mainland presumably to accompany their chief who is going there to bring back a new minister for their congregation. But this young father plans to look about, and if he likes the place, he plans to stay there to work. Later, he will send for his family.

These Samoans, I feel, sincerely desire and believe they will return home. But from what indications I have noted above, they may not make it. Then, too, time may well sweep them into the American way of life, and growing accustomed to it, they may not want to leave. Which is what has happedned to other immigrants of other ethnic groups.

There is a difference, however, between the Samoan immigrant and the Oriental immigrant in their reasons for staying. The oriental thought in terms of making enough money to return to the native country so that they would be able to live well there. The Samoan, on the other hand, doesn't seem to think that making money is the prime factor. Not once did I hear mention of money in this context.

Money, however, was mentioned in another way. J., her husband informed me, is a spendthrift. She, on the other hand, says he is stingy, and she attributes this to the fact that he is half Chinese. I had an opportunity to observe her on a marketing trip. We went to Aala Market on Saturday. J. wanted to buy some things for Father's Day. I followed her. First she went

by at a grocer's to price some bananas. It was 26 cents a pound. They she stopped by at a fish stand and talked for a while to the two ladies there about there children. Then she went to visit the meat man to chat a while, not buying anything. Finally she went to a fruit stand and there she saw green bananas on sale for 20 cents a pound. "See, " she said. "over here cheaper." This obviously was her regular grocer for, upon seeing her, the owner gave her a bagful of Hayden mangoes. J. made it a point to tell me that he was giving it to her. And she made a fuss over the man and his generosity. Which, needless to say pleased him no end. On her trip back to the car, she stopped at the fish stand again and bought 2 akule, 3 weke.

It seems to me that J., is a careful buyer. She doesn't skimp; she buys what she wants but she is selective. Later, she asked me to drive her to the lei stand on Maunakea Street. She was regular customer there for the lady seller knew her. J. bought a white carnation lei to give her husband on Father's Day and paid $3.00 for it. Nowadays if you can buy such a lei for $7.00 you can consider it a good buy, especially on special days.

Both J. and her husband dress well: she in her new looking muumus and Samoan dress, he in his many good quality Aloha shirts. There was one on the wash line with an Andrade label, and anybody who knows men's store knows that Andrade is far removed from the store of the Sears variety.

The children delight in changing clothes, they do it so often, sometimes three times a day. It may be attributed to the Samoan love for personal cleanliness. One day the children bathed two times a day. I saw them bathing before lunch and I asked "why?" J. looked at me as if I was stupid. "They're going to take a nap." she said matter of factly. "Are they going to bathe at night, too?" I asked. "Of course." was the answer. But the next day the same thing did not happen. So whichever happens, I guess they are guided by something they understand perfectly and I don't.

The week I was with the family was Bible study week for the niece and the children. During the day the children went to nursery school or to the elementary school. M. went to Farrington High School to take one course in English in preparation to entering the eleventh grade in September. The Reverend of the Assembly of God Church came for them at 6 P.M. every evening in a bus and returned them home at 9:00. Even the baby, A. went.

The children loved to sing the songs they learned in church. There was one they especially loved, "Deep and Wide, There's a fountain somewhere deep and wide." and one other which had them shouting "Amen" after each line.

The children attended one church, the parents another: the Waimanalo Methodist Church. In Samoa, the niece said she went to the LMS - the London Missionary Society church, in Western Samoa.

The father was the only one who prayed when he sat down to eat. The children usually sat on the floor and ate (a matter of convenience) and while they ate the father would sit and, without waiting for anyone else to join him, would say his prayer and then start to eat. Meals came close to the time set in most American households, that is three times a day, breakfast, lunch

and dinner. But the children ate whenever they were hungry, at any time during the day. They also were allowed a quarter each day to buy anything wanted when the wagon came. Usually they bought candy Not once did the parents or the niece who supervised them a good part of the day say anthing about their eating habits.

With all this laxity about eating the children's teeth seemed free of decay. The niece made sure they brushed their teeth when they got up in the morning and before going to bed at night.

After listening to the Father talk about the meaning of religion to the Samoan, I feel that religion is really an extension of their way of life. To the Samoans it is important to get together with others; this is the way they live in their village. Each village has its own chief who talks over their future of the people, and in this way peace and harmony is assured. I met a chief to whom the father went to be massaged for an illness he said the modern doctor could find no cause. He greeted me warmly. Though he spoke very little English, I felt he was "sizing" me up quite thoroughly. He started to massage the Father. Sitting on the mat on the floor Japanese style became a little tiring so I sat with my legs folded before me, something no respectable Japanese woman would do. No sooner did I do this than the chief looked up, delighted that I could sit "Samoan style." "Many people cannot do," he told me. "You sit just like Samoan." I think it was intended to be a compliment.

Soon, two old ladies came in. There is no invitation, I was later told. People come in anytime. Once the women burst out laughing. They seemed quite pleased over something. On the way home, the Father explained to me that the chief had just said something to them in high-flown language which flattered them because such talk is reserved for important dignitaries. All of which leads me to believe that the Samoan intense personal relationship which serves to heighten each other's happiness is the most important thing in life.

Relationship within Family, with Others

I think I spent more time with M. in the apartment than with any other member of the household. She seemed to enjoy having someone there with her besides the children. She kept on saying "I don't want you to go. Stay, stay." M. never went out with friends; in fact, she didn't really have one. Perhaps it was because she has been in Hawaii only about five months. Sometime she would say she was not permitted to call anyone, not even a girl she met at school and likes.

M. did all the housework. She did the cooking, the cleaning, the washing, the ironing, the bathing and caring for the children. With both parents absent, she was in truth in loco parentis. When the parents were present, M. retired in the background where disciplining the children was concerned.

In her relationship with her aunt she was subservient. She listened and obeyed. With her uncle she willingly obeyed because as she said he was the brother of her mother and must do everything he said. She expressed some resentment against her aunt. Once she told me that her aunt opens her letters, even those from her own mother. Then she turned to me and asked, "That's not good, yeah?" I answered, "What do you think?" Thoughtfully she said, "Not good."

It isn't that Julia doesn't appreciate what M. is doing for her family, and for herself in particular. She tells other people what a good girl, M. is and how hard she works at home. I doubt that she tells M. any of this. Several times I have interpreted J.'s talking to m. as chastizing her. The scolding is done so softly in that language so full of liquid vowel sounds that I could not tell the severity. At such times I could only watch M.'s face to guess how she felt. She seemed pained at times, but she never argued.

With the children, M. was a strict disciplinarian, when the children were not around. She would scold, command, and occasionally would use a soft dress belt on them.

The parents kept a tight rein on the children's behavior and activities. At the same time they showed their affection, not so much in outward display but in their manner of speaking. Strict though their demands on behavior, the parents are able to leave them in the care of the niece all day and all night.

Many times I saw the mother scold a child and then the next moment console her - all done in soft spoken Samoan. The father's way was different. When a disagreement arose between the two girls he would call them together and talk to them in Samoan. When the girls started to speak in English he would caution them to use Samoan. Then he would address the younger girl and tell her, "Do not be tricky to her (meaning the older sister)." And he calmly would tell her he will give her his belt if she doesn't do as he says. (All this was explained to me by the father later). When a child was especially restless, running and jumping around, he would point to a chair and say, "Nofa lalo," meaning "go, sit down."

Strict supervision of the children extended everywhere they went. Never would a child be allowed to go anywhere unless an adult went along. Not even to the playground area in the housing, which could clearly be seen from the kitchen window.

J. was very critical of the "local people's way," of bringing up their children. "They let the children do anything they want," she said.

Despite the constant disciplining that went on, there was a feeling of unity and love in the family group. Several times I saw the parents sitting in the living room watching the baby, A., strut around, singing or saying something in Samoan. Once J. described this scene to me thus: "When somebody new comes in the house, A. want to show he is proud." I think he would do it even when no one new is around.

When both parents are present and one parent scolds a child, the other stays out of the way. One day little A. offended his father and was scolded for it. He ran crying to his mother who nuzzled him and made a loving sound but did not say a word. Then she said, "Go to Daddy."

In their manner of treating their children the Samoans seem to show a strong similarity to the Japanese. When I mentioned this to the parents, they indicated they were quite aware of it.

It is obvious by now that this Family has a built in togetherness with other Samoans who are like them. With those who are not, that is, those who have drifted far from traditional customs they feel no such closeness or even much sympathy for them. J. several times indicated these thoughts in conversation with me, dismissing "such Samoans" with a tinge of disdain. There is a next door neighbor who is put in this category. The mother is a working woman with her own little business working hard to support a family which at the moment means one 21 year old daughter who is not working. This daughter does not speak Samoan; she is American in her ways, so says J. On top of that she is a glue sniffer, which fact, I think, offends J. and her husband more than anything else. There is also a kind of social battle, of "keeping up with the Joneses" as J. sees it. The Family bought a Volkswagon bus, brand new, and according to J., the girl next door has been eyeing it with envy, not for the bus but for the fact that they were able to buy it.

With her co-workers, all island born, J. gets along splendidly. I went to a staff party with her held at her supervisor's home in St. Louis Heights. J.'s husband drove us there, but he refused to go along with us. He preferred to wait in the bus. The supervisor's husband, apprised of the situation by J., persuaded him to come to the party. He sat around for a while uncomfortably, so J. asked the hostess if it was all right with her if he could go. He left. Later he picked us up.

A LIVE IN EXPERIENCE

by Ilima Williams

THE ASSIGNMENT

With apprehension and a little fear of the unknown, I ventured to Kuhio Park Terrace to rendezvous at 12 o'clock noon with "my family" for four days of a live-in experience. I wasn't going into unfamiliar territory. By this I mean that everyday as I drive from my home in Kalihi valley one can't miss the looming, towering masses of what is the high rises of Kuhio Park Terrace. KPT, dubbed by neighbors as the "Ilikai of Kalihi". My mother lives almost in the shadow of Building A.

I had grown up in Kalihi, in the very same house that sits in the shadow of Kuhio Park Terrace. I attended Kalihi-Waena School as a youngster, next door to Kuhio Park Terrace and had never once set foot into the high rises. My closest contact with KPT was to observe classes at Linapuni Elementary School as a graduate student.

Before arriving at KPT, I debated taking my car and parking it there for four da-s. I almost planned to drive my husband's vehicle because it looked older and was an economy model. At last I decided that I was really making way out assumptions and the newspaper notoriety could be slanted andcharged with sensationalism. I decided to drive and park my car. The challenge felt exciting.

F- had been included in our pre-live in discussion groups so he was not a stranger to me. I left my home, two minutes drive from Kuhio Park Terrace and began my four dayslive in experience.

THE EXPERIENCE

F- and P- live on the 16th floor of the high rise building A. I parked my car close to the front entrance of the building. The parking lot seemed fairly empty. I carried a package of apples and mangoes to give to my family. The grounds surrounding the building was littered with paper, clothing, and empty soda cans. I know I reacted by saying, "What a mess."

Looking up to the building I then realized that the building looked in need of a good paint job. The face of the building seemed as if it was thoroughly worn out. The lobby consists of lines of mail boxes and several bulletin boards announcing counseling services, a Dick Jensen benefit show (outdated), various notices about things to sell and job announcements. What couldn't be placed under the locked glass enclosed bulletin boards, were scotch taped at various places around the perimeter of the boards. Graffiti was scattered on walls with various colors of spray can paint.

I pressed the elevator call button and waited for two elevators to make their journey to the lobby area. People gathered to wait with me. One elevator seemed detained at the eighth floor so we boarded the other. Although the elevator was filled, no one talked. I noticed that even the children remained quiet. I suspected that they knew that a stranger was in their midst.

I arrived at the 16th floor. This is next to the last floor in the building. I didn't know what to expect as I stepped off the elevator but what a mixed emotion.

There was a big water puddle in front of the elevator, the results of the recent rains, and someone had mixed disinfectant in the water. The odor

of disinfectant was very noticeable . How strange, I thought, not to have swept the water to the lanai and out the drain holes I could see. The water remained for the rest of the day and was gone when we returned home Friday afternoon. This puddle and the velocity of the wind at that height was soon wiped from my mind as I maneuvered down one wing with the most magnificent view of the mountains toward Kalihi valley, Pearl Harbor and the ocean, the city and more mountains toward Punchbowl and Diamond Head. This was truly magnificent. The drabbiness of this man made edifice with its multitude of people faded from my focus as I reacted physically and emotionally with all this granduer that hits your eyes.

"How beautiful, how beautiful".

Well, down to business. Find Apartment 1617. There are three wings to chose from with approximately six apartments on each wing. The first wing I followed were below 17 so I returned to try the wing directly facing the elevator. No one was on the lanais and no passengers got off on the same floor as I did. So I explored instead of asking directions.

I'm usually not afraid of heights and the view looking over the railings had dazzled my brain so I was not really aware of the height. I noticed that I kept my eyes elevated about eye level and didn't venture near the railings. I decided to challenge this height and looked down over the edge of the railing (which is of solid brick). My stomach took a leap then settled down as I adjusted by eyes to the depth below. This was to be the first and the last time in my four day live-in that my body would react to the height. I had adjusted.

I proceeded down the lanai to the M-'s apartment. They lived near

the last apartment, just before the stairwell. I knocked and waited. I could hear voices inside and hoped that the family was ready for me.

After what seemed to me a long time, F- opened the door and asked me in. He works from 11pm to 7am at the Ala Moana Hotel as a Supervisor of security personnel. He was lying down resting when he heard my knock. K-, his two year old was home with him for the day and P- his wife was in a training session for the staff of the Parent Child Center of the Kuhio Park Terrace. This training was to be conducted as workshop sessions for the entire week. F- told me that his other two children, E-, a girl of five and F-Jr., a boy of four were at the Family Services School, a summer school for children in the community.

As I walked into the M-'s apartment, I was immediately struck with the fact that this was an attractive, clean, neat and comfortable place. P- had decorated her living room with bouquets of artificial flowers which gave the room a warm refreshing look. She collects ceramic figurines and had these displayed on shelves along with the flower arrangements. There was a carved Samoan Canoe hanging on a wall above the sofa. The other wall had two large brass embossed hangings. The kitchen cabinets were covered with colorful pictures of food.

The television was on and the afternoon soapbox operas were in progress. There was a room size rug on the living room floor, 3 armed chairs and a sofa arranged around the room facing the T.V. set, giving one the impression that he could view television from any spot in the room.

F- is of Samoan descent, about in his thirties. He is soft-spoken and says very little. The conversation was sparked by periods of silence then a question. The questions are answered precisely and to the point. Verbalizing is at a minimum. With K-. the two year old boy, it is "K- no do that". Repeated several times as the child continues

with what he is doing. F- does not scold and did not spank the child for not listening to him. K- can barely pronounce words. He uses syllables sounds for words. Daddy is "Dah- e". K- insisted on acting out for my benefit. He removed the pillows from the sofa to stack them on the floor. Then he jumped form the sofa to the pillows sometimes bouncing on the top of the stack and sometimes off the stack, rolling to the floor. He never once hit the floor hard enough to be hurt. F- sat talking to me, interjecting, "K- put that back." "K- scha-a-a, no do that." At one time when K- ran out of the room to use the toilet, F- replaced all the pillows only to have K- return and continue with his game.

P-'s brother dropped into the apartment for about an hour. He had his year and half old son with him. The Parent Child Center preschool was closed for this week and Ku-'s (P-'s brother) wife was also with the workshop for staff this week. Both children would normally be included in the preschool program for the day, along with the mothers.

Ku- is a part Hawaiian, and is with the Armed Services. He is an instructor in butchering and expects to be reassigned to San Diego sometime in August. His family include his wife, a three year old daughter and the one and a half year old son. He is P-'s younger brother. Ku- talked about his apprehension about moving into Kuhio Park Terrace. He said the repurtation is worst than the actual living facilitips. He liked living in K P T. We chatted for about an hour. Ku- was very interested in our live in experience program and really verbalized his feelings and opinions. He got up to leave for a few minutes saying, "I'll be back in a few minutes." He left his son and the two children played as if they had spent much time together. While we sat and talked, the children seemed apprehensive that I was there.

F- got up to cook rice. He said my coming was good because the

house was finally cleaned. It seemed almost like being at home and I couldn't help but reflect that I do the same thing, too.

P- came home about three o'clock. She had her arms full of ukuleles and explained that their workshop was on Hawaiiana this day. "I have to change clothes", she said and went immediately to the bedroom to put on shorts and a shirt. She returned to the living room and sat down next to me. P- is in her late twenties, part Hawaiian, heavy set woman. She is highly verbal and carried out a converation quite opposit to F-'s life style. It was easy to determine that P- sets the pace in this family.

P- is on staff with the Parent Child Center and advises fifty families in the building. This week, she has attended workshop training sessions with the staff of the P.C.C. and had just completed a unit on Hawaiiana, going to the Bishop Museum and having lunch at the training director's home, and having a singing fest following the luncheon.

P- comes from a family of ten children. Her mother lives in Hilo and she has "hanai" P-'s youngest child, who is an eleven month old boy. P- says, "No more children, I had myself fixed".

While we were talking, F- was busy in the kitchen cooking supper. He had cooked rice, pork chops with gravy, and served canned peas and carrots mixed with mayonaise. We ate early because I was to bowl at six o'clock that evening. We ate at the kitchen table. K- had fallen asleep on the sofa after his mother came home. The other two children were to be picked up at five thirty. After dinner F- had fallen asleep on the chair with a cigarette still burning in his hand. He was scheduled to work that night. P- shook him awake and he went to sleep in the bedroom.

P- left the apartment with me and I dropped her off at the Family Service School to pick up the other two children. She was planning a committee meeting, with other mothers of the P.C.C. to prepare for the father's dinner scheduled for Friday night. P- warned me to park my car under the lights in the parking lot and below the apartment so that we could step out to the lanai to watch it. Their car had been shot by a sniper's bullet and she needed to replace the windshield within thirty days.

The meeting was still in session when I returned that evening. I was introduced all the way around the "Apartment". The "Apartment" was a living unit similar to other apartments in the building. The only difference was that this area was used for the infants. As parents worked with the P.C.C. their young children could be cared for by several mothers, assigned to the "Apartment". I understand that the infants may be left in the "Apartment" when mothers needed to run errands for the day. The three bedrooms were filled with cribs in one, toys in another and a testing room (more toys to check physical manipulation, dexterity, and color discrimination of the young children.

The living room was carpeted and some children and parents sat on the floor. All removed shoes before entering the living room. Some parents were in the kitchen cleaning up coffee cups and the snacks used during the evening meeting. The faces of the people I met were to become familiar as they participated actively in the P.C.C. program.

The meeting broke up at about nine thirty and the "Apartment" was cleaned. The women and children dispursed and we moved on home.

Wait for the elevator, then on up to the apartment. The children were still up, they had bathed before supperand had eaten. Because I

was a stranger to the other two children, K-, the two year old, played host and tried to tell them all about me. E- is a five year old girl, with bright black eyes and she verbalizes constantly. She is ready with questions and supplies answers, keeping up a steady conversation. P- keeps saying, "Oh, E-, hush." This does not affect E- and she catches her breath and continues.

F-Jr. is named after his father, he is quiet and has mannerisms much like his father. He appears shy and reticent. He keeps his distance from me.

We sit to watch T.V. for a time, while P- outlines the next day's events. We have to catch the "Bus" at seven forty-five in the morning. We are expected at Leeward Community College for creative dramatics at eight thirty. The children are to be picked picked up by bus for school at seven thirty. K- will stay home with his father.

F- gets up, dresses and leaves for his job at the Ala Moana Hotel. P- is trying to encourage the children to go to bed. They retrat into the bedroom but keep coming out at different intervals to check on the "Stranger". Finally P- goes into the bedroom to lie down with them.

I go take a shower and then to bed.

The room assigned to me looks as if it is the Master bedroom. There is a double bed and a baby's crib in the room. When showing me the room, P- apologizes because there are no blankets available. The children had wet the blankets and they have to be washed. She gives me a sheet to use as a blanket.

The bathroom has a shower stall and bath tub combination. The dirty clothes hamper is under the wash basin and it looks almost filled with soiled clothing. The cockroaches scatter as I turn on the light. It seems

strange because I don't remember seeing any in the kitchen or living room during the day. They were only in the bathroom. I showered and changed for bed. P- was still with the children. The T.V. was still on and I went to bed.

The bed is comfortable, the room is airy even if the windows are closed. The traffic from the freeway can be heard in a louder pitch in the bedroom than in the living room. I remember how quiet it had seemed at two o'clock that afternoon. I remarked to the men at that time how quiet it was in the apartment. I was told by F- and Ku- that this wasn't pay day and I should be around for that time, then see how quiet it was.

The T.V. was still on. Is P- still watching it? I doze then sleep. Sometime during the morning I could hear the T.V. Was it still on?

FRIDAY:

Close to six o'clock someone was taking a shower. I opened my eyes and remembered where I was. The shower was going and the T.V. also.

I climbed out of bed and dressed hurriedly. I could hear P- in the kitchen. She was ironing. The children were still asleep. I sat down to breakfast of three eggs and vienne sausage. I don't usually eat this much but I felt hungry, so I finished what was on my plate. P- aroused E_ and F-Jr. They dragged out of the bedroom protesting because they were sleepy. P- let them fuss while she collected their clothing and tried to dress them. She called E- first and had her dressed with shoes and socks. E- seemed more awake but said she wasn't going to school that day. F-Jr. was harder to catch. P- dressed him even when he said he was sleepy and didn't want to go to school. Rather than pay attention to the children or argue with them, P- ignores their whining, dresses them and then dashes off to the bedroom to change herself. She moves quickly and returns before the children realize she is not in the living room. By this time the two older children want breakfast because K- is up wanting his breakfast. P- says, " You going have breakfast at school". " I no like breakfast at school", E- answers. F-Jr. echos her so P- cooks eggs and sausages for the children. She checks the clock and says F- is late this morning. As soon as she says that F- comes in the door and everyone is up and out, leaving K- at home with his father.

We wait for the elevator, board it when it arrives and head for the ground floor. The children run to catch the bus, a ford, twelve passenger van. We proceeded to the direction of the "Apartment". The professional staff of the P.C.C. was arriving. Introductions were made all around with more names and faces to remember. We milled around in the office

drinking coffee and waiting to board the buses. We had three buses, loaded ourselves in and were on our way to Leeward Community College for a workshop in creative dramatics.

The creative dramatics consisted of several exercises conducted by Doug Kaya, drama instructor for Leeward Community College. The group was made up of professionals and non-professionsal residents of KPT. Everyone participated with enthusiasm. The time passed quickly with much friendliness and congenial group participation. The humor was spontaneous and interjected into every activity. I couldn't distinguish between "regular" staff and the residents on staff.

We broke for lunch and returned to eat in the classroom. The afternoon portion consisted of small groups (six each) whose job it was to evaluate the workshops conducted during the week. One valuable point made in our group was by a resident who asked if the staff and residents could participate more often in workshops. She also asked that the professional staff plan activities that the residents feel they need. The example she used concerned crafts class. J- said, "We ask for specific crafts to make but the instructor puts us off by saying we don't have time for that or else she says she has other things planned". "You want us to be independent", she continued, "but you still do almost everything for us". "Let us plan with you and work out the activities together. Don't do everything for us, let us do some things for ourselves."

Each group then shared what they had discussed. All groups agreed that more activities between staff and residents was needed.

At two forty-five we board the buses again to return home to KPT. The drive was fairly quiet with not much conversation. We had mostly residents in our bus and one passenger commented on this.

P- and I went directly to her apartment to change clothes and then down to the "Apartment" to prepare for the Father's Day dinner. Mothers were cooking the long rice and chicken, cutting tomatoes for lomi lomi salmon and wrapping key chains for little gifts for the fathers. While we wrapped the gifts, I could sense an air of apprehension. How many fathers were coming? Only one showed up last year and he didn't stay. He knew he was the only one so he left to go home. The committee working there knew that their husbands were coming (seven mothers). Fifty families are involved in the P.C.C. program.

"Did you call _____ and find out if he is coming?" The conversation contijued along this line.

"Who's going to mix the poi?"
" Is the menu set?"
"Where's the raw fish."

The pace of the entire day was tiring for me and so when someone was needed to carry the raw fish up to the 15th floor for preparation, I volunteered. I said I would deliver the fish and go home to lie down for a while.

I took the fish upstairs to the 15th floor and then walked up the stairs to the 16th floor. I crawled on the bed and closed by eyes. My last thoughts before dozing were that it seemed so much noisier today. I could hear the traffic on the freeway and the kids seemed louder in the playground. I could hear the whistle from the swimming pool area and the lifeguard shouting. I still fell asleep.

When I awoke, it was almost six. The door was jarred opened, it was E-. She wanted to be sure I was still there. "Close that door, E- ," her mother shouted. "Bang." The door closed with a jar. I was awake.

Remind me to slip the lock, I said to myself as I roused myself and went to join the family. P- was hustling the children to take their bath. F- was up and dressed and slipped out the door without a word. I just remembered that I hadn't seen him since this morning as he was coming home and we were leaving.

The children were bathed and dressed in shorts and shirts. P- disappeared out the door with the children. She was taking them to her brother's for the night. P- returned and gd dressed for the Father's Party. F- came back with dinner for P- and me from the drive in . Teriyaki with rice for P- and me and Hamburgers for the children.

We ate hurriedly and went to the "Apartment" to set up the meal for the fathers. The room had been decorated with flowers and the meal was set up for a buffet style dinner.

The fathers arrived and were greeted with leis the children had made. Each father was given a gift and the women left to go down the hallway to wait in the P.C.C. office. It was an acknowledged fact that the men were allowed to continue their festivities by going out after the meal. They clustered in little groups and decided to attend a military club--stag.

As soon as the fathers were off, the mothers moved in to clean up after them. The clean up consisted of eating what was left over and then dividing the leftovers amongst the families to be taken home.

We had our packages so we proceeded to pick up the children in Ku-'s apartment. We sat and visited for about fifteen minutes then with two sleepy, fussing children we headed home.

The children went directly to bed and P- and I sat up watching T.V. I couldn't make it pass eleven o'clock so bathed and went to bed. I could hear P- with the T.V. on when I fell asleep.

SATURDAY:

I got up at 7 o'clock and stayed in bed working on my notes until I heard P- moving about. The children were up and she was making breakfast for them.

I left the home to bowl and when I returned P- had the house straightened up. The dishes were washed and she had her shopping cart filled with laundry. She was going down stairs to do her laundry.

P- had her clothes in a large shopping cart. Probably "borrowed" from some supermarket. She was able to carry all her clothes, soap and one child in this cart. She pushed the cart to the elevator, down to the laundromat, located on the ground floor of the building and filled five washing machines with clothes. P- said she was lucky to be at the laundry at the time when it was not corwded. Sometimes she has been to the laundry at midnight. Two teenaged girls were busily folding what appeared to be the laundry for the entire family. Each had a cart similar to P-'s and were loading the dried clothes in the cart. They returned to the table and folded the clothes and stacked them back into the cart. When they finished they rolled the cart to the elevator and went home. P- remarked how she could hardly wait until E- was old enough to do the laundry.

In the meanwhile, the children were running in and out of the laundry room. Out to play in the lobby area, to the back of the building on the grass. Then rushing in to get money because the vending wagons were out in front. They each bought a bag of potato chips. I went to sit on the benches in the lobby area. People from the building come and go. Two women, with their children, sat and visited for the length of time I was there. They didn't look as if they were meeting anyone, just

passing the time away.

The hour and a half passed quickly and we went home with our basket of clean clothes. P- rolled the basket into the hallway closet, not even unpacking the clothes. The dresses and shirts were hung up in the bedroom closet.

The laundry being taken care of P- prepared the left over foods from the fathers' party for lunch. We ate raw fish, limu, long rice, poi, lomi lomi salmon and hot dogs. The children ate everything with relish. We had mangoes for dessert.

P- said that her husband had returned home from the night out with the boys at about four a.m. He was still sleeping at two pm. P- dressed the children again. We were going out to buy flowers to decorate her father's grave. By the time she was prepared to leave, F-Jr. had fallen asleep so she left him home with her husband.

Again the elevator to the car. The M-s own a Mustang and with the vivid description of the snipers bullet one could not miss the hole on the driver's side of the damaged windshield. P- said she had been stopped and given a ticket for the bad window. She was planning to have it changed by next week.

We drove to Kapalama GEM. We entered the food section and P- began to pick out her groceries. She had no shopping cart, so she sent E-, age 5,to get a cart. We waited and waited. I decided to followup the child and didn't see her at all. I was returning with a cart when the children greeted me halfway to say that E- had the cart. I didn't think she could do it.

We picked up flowers from GEM's and went to a graveyard near Diamond Head. When we arrived P- cleaned the headstone of cut grass and dried leaves. Her father had passed away two years ago and as

she described him, I was reminded of my own father. A light rain began to fall and we dashed to the car to get out of the drizzle.

We drove to Makiki to visit a friend and to check her mango trees. Since no one was home, we continued on to Papakolea, to see her sister and to return the ukuleles borrowed from Wednesday's workshop. No one home here so on to Liliha for pastries and then home.

When we arrived home F-Jr. and his father were up watching T.V. The other children were tired and nagged in crying voices. They were bathed, E- crying all the time, then dressed for bed. The children watched T.V. and E- fell asleep on the sofa.

P- cooked canned luncheon meat, mashed potatoes, canned vegetables and we drank an orange drink for dinner. I was still stuffed from the late lunch. The children were set up on the coffee table in the living room with newspaper spread under them. The dishes were stacked in the sink and everyone sat around watching T.V. F- took the children to the bedroom and was soon asleep with them.

J-, a neighbor and fellow worker in P.C.C. arrived about nine p.m. She was out shopping with another neighbor that day. J- stayed and we visited. P- served the pie and coke to us. They chatted about the father's party and the events of the previous week. J- serves as President of the Advisory Council of the Parent Child Center. By eleven o'clock I was feeling the effects of the long day and the fast pace of P-'s activities. I begged goodnight, bathed and literally dropped into bed. I didn't notice the freeway traffic --- I was gone.

SUNDAY:

I awoke before the household and read my book until I heard the children stirring. P- had made the mistake of sleeping out on the sofa so that the children would not let her sleep for very long.

P- had planned to attend church this morning. I told her that I would like to go home to change because I didn't have church clothes with me. I would be back at nine forty five and we would go to church. This time as I went down in the elevator, someone had either wet his pants or deliberately used the elevator as a toilet. It reeked of urine. Most of the stairwells had had this same odor.

I returned as prearranged and P- was dressed. She left the two boys at home with their father. P- is a Mormon and F- belonged to his Samoan Congregationalist Church. He seldom attends church. P-'s church is located near Punchbowl, her childhood home. She had graduated from Roosevelt High School.

We were greeted at the church by P-'s sister and introduced to all the members of the congragation. I was impressed by the number of Hawaiian people who attended this church. They were friendly and made us feel welcomed. I found it hard explaining why I was with P-. Finally an Aunt spent a little more time with us and I could explain what this live-in experience entailed.

"Oh", she said, "that's just like E---." She called another woman over and introduced her telling us that her sister was also in the program. This certainly was a small world.

As we drove home from church, P- related that the religious choices caused a small conflict between F- and her. She still attends her church.

When we arrived home, I invited P- and her family to have Chop Suey for lunch with me. This being Father's day, I said maybe F- would like

that. It was also to be the last day of my live-in experience. P- immediately placed the children with neighbors. When I asked about the children, she said she preferred to eat in peace and not to chase children around. She did bring K- with us.

The hour for parting was near, so I bade my family good-bye in the parking lot of Kuhio Park Terrace. How do you convey to nice people what a tremendous learning experience you have had? How do you thank them for letting you become a member of their family? How do you repay them for the time and effort of imposing on their private lives for four days?

I could not do this, instead, we made plans to continue this warm relationship. Maybe, just maybe . . .

A FOUR DAY SAMOAN LIVE-IN EXPERIENCE

by Howard R. Winer

Samoan Impressions

On Thursday, it was with great anticipation that I was at last heading for Nanakuli to spend four days in the Samoan Church Village. I felt a little better prepared for a cultural shock since on the day before I had finally met a Samoan and had several popular sterotypes shot down. For example, I always "thought" Samoans were trouble-makers willing (and able) to pick fights with anyone for no apparent reason. They caused trouble because they were heavy drinkers not to mention the fact that they were hard to get along with. I shortly realized these misconceptions I had of Samoan people were obviously the result of my middle-class, Haole upbringing and how petty predjudices coupled with ignorance can cause people like myself to unwittingly classify people without knowing them. Strong words but so true.

It was still a great surprise to me how a short discussion with two Samoans in a classroom situation can alter one's views drastically. I felt guilty because the Samoans were very warm and open, while it was me, the Haole, who was cold and guarded. It was then that I began to suspect that I would be living for the next few days with people who would have a great effect on me. The expectation was building.

Samoan Relections

Looking back on my brief visit to the Samoan Church Village, several things stick out in my memory. Above all else was the genuine friendliness and honesty of the people in the village. I also found myself looking up in Webster's Dictionary the definition of the words "poor" and "rich" in trying to determine where the Samoans fit in. And lastly, I now understand Alan Howard's observation that we should attempt to learn from them rather then the other way around. It seems they are so rich in the things our middle-class culture is so "poor" in.

The Samoan people gave me the distinct impression that I was really welcome in their homes. I had no trouble at all in relaxing. They always had a warm smile and a kind word. It was more then I had bargained for since I started feeling I had been uptight all my life when compared to their forth-rightness. Again it seemed something was definitely lacking in the environment I was accustomed to.

What does "poor" mean? Webster implies that it means lacking in material possessions. According to this definition the Samoans are poor. However Webster also implies that "rich" is having high value or quality. The Samoans are very rich in things more important in life then mere possessions, such as the great love they have for their many children and the love and respect their children have for them. This love is partly based on the theory of security in numbers (you will always be a rich man if you have many kids providing for you) and on the tradition of discipline within the family which is part of the Samoan culture.

It was then that I began to sense why the Samoan people were economically poor -- they love kids (many kids) but kids are an expensive possession (in a materialistic sense). This coupled with their extreme devotion to other members of their family (cousins etc.) made it almost seem as if their poverty was voluntary.

I believe this might be a reason why Samoan children find it di ficult to successfully compete at our public schools. It is almost impossible to have any privacy for studying (or whatever) when you only have a small house and many people constantly in motion. However, probably the main reason Samoan children underachieve is because of their language barrier. Samoan is spoken almost exclusively between family members. Consequently, it takes the children longer to become proficient in English and thus to communicate effectively with their teachers (perhaps we should have more Samoan teachers).

In summary, I found the Samoan people to be completely different than what I had imagined. This was a wonderful awakening for me. I feel strongly these people will succeed because they are very optimistic and are looking at the future with enthusiasism. The vehicle for the road to "success" in our society will be their children who are being raised by a proud, determined people. Let the Haole's take note.

by Ethel Young

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

As time approached the closeness of the day of departure to my Samoan host family, my mind was filled with pent-up emotions and anxieties. Perhaps these feelings were magnified due to such responses from friends and associates as "Boy, I feel sorry for you. Samoans have all their families living together in one house· you don't know who belongs to what family, living conditions will be crowded, etc."

What would it be like moving into a total strangers' home?

Would I be able to communicate with them and vice versa?

Four days--too long? What would we be doing?

Would I be sleeping on the "hard" floor on mats as Samoans do? Oh, my aching back!!

Bathroom facilities?????

Food???No problem.

However, I resolved to myself that having been a personal witness to the poor living conditions in Hong Kong, Japan, the Philippines, and Bangkok, this live-in experience would not "kill" me.

The long drive from Honolulu to Waipahu and on to Ewa Beach was quite interesting to me. Low cost housing units were pointed out along the way. To my amazement many of them looked like "condominiums". As we approached North Road, the direction given by the host family, I noticed newly built apartment buildings and new homes. 61 South Street was my point of destination. As we drove around the area I was much relieved to see "nice" houses instead of "you-know-whats." A heavy burden was lifted off my mind.

South Street--home address of Mr. and Mrs. J.T. and family. A middle-aged woman was hanging laundry in the garage with a child playing closeby. When asked if she was Mrs. T. she replied, "Yes, come in."

She graciously extended her welcome and after introductions took place, led me into her living room through the kitchen.

The home was immaculate with everything in its proper place. The living room furniture consisted of two sets of rattan furniture, a Baldwin organ, (this was a surprise knowing that organs do cost $$$), a television, and console stereo. The end tables were decorated with colorful feather flowers, a Samoan fan and feather lei. There was a very comfortable atmosphere in this home except for the heat of the day.

As we sat and conversed, in "trickled" the children-- M. , 15, and a sophomore in high school, J. , 11, sixth grade student, R. 9, fourth grader, and A. 8, a third grader. Each of the children had characteristics of his own-- M., a thin, tall and dark girl had hair of the kinky type; R. and A. were dark and had long beautiful hair, and J. was the fairest one of all. They all had beautiful large dark eyes and long eye lashes. Mrs. T. explained that her husband, forty years of age, was of Chinese, Portuguese, and Samoan extraction. "That's why J. looks "Pologee". They were well clothed, healthy specimen, and well cared for.

The family qualified for this low cost housing area and had only recently moved into their new home. It's a three bedroom home, one bath--shower and tub, a good sized living room, a one car garage, and a kitchen. Appliances included a Tappan electric range and a large freezer refrigerator combination. Mrs. Tai stated that they had requested a four bedroom home but were turned down because of the cost. I presume J. sleeps on "space available" conditions. All in all, it was a very comfortable home. "Smells" were no problem. The house and lot cost $26,000.00. The yard had a well-kept green lawn with a tree or two planted in the front and banana and breadfruit trees planted in the backyard.

Mr. J.T. , a large statured handsome man, arrived home from work at 5:00 p.m. He is presently employed as a carpenter for one of the construction

companies. His wife had already informed me that he is a shy, bashful person. He remained in the kitchen and his wife called me from the living room to the kitchen to be introduced. I had now met the complete family--even Tippy, their pet dog. By this time I was relaxed and felt a bit at home.

Mrs. T., who is a housewife, had her day's schedule well-planned. She prepared a delicious meal of beef and tomato. "Her family," she explained, "does not care for Samoan food." There were only six chairs at the dinette set. M., the eldest daughter preferred to eat later. After grace was said the family supped to rice and beef tomato which were served on each individual's plate. Slices of fresh bread and REAL butter were placed in the center of the table.

The dinner conversation involved the children's activities of the day. Mother reported to Dad that the children were not to go to the beach to swim, but they did. "They need to have their ears pulled. Look at how black they look." Dad just listened and smiled. To him, perhaps, this wasn't anything drastic to be concerned about. To me, the children did look dark from the burning sun, but their personal looks were beautiful.

During the course of the conversation I explained the live-in experience that seventeen of us would be having the next four days. I informed them that several teachers would be at the Samoan Church Village, Waimanalo, John Rogers Housing, Kuhio Park Terrace, etc. Immediately, Mrs. T. began to laugh because said she, "Kuhio Park Terrace is terrible. People always fighting. There's always so much trouble around there. My brother lives there, so when there's trouble I call him up and tell him to stay in the house and mind his own business. We used to live in Palolo Housing, and my husband always told me to mind my own business, too. Never mind what the next neighbors do."

Health conditions of people in those areas were also discussed. At this moment I felt it well to ask them about their medical care. and was informed that the family is under the Kaiser Plan. They had recently cancelled the HMSA plan because the Kaiser Plan could better fulfill their family budget.

Before leaving the table mother suggested we take a ride to Nanakuli to see the Samoan Church Village. To me this was an opportune time to see what it was like after having had the Reverend S.L. in our discussion group. The children all refused to go. I was amazed as I had expected them to jump at this chance to take a ride to the country. When asked why, mother explained that they have an aunt living at Nakatani Housing in Nanakuli and the children can't "stand" that place. Of course, I was then more eager to see what made the children feel this way.

The drive to Nanakuli was most enjoyable with the evening approaching and the heat of the day about ending. About this time Mr. T. worked up enough courage to begin conversing. He talked about his brother's new home which was located on the way over, his family of nine in Samoa, how much he like fish, etc. It was a wonderful time to converse with him as Mrs. Tai had been doing all the talking previously.

As we approached Nanakuli he said, "That's Nakatani Housing. We'll visit there on our way home." About a fourth of a mile from this area was the Samoan Church Village. We drove in to it and noticed many Samoan men wearing their lavalavas and women in their native attire sitting outdoors chatting. Of course, all Samoans know one another so Mr. T. stopped and began conversing in Samoan. The people stared at me, probably because the T.'s were explaining why we had come there. While driving around this village Mrs. T. explained that in many of these homes there are sometimes three or four families living together. "I don't know how they can stand this," she explained. I could see by her statements that her values and family background were different

from those in this village. The quick tour of this village was quite interesting. "Tofa" (goodbye) was heard from the people as we left.

NAKATANI HOUSING. This is what I would classify as low-low cost housing and really disadvantaged area. As we drove in to this place Mr. T. said, "Look at this roof, or look at this house. I don't know how Nakatani is allowed to have people live in his shacks." He drove on slowly, and oh, there were so much junk and debris all over the creation. People sat outside their houses, children half clothed (were) running around playing or chewing on sugar cane. I was informed that the woman sitting on the steps at the approaching home was Mrs. Tai's sister. Greetings were extended in Samoan and conversation continued in their native tongue. These people seemed to be jovial in this surrounding. As we left the area Mrs. Tai said, "I don't know how my sister can live in this place. When my mother came from Samoa she came to visit my sister only once. Whenever she wanted to talk to my sister she (my sister, had) to go to Honolulu. My sister had a call from the Hawaii Housing to move into a four room apartment at Palolo, but she doesn't want to move. Real stupid!"

I could now understand why the T. children did not wish to ride to Nanakuli and visit their aunt. To them this type of living was more than they could accept or appreciate. Their parents informed me that the children were so particular to the point that they would not eat anything that is brought home from Nanakuli--even if it's bought from the store. However, an incident occurred which I thought was funny. While visiting Auntie at Nakatani Housing, one of the cousins gave a long stick of sugar cane. We planned, therefore, not to tell the children where the cane came from. Upon arrival at home, the children were sitting in the garage with a couple of neighborhood children chatting. Mother handed the cane to the children and the first words uttered were, "Did it come from Nanakuli?" Mother sheepishly replied, "No, it's from Uncle T. ."

J. especially wanted assurance and kept asking his mother if it was from Nanakuli. After being "assured" he enjoyed the cane. The next day mother

informed him that the cane was from Nanakuli, but it didn't phase him one bit. As the saying goes, "It's all in the head."

The first day was very enjoyable and time now arrived to go to bed. There were two single beds in the bedroom Ruthie and I shared. I pulled the bedspread over to get under the covers, and to my surprise there were no sheets. A sheet was on the pillow so I used this as a cover and slept as Ruthie did. The next morning I noticed that the girls in the other room were also sleeping on their spread. The loud noises of airplanes overhead made it rather difficult to rest peacefully that night. Barber's Point Naval Air Station is located closeby.

The family is a closely knitted group. Mother is always aware or on the alert as to what her children are doing, where they are going, etc. Oft times it seemed as though she was overprotective. I sometimes noticed the rebelliousness of the younger children especially when they were told not to go to the beach. Mother was constantly reminding them not to play on the road or "Look at your hair--if you don't comb it I'll cut it." M. the eldest daughter, knew her responsibilities of cleaning up after meals and also cleaning the house. The younger ones didn't seem to have many responsibilities in household chores. When scoldings needed to be had mother spoke in Samoan which the children understood. However, the three younger ones do not speak the language. Malo, who was born in Samoa and came to Hawaii when four years old, does speak Samoan.

When the children were asked about school they all said they enjoyed it. Both parents were proud of the grades their children had had. They felt that if their children kept up with their grades they would try to send them to college. I explained to them that lack of finances should not hinder the children's opportunities of attending college or any other school as there are ways and means provided to enable students who need financial assistance.

R.is interested in becoming an airline stewardess, M. --a teacher, J. --baseball player, and A. wants to make macademia nut chocolates.

While we are on the subject on school, I was, I don't know whether impressed or surprised that Mrs. T. would walk her children to and from school. She said she's so afraid that they might get into trouble, not go to school, etc. She said her children didn't mind her doing this. The children confirmed it. The only time she saves her steps is when the neighbor takes the children with his little girl.

The parents and the oldest daughter appear to be optimistic about the future of their family. They are a hard-working family and their values, from our discussions, seem to throw a bright light to the future. The feeling of working for what you want, providing the children with educational opportunities to get ahead in life, "what we do is important--not what the next person does," indicate that these are steps for progression to higher levels or goals in life. Mrs. T. made this statement, "Although we don't have much money, we try to do the best we can."

The children usually spend their time on the street playing softball, football, riding their bicycles, quarreling with one another, or sneaking off to the beach to swim after being told not to. In this housing area the park is located quite a distance from the homes. Therefore, children tend to find space on the streets for recreation. Little ones are seen behind fenced areas, often times letting themselves out into the street and being screamed at by mothers indoors.

An example of "kindness to animals" was shown by two children in the neighborhood. One, of all persons, was J. T. . His neighbor has given him a leghorn hen as a token of appreciation for some help he rendered. This hen is very tame and children carry her, pet her, and do almost anything they want with her. J. probably to show-off, picked up the hen, placed her in the mailbox and spun the box around several times then let her out.

Across the street at a Hawaiian home an "ehu" (red-haired) took out his frustrations by using his cat as a football.

The community in this housing area consists of families of all races and colors. The neighbors on the right are Portuguese-Caucasian, to the left--Hawaiian, Korean, Portuguese, to the front--Portuguese. One can readily see that this community comprises young couples. There are children of all ages, sizes, and colors in the neighborhood. Parents busy themselves with putting in their lawn, watering the plants, building fences, etc. Others are seen wandering from house to house visiting or gossipping. Mrs. T. keeps saying, "Look at that woman. There she goes again." Very interesting!

After four days observance of this area, I found that there is more similarity than difference between my host family and the neighbors. The Tais remained more to themselves than some of their encircling neighbors. On Friday evening, as usual, I was told that their Korean neighbor always had parties to which their drinking friends were invited and "partyed up." During the early evening that day, after work, men from several closeby houses were seen carrying their case of Primo Beer to their host family. Women carried things back and forth from their homes while children played ignoring the adults. An all-night party was staged and the next morning, through the jalousies, we witnessed a huge Hawaiian fellow, drunk and stubborn, being "dragged" home.

While sitting at the kitchen table conversing, the phone rang and this was part of the conversation. "Hello! What?" Conversation continues with the other party doing most of the talking. Mrs. T. : "Don't you make me scared like that again. I'll report you. If you want to talk like that you talk to my husband." She informed me that that was a man from Beneficial Loan Company calling to say that if they don't pay the twelve dollars they owe for June her husband will lose his job, they'll lose their home and eve ything.

This made her very angry as she had previously called to tell them she would pay the twelve dollars when he husband received his check at the end of the month. She indicated that her payments were up-to-date except for this month, and that the loan balance was only a hundred and thirty-two dollars which was not a large amount to worry about.

She related another interesting account. "While living at Palolo Housing I went to pay my rent at the Housing Office. A woman was already in "the man's" office so I waited outside. When the woman came out I was asked to go in. "The man" looked at me funny and said, "You just like that lady, too--can not pay the rent?" I got so angry I told him, "You think I like that woman. Just because she like that you think I'm that way, too? I always pay my rent. My husband will come to see you." She left and went to call her husband to come to the office immediately. Upon arrival he went directly to "the man's" office, grabbed him by the front of his shirt and lifted him off the floor saying, "Don't you ever talk to my wife that way again." "The man" was so frightened his face turned white. "My husband walked out and never again did "the man" bother us."

The family had not seen the Polynesian Cultural Center, neither the show, so I decided to take the family to it on Saturday evening. Everyone was excited that morning. M. cleaned the house, mother washed the clothes, and everyone else busied himself with other work. It was to be a treat to see the native students of polynesia perform. Mrs. T. kept repeating, "Oh, I'm so glad we're going to the show."

At 5:00 p.m. everyone looked his very best and "piled" into the Polara Dodge. THEN IT ALL HAPPENED. Mr. T. slowly backed out of the driveway, and as he reached the end of the sidewalk there was a THUD. He immediately stopped, R. opened the door to look under the car--then screamed, "You

hit someone--he is under the car." I panicked also when I opened my door and saw the child's legs beside the back tire. Mr. T. gently pulled the child out and cuddled him in his arms. The child had been struck but not run over. It was his next door neighbor's three year old son, Willy. Mrs. T. who was really shaken up ran into the house and cried. By this time the mother of the child, just as calm as ever, came out of the house to get W. . An ambulance and the police were summoned. W. was all right externally except for a few scratches and bruises. However, he was taken to Kuakini Hospital for observation.

Police investigation showed that a Portuguese boy, 10 years of age who lived across the street, threw a ball to W. who was on the street behind a parked car. W. , innocently ran out to fetch the ball and was struck.

Although this mishap occurred I thought there was such a beautiful relationship between the two families. Mrs. G. came over to see how Mrs. T. was and to comfort her saying, " W. is all right. Don't worry." On Friday night these neighbors were over at the T's residence chatting.

Still concerned about what had just happened, Mr. T. bade his wife and family to leave for Laie. He said, "I want to forget this thing. If I stay home I'm going to think about it more."

Not much was said on our way to Laie. Upon reaching the Center, the family toured the grounds, had a snack of hamburger and coke and was now ready to enjoy an hour and a half of polynesian entertainment. They especially laughed at the Samoans who tried to walk across the fire with their ti leaf hula skirts and found oft times that the fire was too hot. But most of all they thought the Tahitian portion was the best. I was thrilled that they did have the opportunity of viewing the performance.

The last day of my live-in experience had come. Perhaps it was about time to leave as I would have put on a few more pounds with Mrs. T. 's delicious

meals. She could prepare Chinese meals, American meals, -- anything your heart desires.

I inquired of Mrs. T. if they were planning on attending church, being that it was Sunday. She laughingly said they send their children to Sunday School but they stay at home. Mr. T. graciously said he would drive me to church in Waipahu to which I gratefully accepted.

A delicious farewell luncheon of barbecued chicken and spareribs, salad, rice, and soft drinks, plus beer was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Little W.'s parents and grandfather were also invited. Another incident at this time showed the kindness of the T's. The neighbors to the left were out in their patio and every now and then would glance over to our side. Mrs. T. noticed this, and bless her kind heart, filled a dish of chicken and ribs to share with them. Little thoughts of kindness exemplified by these people made me, more than ever, realize that there's more to life than money.

The finale came at 5:10 when my family came to get me. Mrs. T. ran into the house. For a time I wondered why, but soon found that she had gone in to get a couple of shell leis and a rather cute Samoan purse made of coconut and woven with lauhala. Her husband followed me into the bedroom where the presentation took place. As Mrs. T. handed me the leis and purse her husband said, "This is all we can give you. We don't have much of an income." Of course, I had not expected anything from them, but was very, very grateful I had met and had had a wonderful live-in experience with this lovely family. To me they shall always be choice friends.

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL!!